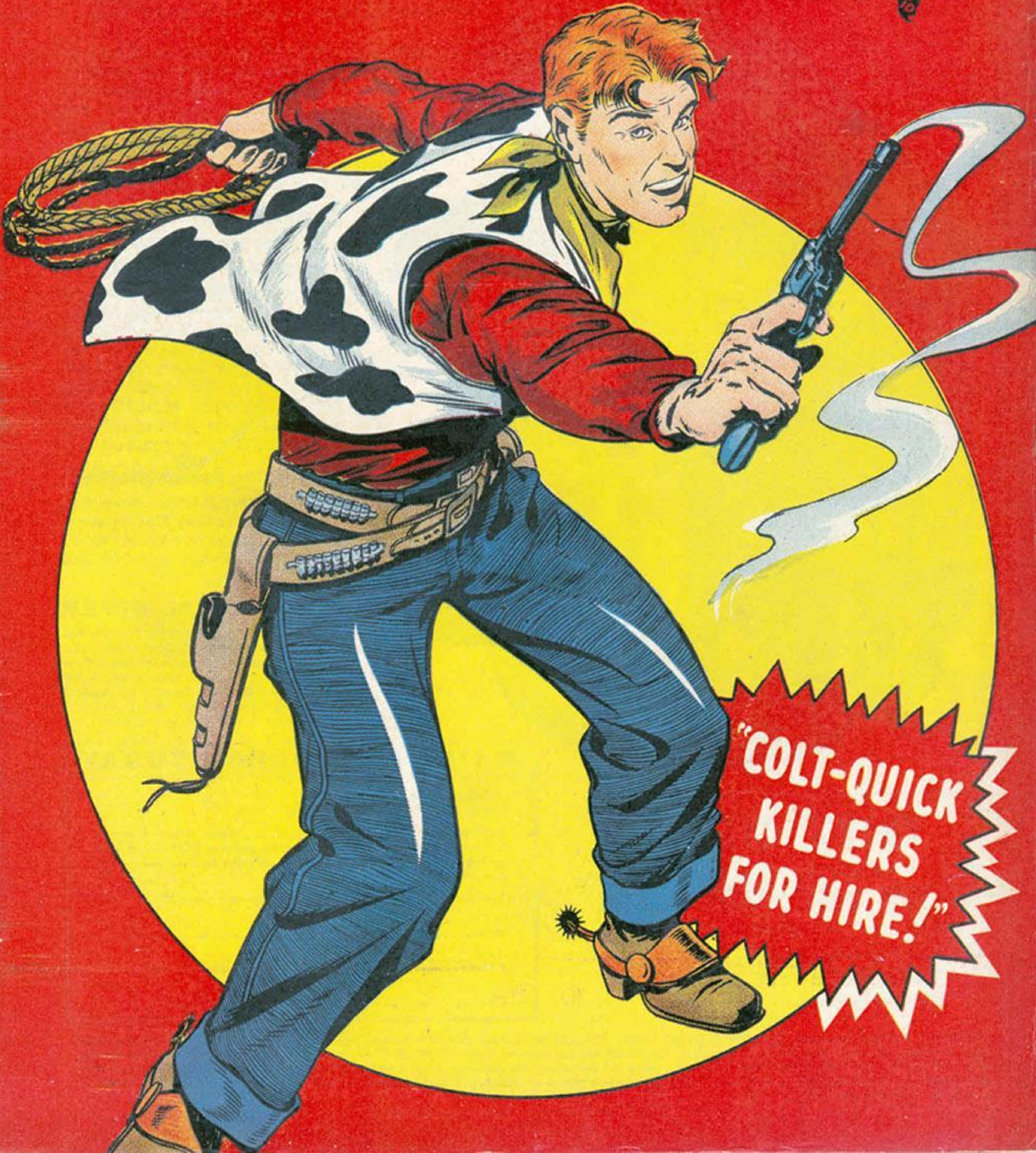
KID COLT OUTLAW

DEC.
NO. 3

K10¢


"COLT-QUICK KILLERS FOR HIRE!"

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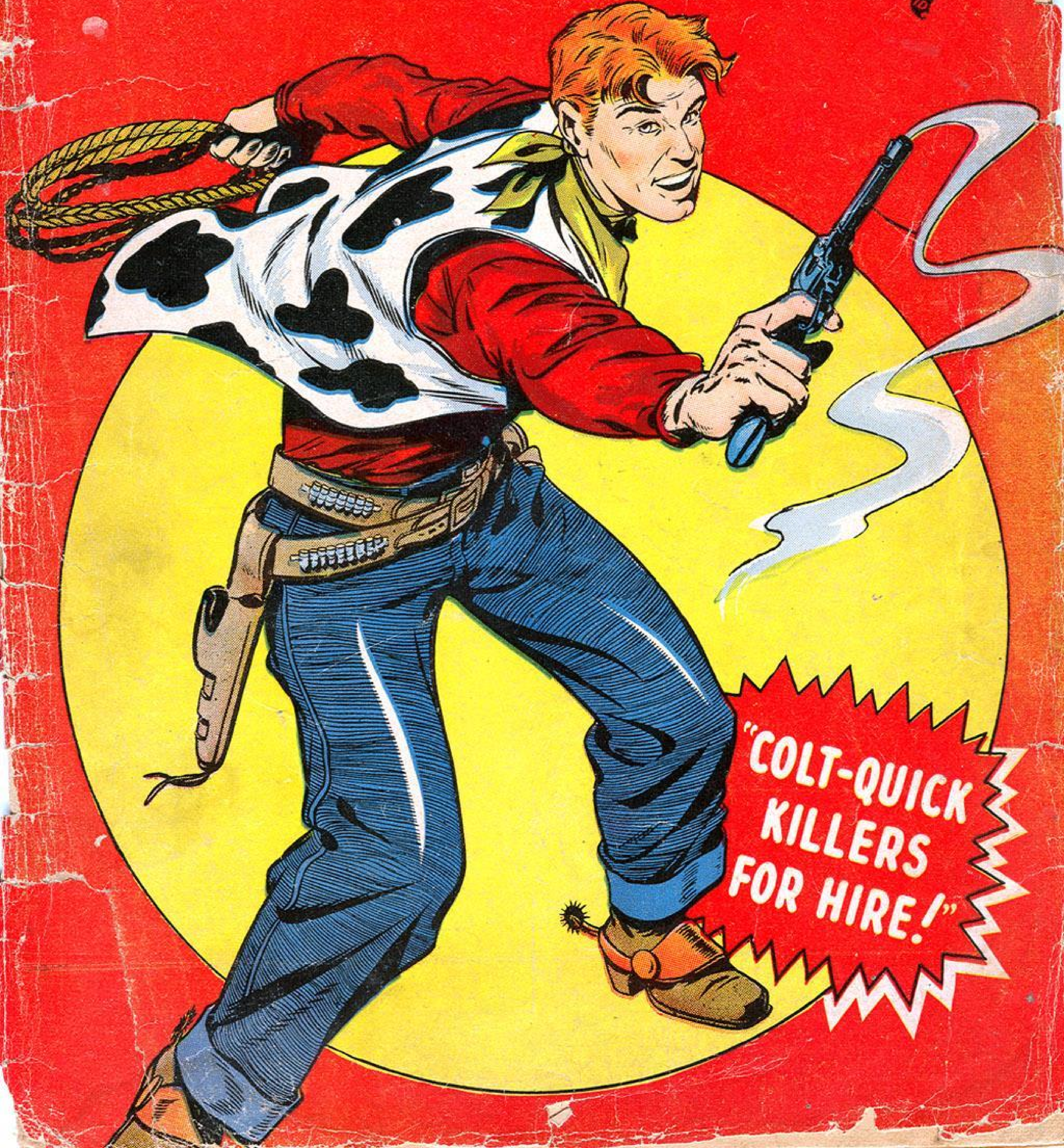
"COLT-QUICK KILLERS FOR HIRE!"

Amazing NEW Mickey Mouse-Donald Duck WEATHER FORECASTER

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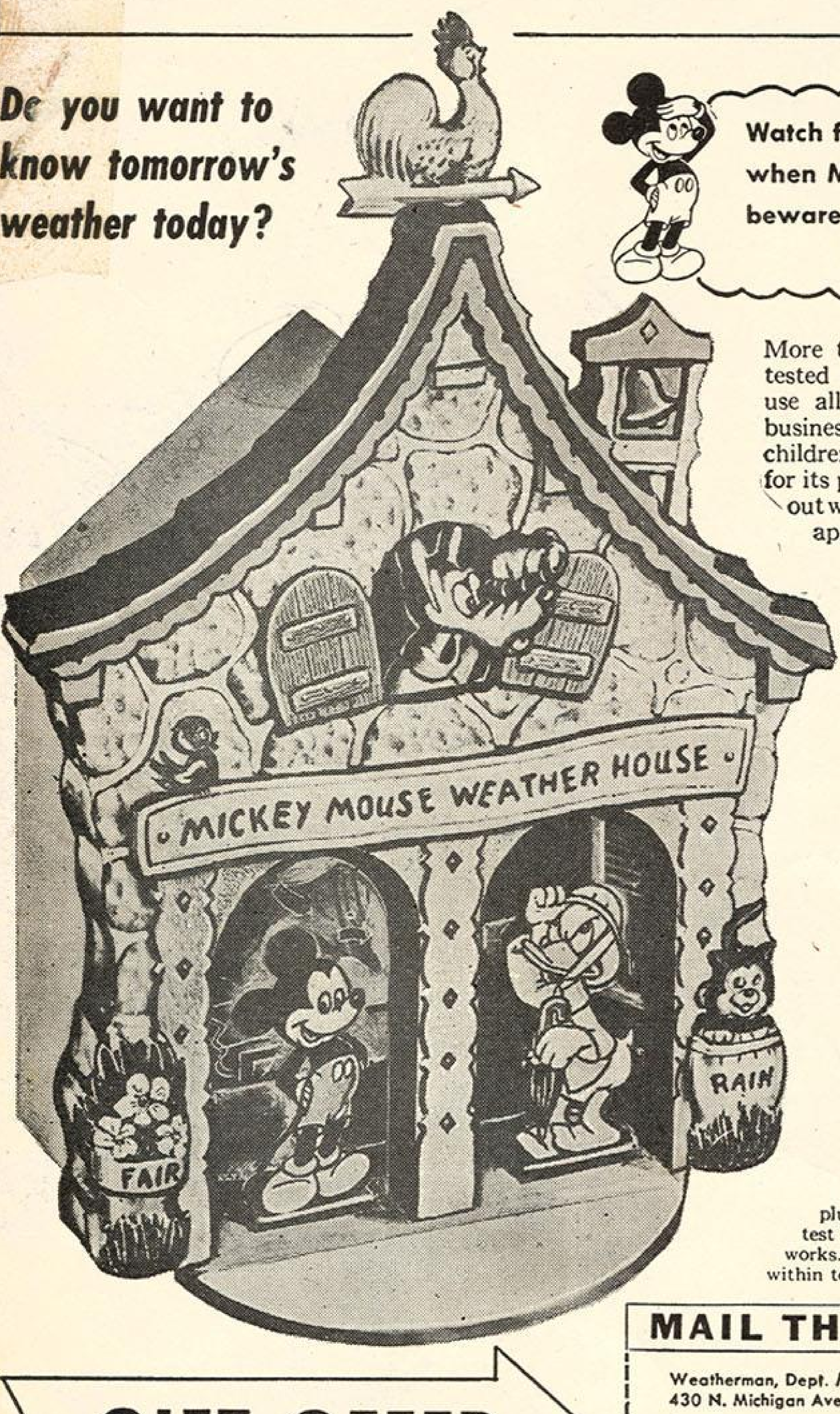
Watch for balmy days ahead when Mickey Mouse is out— beware of rain when Donald Duck's about.



More than 2,000,000 Weatherman tried-and-tested home weather forecasters are in daily use all over America. Farmers, housewives, businessmen, laborers, doctors, lawyers and children of all ages check the Weather House for its predictions. When Mickey Mouse comes out watch for fine weather; when Donald Duck appears, be on the lookout for bad weather!

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☐ send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose $1.49—ship prepaid.

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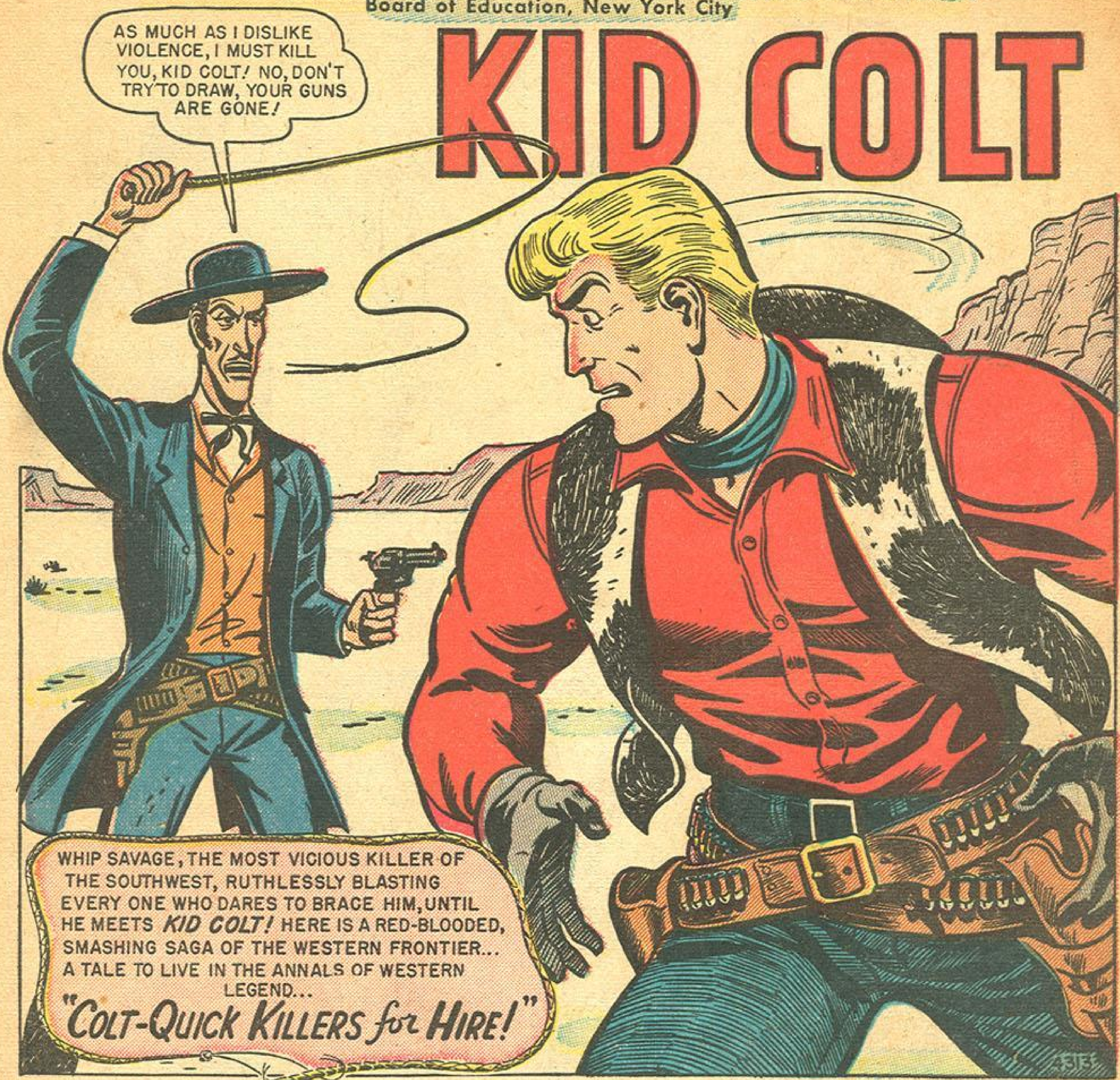
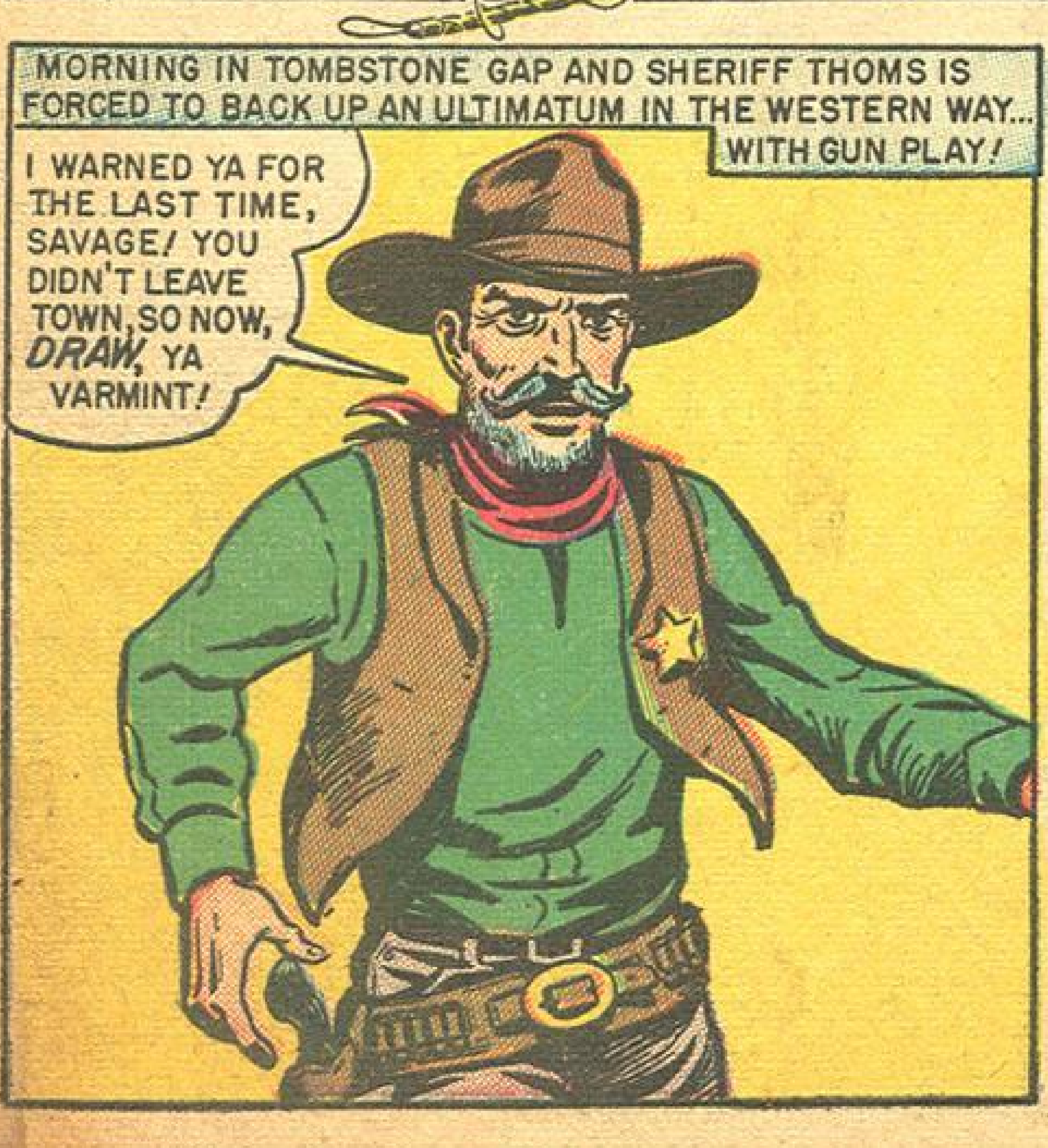
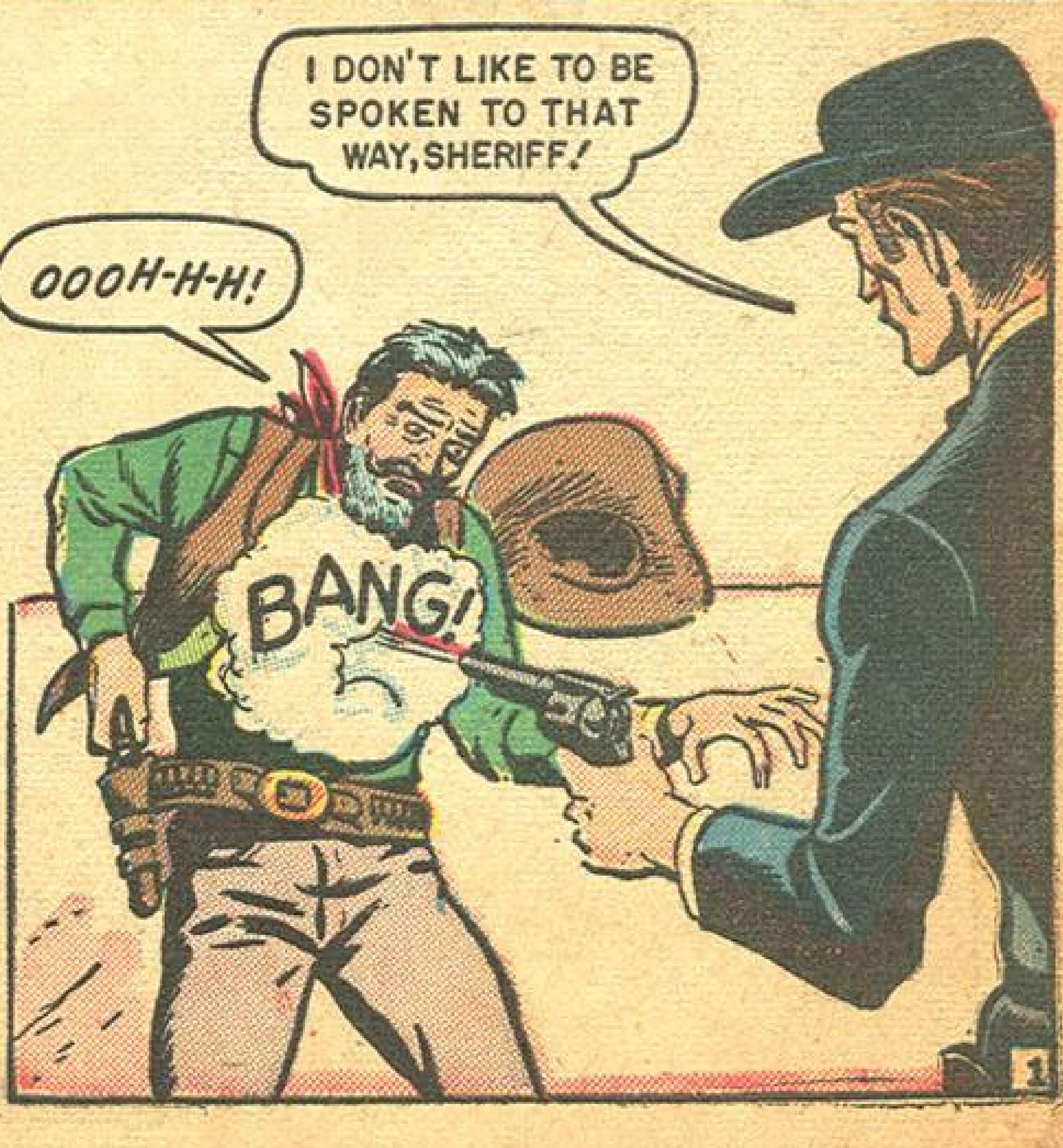
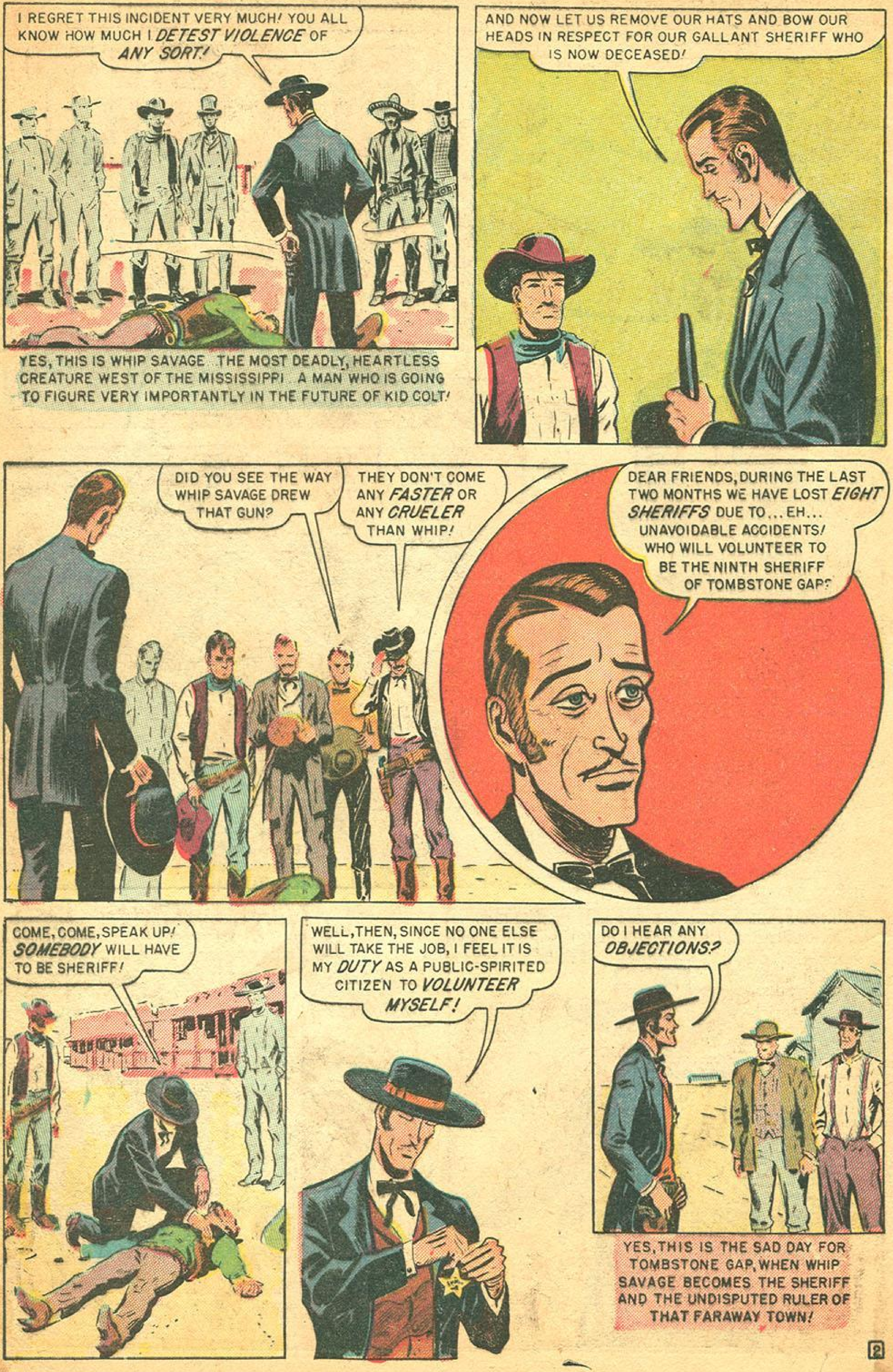
KID COLT #8

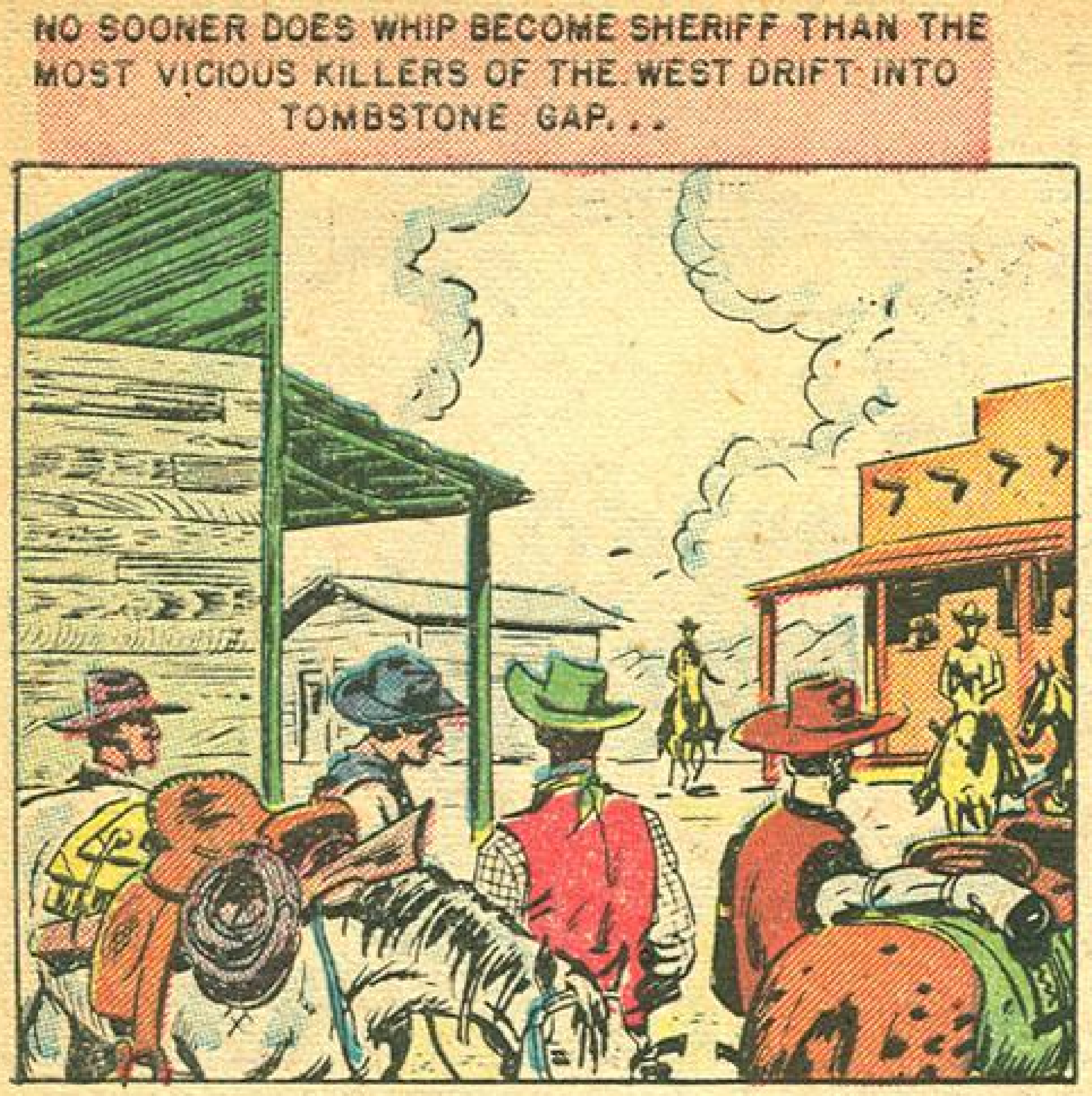
Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M. D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau:
Board of Education, New York City

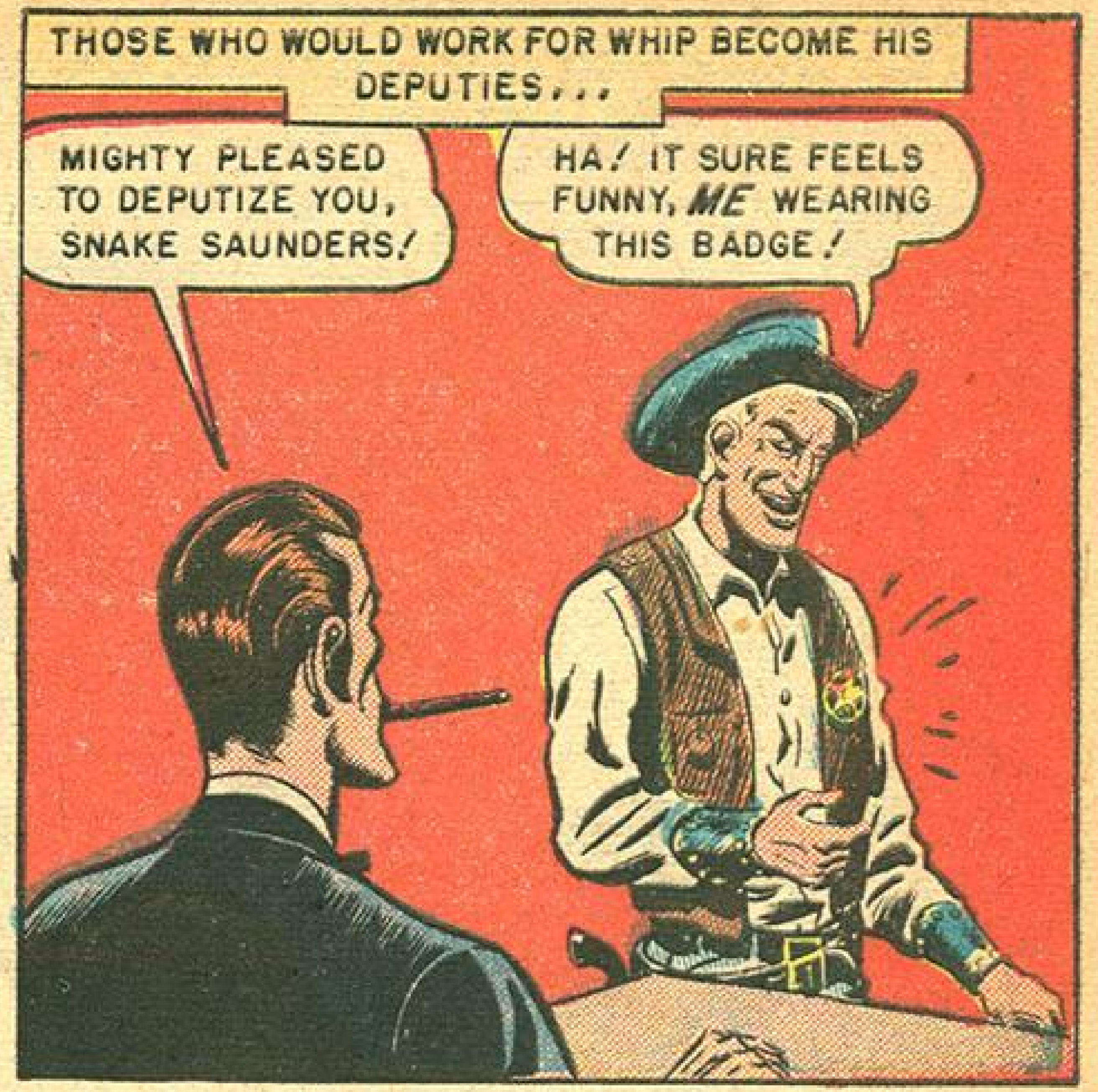

KID COLT
AS MUCH AS I DISLIKE VIOLENCE, I MUST KILL YOU, KID COLT! NO, DON'T TRY TO DRAW, YOUR GUNS ARE GONE!
WHIP SAVAGE, THE MOST VICIOUS KILLER OF THE SOUTHWEST, RUTHLESSLY BLASTING EVERY ONE WHO DARES TO BRACE HIM, UNTIL HE MEETS KID COLT! HERE IS A RED-BLOODED, SMASHING SAGA OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER... A TALE TO LIVE IN THE ANNALS OF WESTERN LEGEND...
"COLT-QUICK KILLERS for HIRE!"

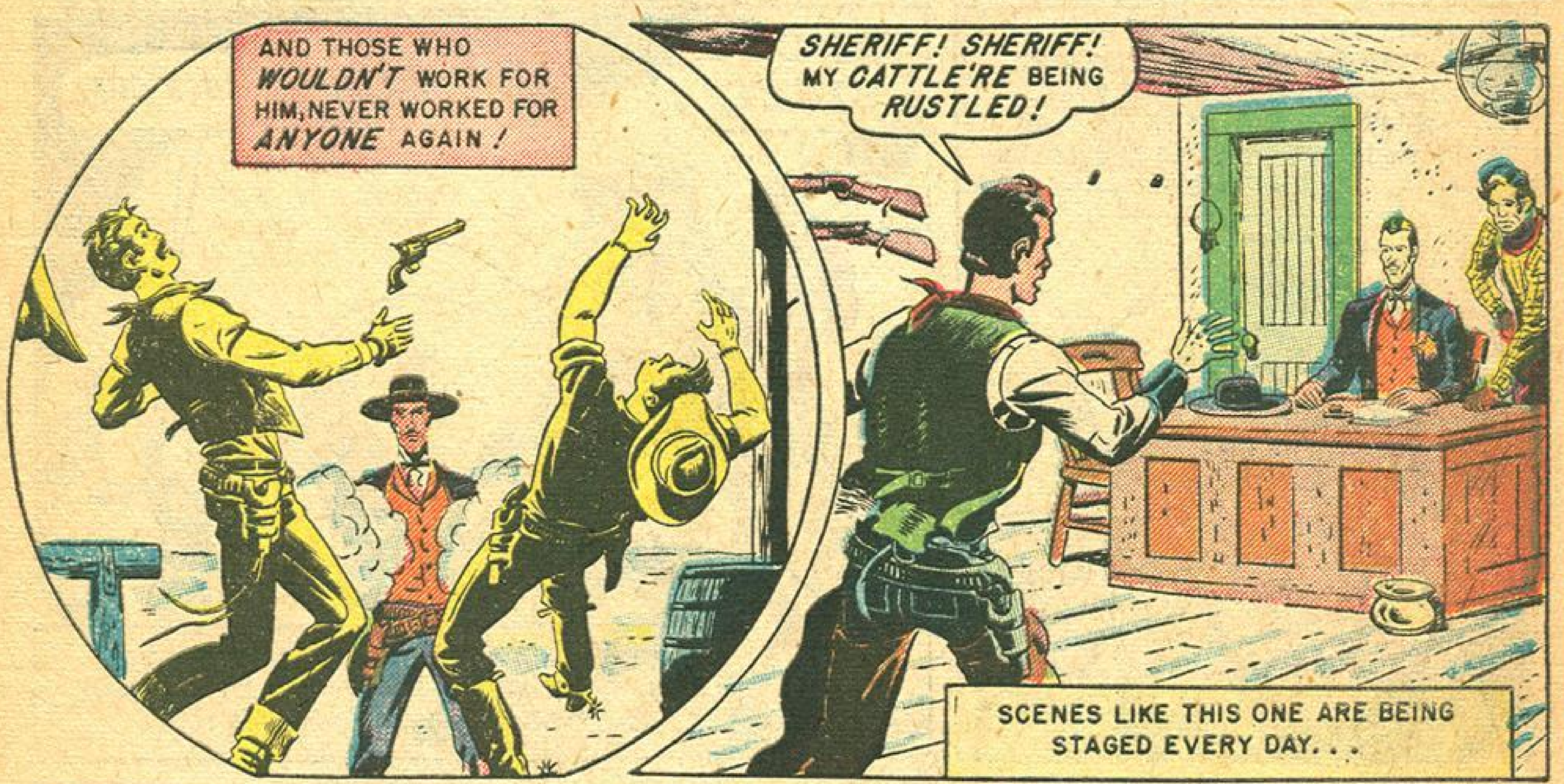

MORNING IN TOMBSTONE GAP AND SHERIFF THOMS IS FORCED TO BACK UP AN ULTIMATUM IN THE WESTERN WAY... WITH GUN PLAY!
I WARNED YA FOR THE LAST TIME, SAVAGE! YOU DIDN'T LEAVE TOWN, SO NOW, DRAW, YA VARMINT!

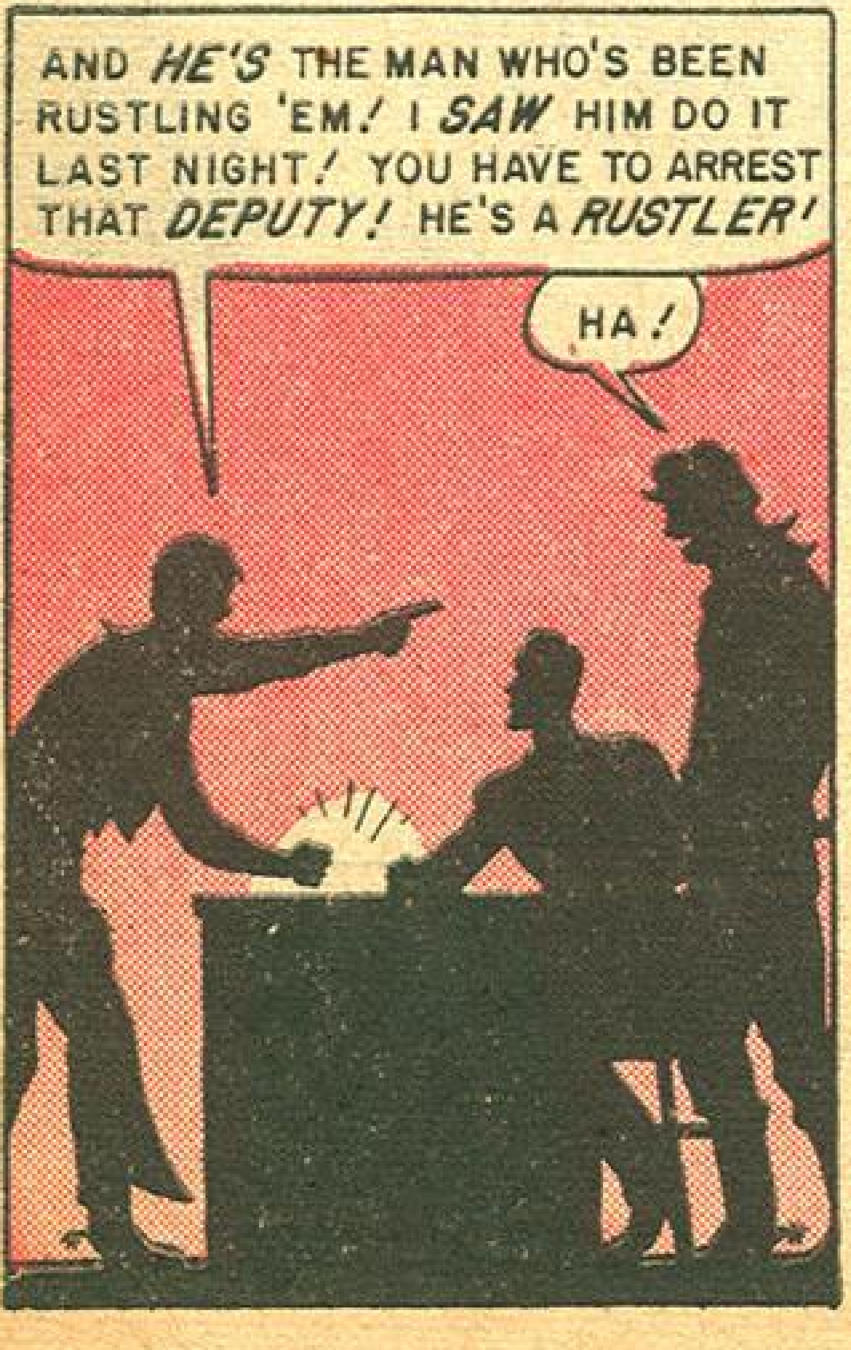

I DON'T LIKE TO BE SPOKEN TO THAT WAY, SHERIFF!
OOOH-H-H!
BANG!

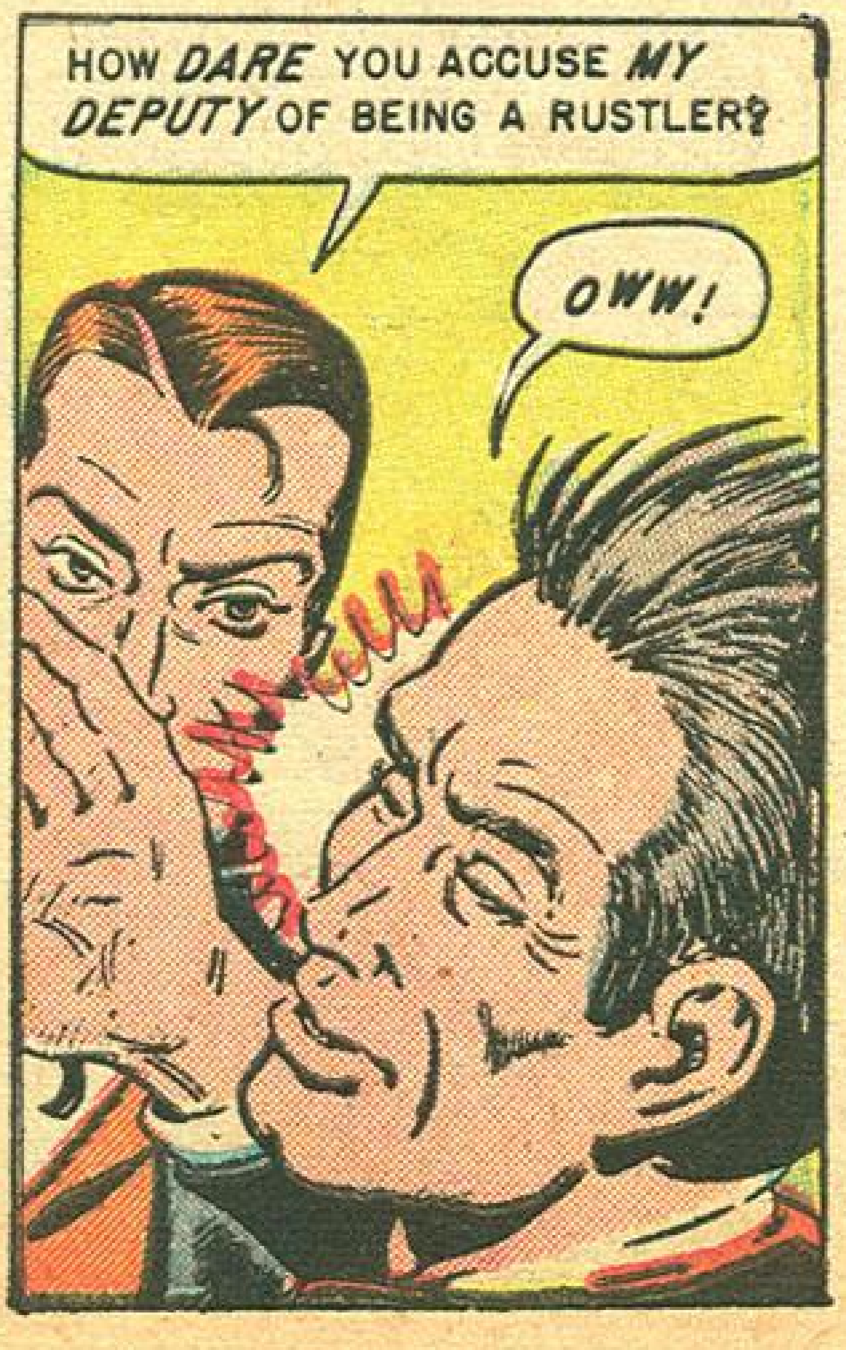

I REGRET THIS INCIDENT VERY MUCH! YOU ALL KNOW HOW MUCH I *DETEST VIOLENCE* OF *ANY SORT!*
YES, THIS IS WHIP SAVAGE THE MOST DEADLY, HEARTLESS CREATURE WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI A MAN WHO IS GOING TO FIGURE VERY IMPORTANTLY IN THE FUTURE OF KID COLT!
AND NOW LET US REMOVE OUR HATS AND BOW OUR HEADS IN RESPECT FOR OUR GALLANT SHERIFF WHO IS NOW DECEASED!
DID YOU SEE THE WAY WHIP SAVAGE DREW THAT GUN?
THEY DON'T COME ANY *FASTER* OR ANY *CRUELER* THAN WHIP!
DEAR FRIENDS, DURING THE LAST TWO MONTHS WE HAVE LOST *EIGHT SHERIFFS* DUE TO... EH... UNAVOIDABLE ACCIDENTS! WHO WILL VOLUNTEER TO BE THE NINTH SHERIFF OF TOMBSTONE GAP?
COME, COME, SPEAK UP! *SOMEBODY* WILL HAVE TO BE SHERIFF!
WELL, THEN, SINCE NO ONE ELSE WILL TAKE THE JOB, I FEEL IT IS MY *DUTY* AS A PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN TO *VOLUNTEER MYSELF!*
DO I HEAR ANY *OBJECTIONS?*
YES, THIS IS THE SAD DAY FOR TOMBSTONE GAP, WHEN WHIP SAVAGE BECOMES THE SHERIFF AND THE UNDISPUTED RULER OF THAT FARAWAY TOWN!

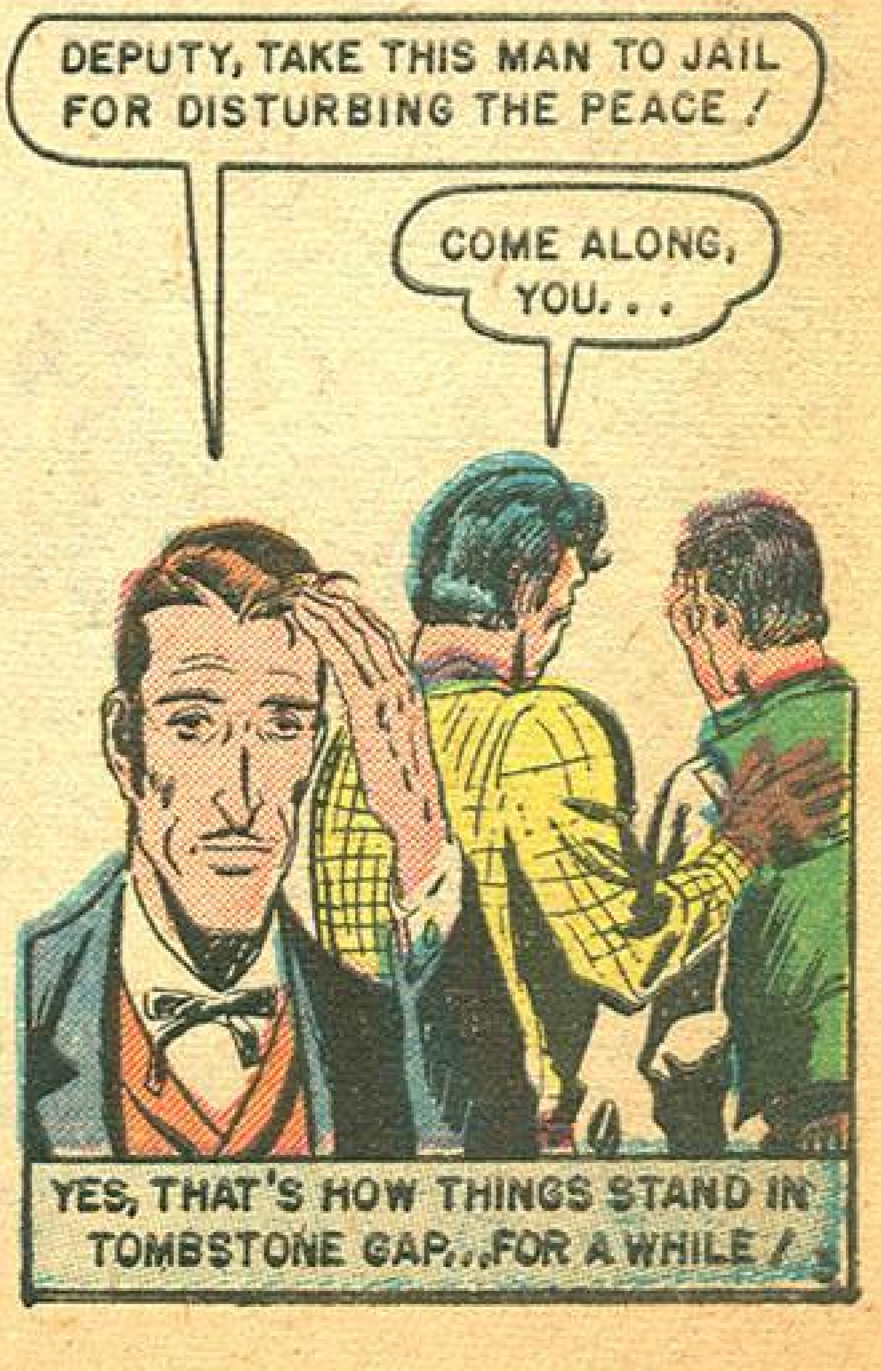

NO SOONER DOES WHIP BECOME SHERIFF THAN THE MOST VICIOUS KILLERS OF THE WEST DRIFT INTO TOMBSTONE GAP...

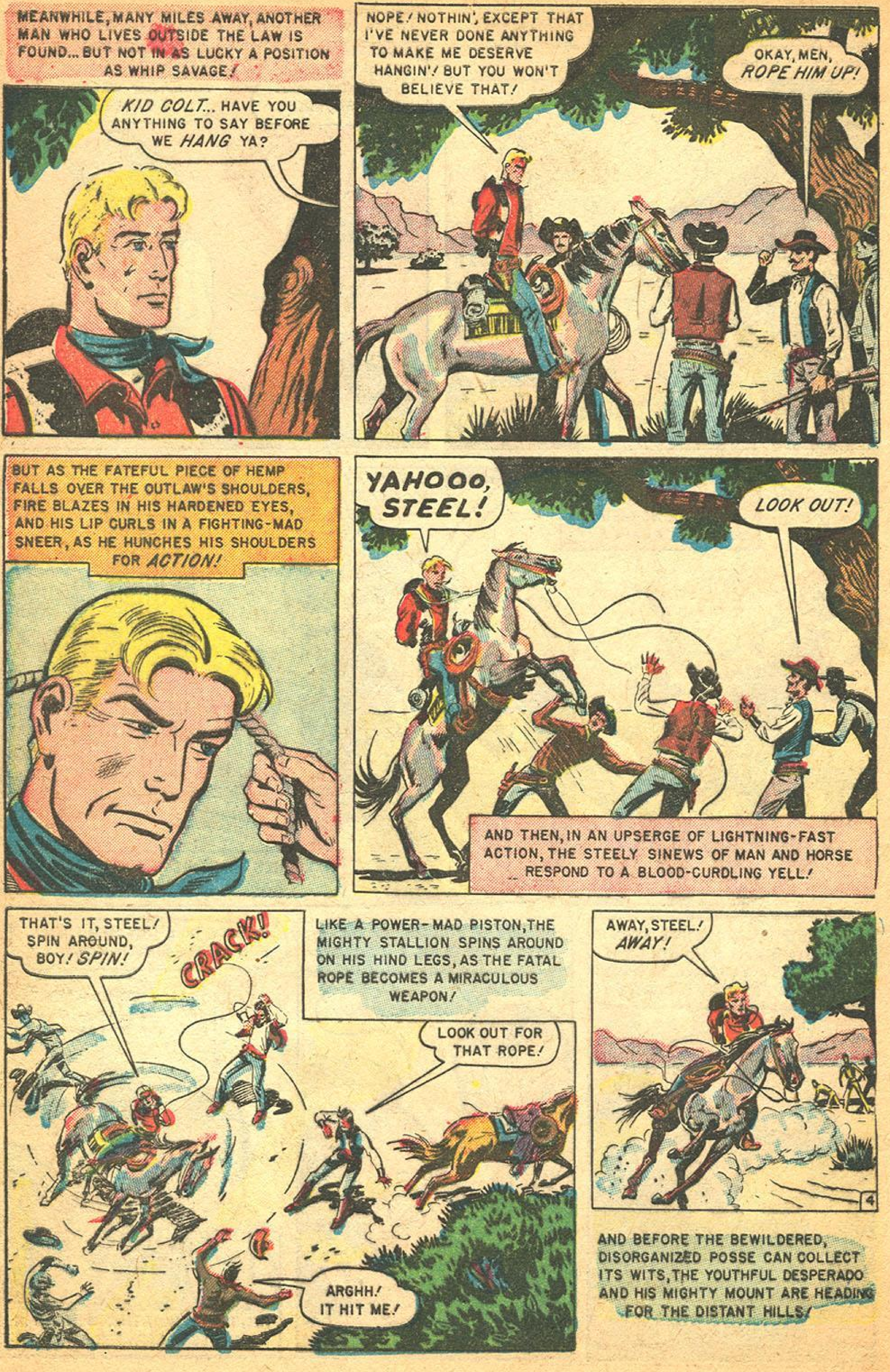

THOSE WHO WOULD WORK FOR WHIP BECOME HIS DEPUTIES...
MIGHTY PLEASED TO DEPUTIZE YOU, SNAKE SAUNDERS!
HA! IT SURE FEELS FUNNY, *ME* WEARING THIS BADGE!

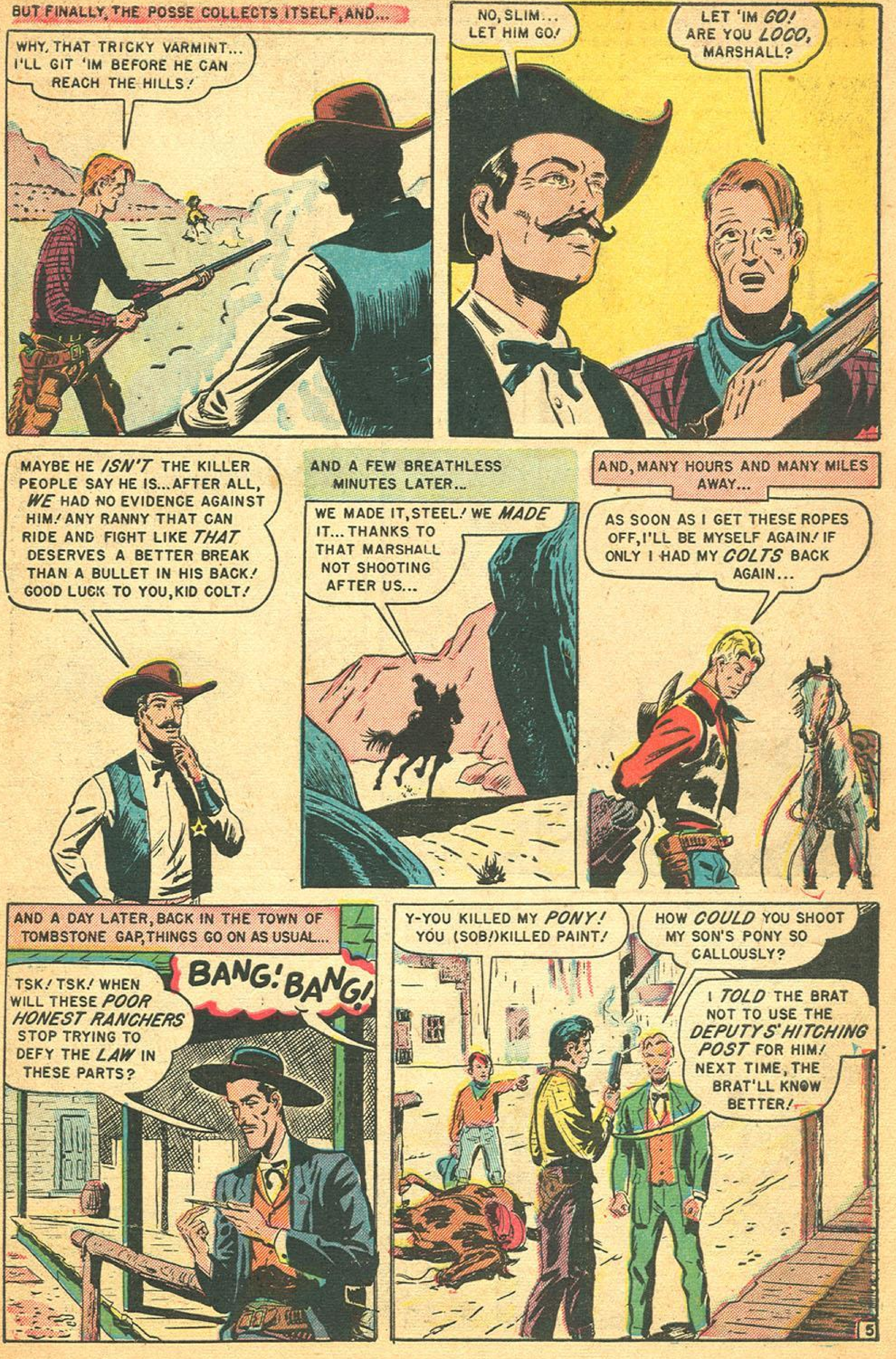

AND THOSE WHO *WOULDN'T* WORK FOR HIM, NEVER WORKED FOR *ANYONE* AGAIN!
SHERIFF! SHERIFF! MY *CATTLE'RE* BEING *RUSTLED!*
SCENES LIKE THIS ONE ARE BEING STAGED EVERY DAY...

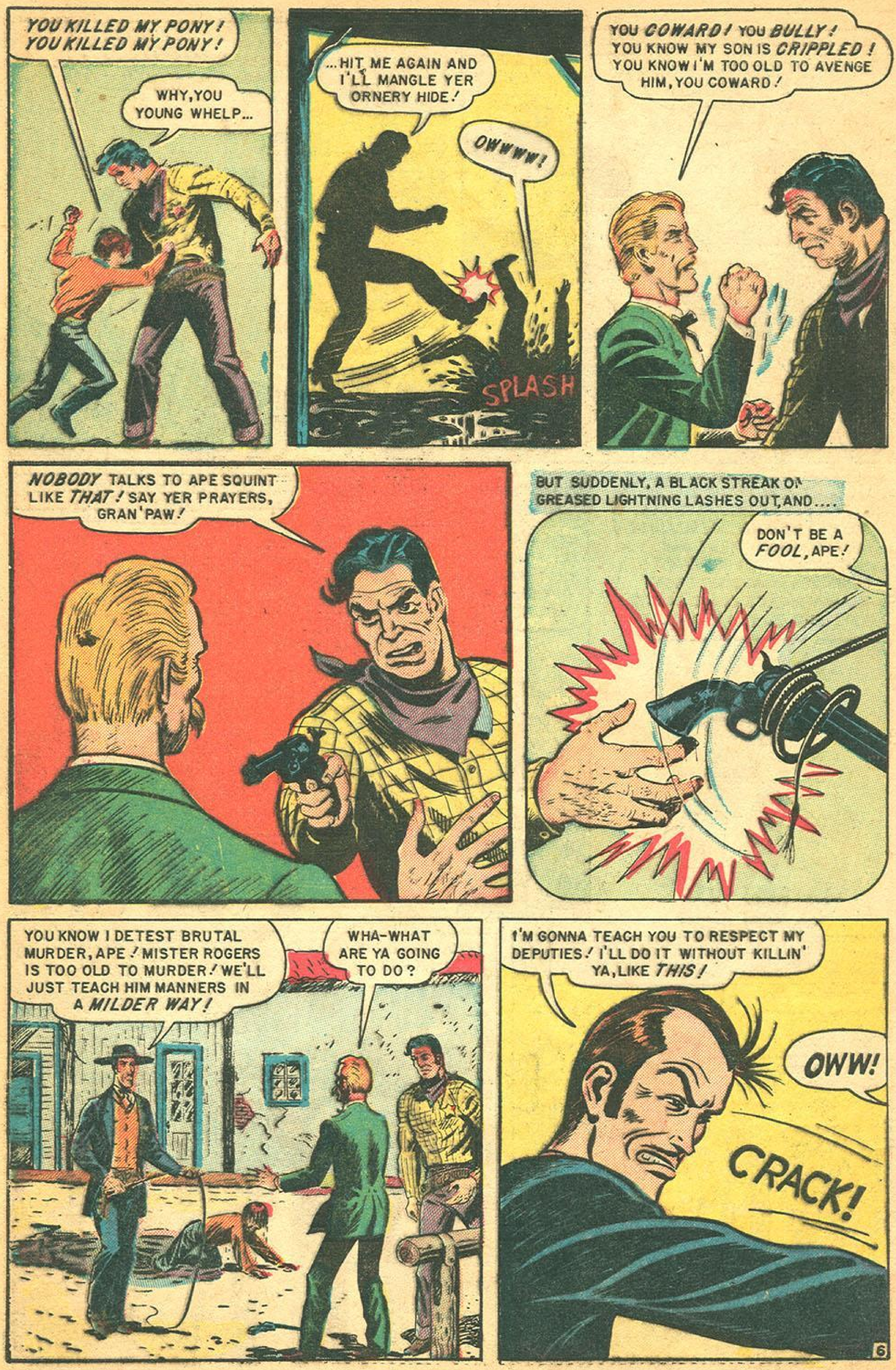

AND *HE'S* THE MAN WHO'S BEEN RUSTLING 'EM! I *SAW* HIM DO IT LAST NIGHT! YOU HAVE TO ARREST THAT *DEPUTY!* HE'S A *RUSTLER!*
HA!

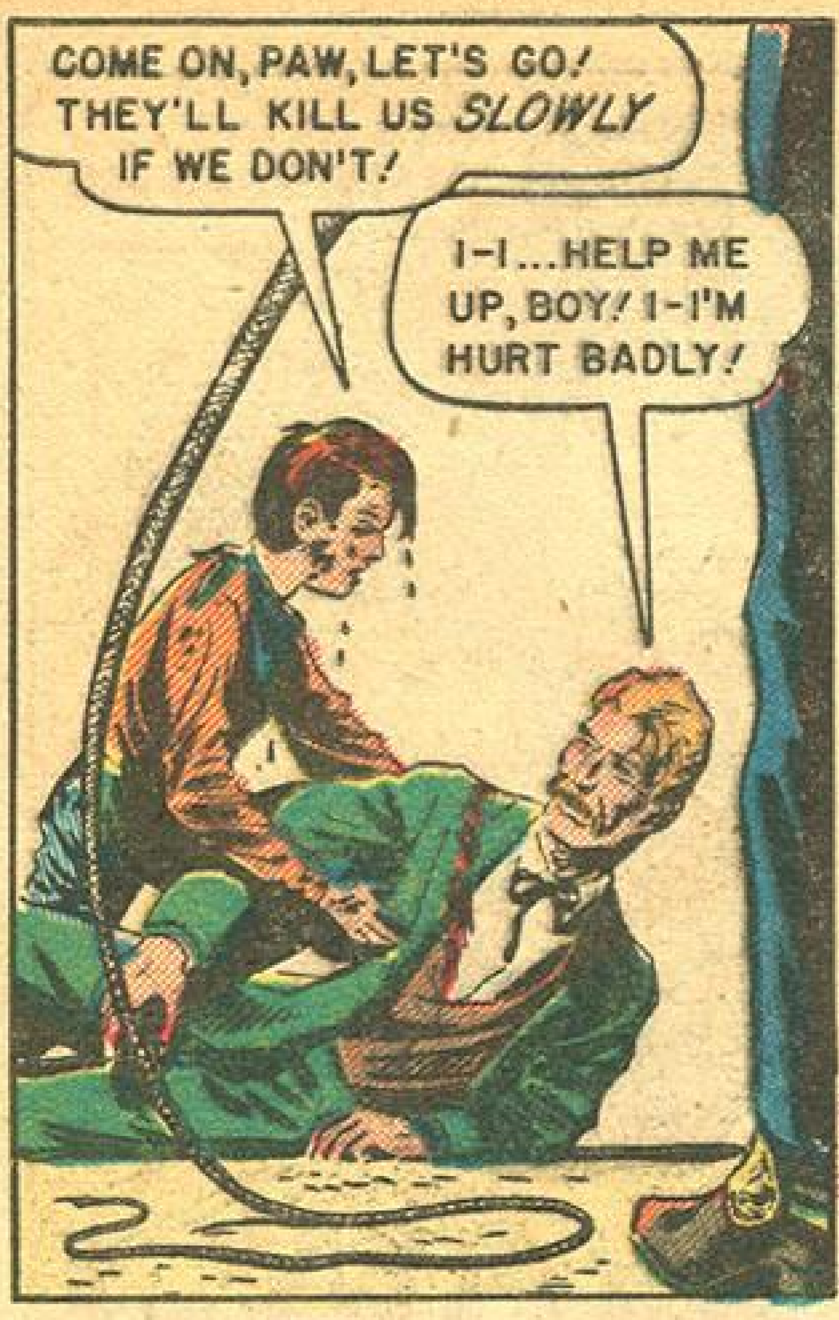

HOW *DARE* YOU ACCUSE *MY DEPUTY* OF BEING A RUSTLER?
OWW!

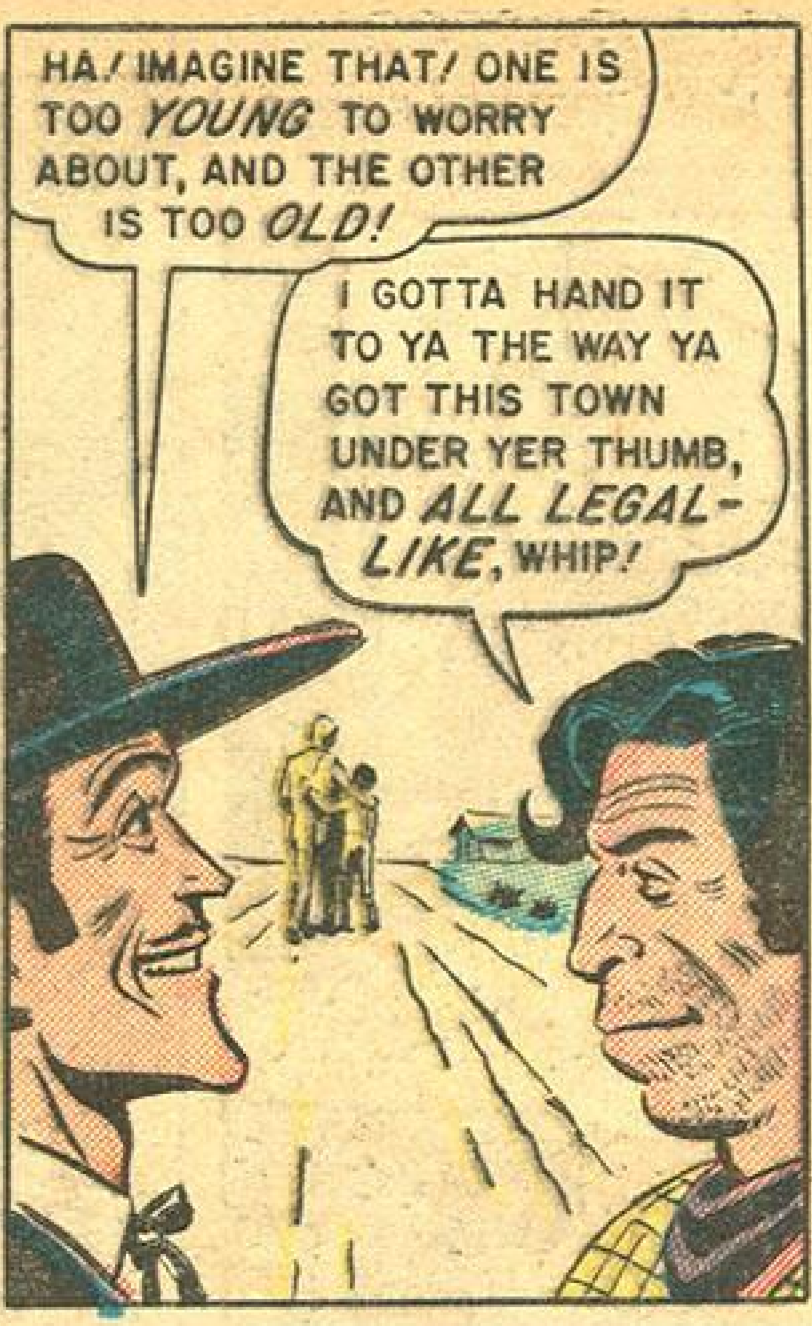

DEPUTY, TAKE THIS MAN TO JAIL FOR DISTURBING THE PEACE!
COME ALONG, YOU...
YES, THAT'S HOW THINGS STAND IN TOMBSTONE GAP...FOR A WHILE!

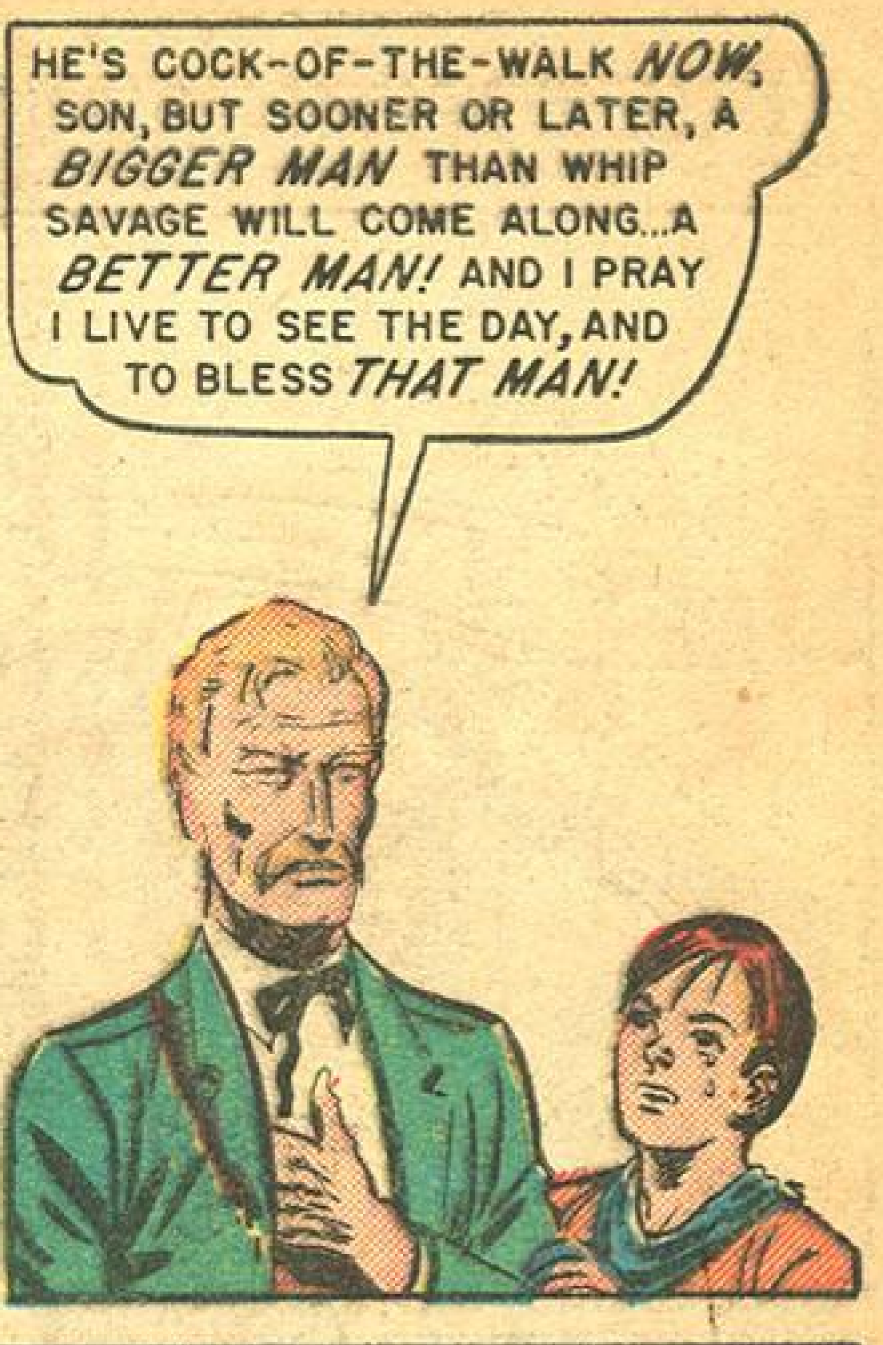

MEANWHILE, MANY MILES AWAY, ANOTHER MAN WHO LIVES OUTSIDE THE LAW IS FOUND... BUT NOT IN AS LUCKY A POSITION AS WHIP SAVAGE!
KID COLT... HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE WE HANG YA?
NOPE! NOTHIN', EXCEPT THAT I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO MAKE ME DESERVE HANGIN'! BUT YOU WON'T BELIEVE THAT!
OKAY, MEN, ROPE HIM UP!
BUT AS THE FATEFUL PIECE OF HEMP FALLS OVER THE OUTLAW'S SHOULDERS, FIRE BLAZES IN HIS HARDENED EYES, AND HIS LIP CURLS IN A FIGHTING-MAD SNEER, AS HE HUNCHES HIS SHOULDERS FOR ACTION!
YAHOOO, STEEL!
LOOK OUT!
AND THEN, IN AN UPSERGE OF LIGHTNING-FAST ACTION, THE STEELY SINEWS OF MAN AND HORSE RESPOND TO A BLOOD-CURDLING YELL!
THAT'S IT, STEEL! SPIN AROUND, BOY! SPIN!
CRACK!
LIKE A POWER-MAD PISTON, THE MIGHTY STALLION SPINS AROUND ON HIS HIND LEGS, AS THE FATAL ROPE BECOMES A MIRACULOUS WEAPON!
LOOK OUT FOR THAT ROPE!
ARGHH! IT HIT ME!
AWAY, STEEL! AWAY!
4
AND BEFORE THE BEWILDERED, DISORGANIZED POSSE CAN COLLECT ITS WITS, THE YOUTHFUL DESPERADO AND HIS MIGHTY MOUNT ARE HEADING FOR THE DISTANT HILLS!

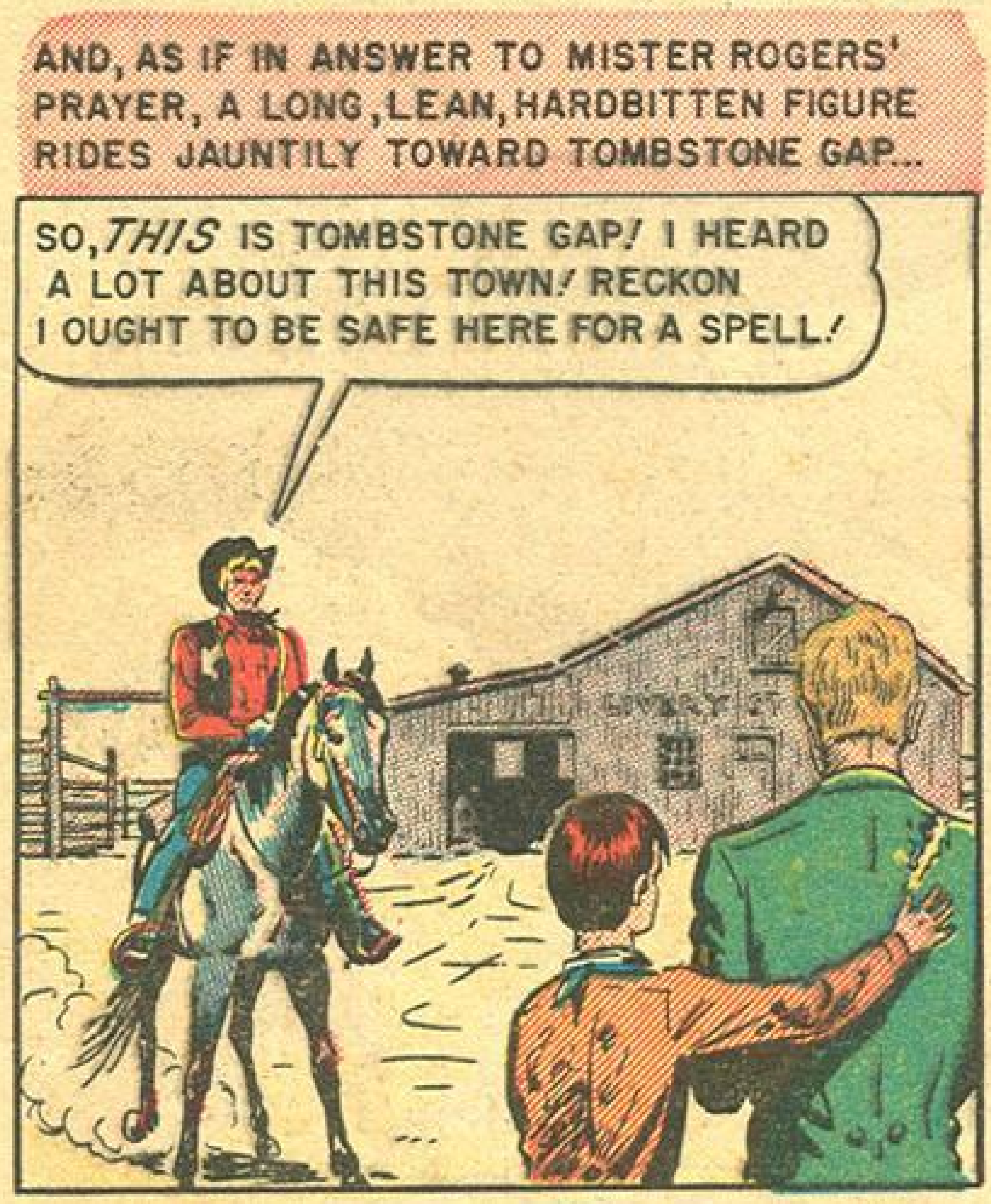

BUT FINALLY, THE POSSE COLLECTS ITSELF, AND...
WHY, THAT TRICKY VARMINT... I'LL GIT 'IM BEFORE HE CAN REACH THE HILLS!
NO, SLIM... LET HIM GO!
LET 'IM *GO!* ARE YOU *LOCO,* MARSHALL?
MAYBE HE *ISN'T* THE KILLER PEOPLE SAY HE IS... AFTER ALL, *WE* HAD NO EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM! ANY RANNY THAT CAN RIDE AND FIGHT LIKE *THAT* DESERVES A BETTER BREAK THAN A BULLET IN HIS BACK! GOOD LUCK TO YOU, KID COLT!
AND A FEW BREATHLESS MINUTES LATER...
WE MADE IT, STEEL! WE *MADE* IT... THANKS TO THAT MARSHALL NOT SHOOTING AFTER US...
AND, MANY HOURS AND MANY MILES AWAY...
AS SOON AS I GET THESE ROPES OFF, I'LL BE MYSELF AGAIN! IF ONLY I HAD MY *COLTS* BACK AGAIN...
AND A DAY LATER, BACK IN THE TOWN OF TOMBSTONE GAP, THINGS GO ON AS USUAL...
BANG! BANG!
TSK! TSK! WHEN WILL THESE *POOR HONEST RANCHERS* STOP TRYING TO DEFY THE *LAW* IN THESE PARTS?
Y-YOU KILLED MY *PONY!* YOU (SOB!) KILLED PAINT!
HOW *COULD* YOU SHOOT MY SON'S PONY SO CALLOUSLY?
I *TOLD* THE BRAT NOT TO USE THE *DEPUTY'S' HITCHING POST* FOR HIM! NEXT TIME, THE BRAT'LL KNOW BETTER!

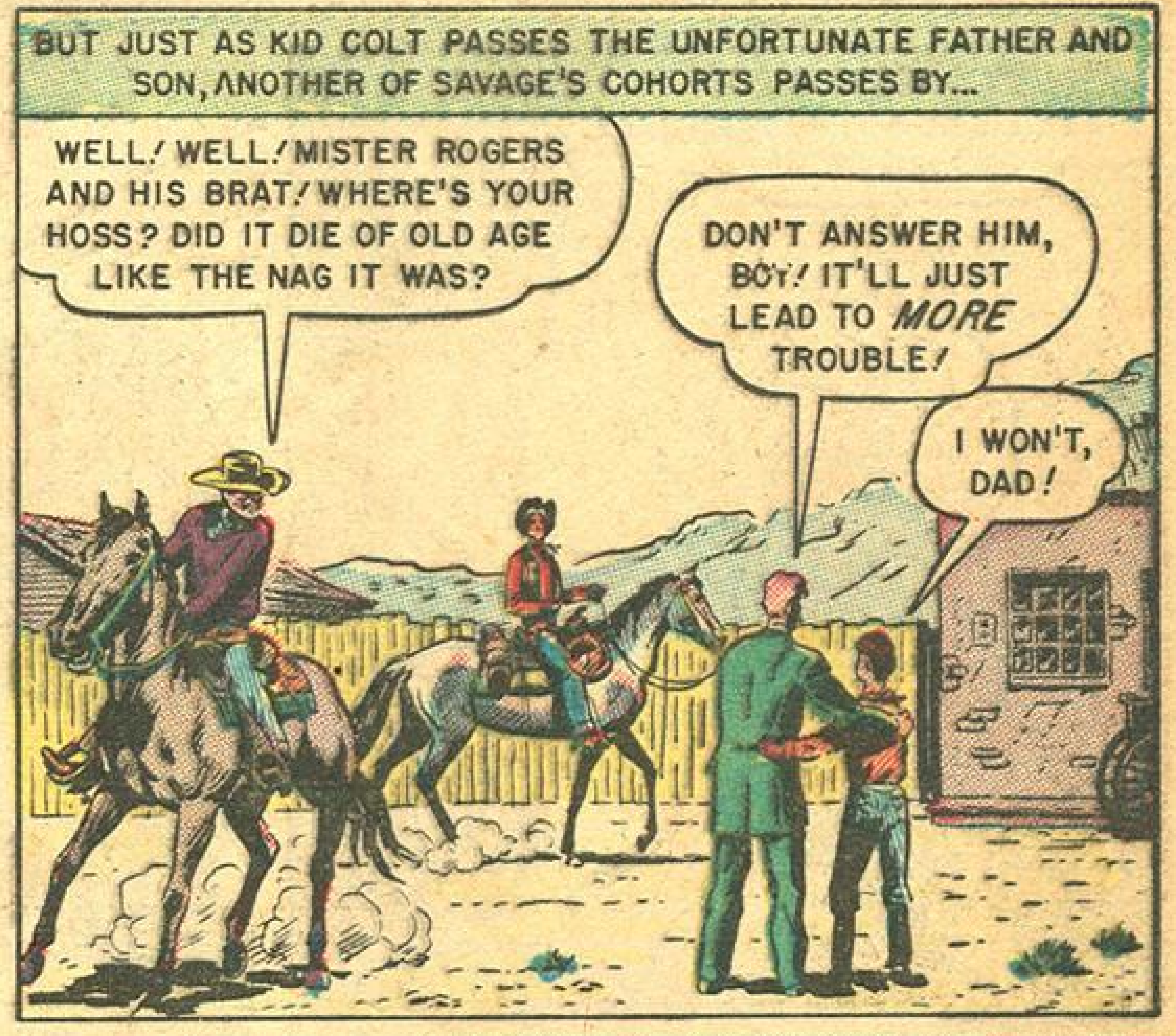

YOU KILLED MY PONY! YOU KILLED MY PONY!
WHY, YOU YOUNG WHELP...
...HIT ME AGAIN AND I'LL MANGLE YER ORNERY HIDE!
OWWWW!
SPLASH
YOU COWARD! YOU BULLY! YOU KNOW MY SON IS CRIPPLED! YOU KNOW I'M TOO OLD TO AVENGE HIM, YOU COWARD!
NOBODY TALKS TO APE SQUINT LIKE THAT! SAY YER PRAYERS, GRAN'PAW!
BUT SUDDENLY, A BLACK STREAK OF GREASED LIGHTNING LASHES OUT, AND....
DON'T BE A FOOL, APE!
YOU KNOW I DETEST BRUTAL MURDER, APE! MISTER ROGERS IS TOO OLD TO MURDER! WE'LL JUST TEACH HIM MANNERS IN A MILDER WAY!
WHA-WHAT ARE YA GOING TO DO?
I'M GONNA TEACH YOU TO RESPECT MY DEPUTIES! I'LL DO IT WITHOUT KILLIN' YA, LIKE THIS!
OWW!
CRACK!

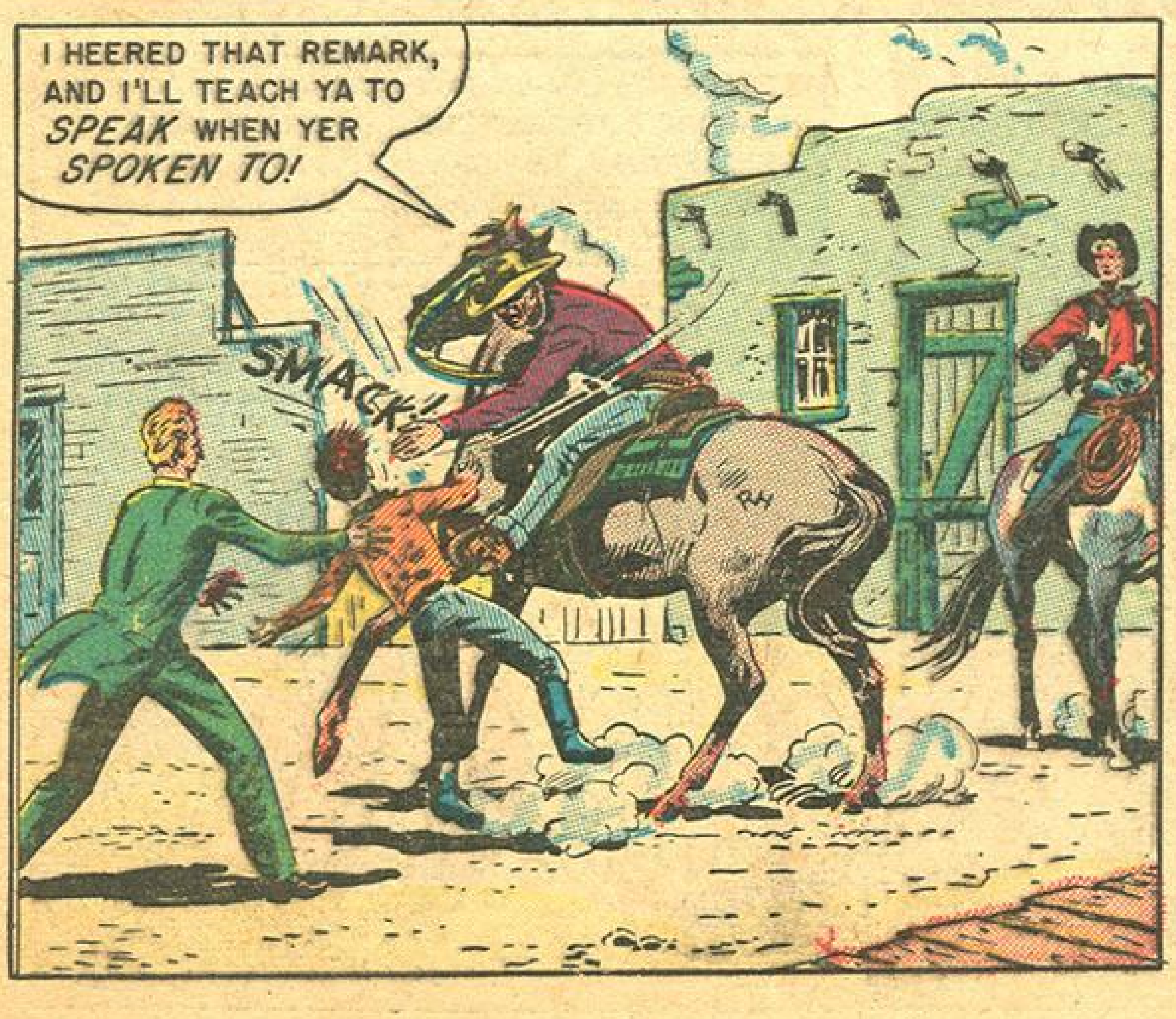

COME ON, PAW, LET'S GO! THEY'LL KILL US *SLOWLY* IF WE DON'T!
I-I...HELP ME UP, BOY! I-I'M HURT BADLY!

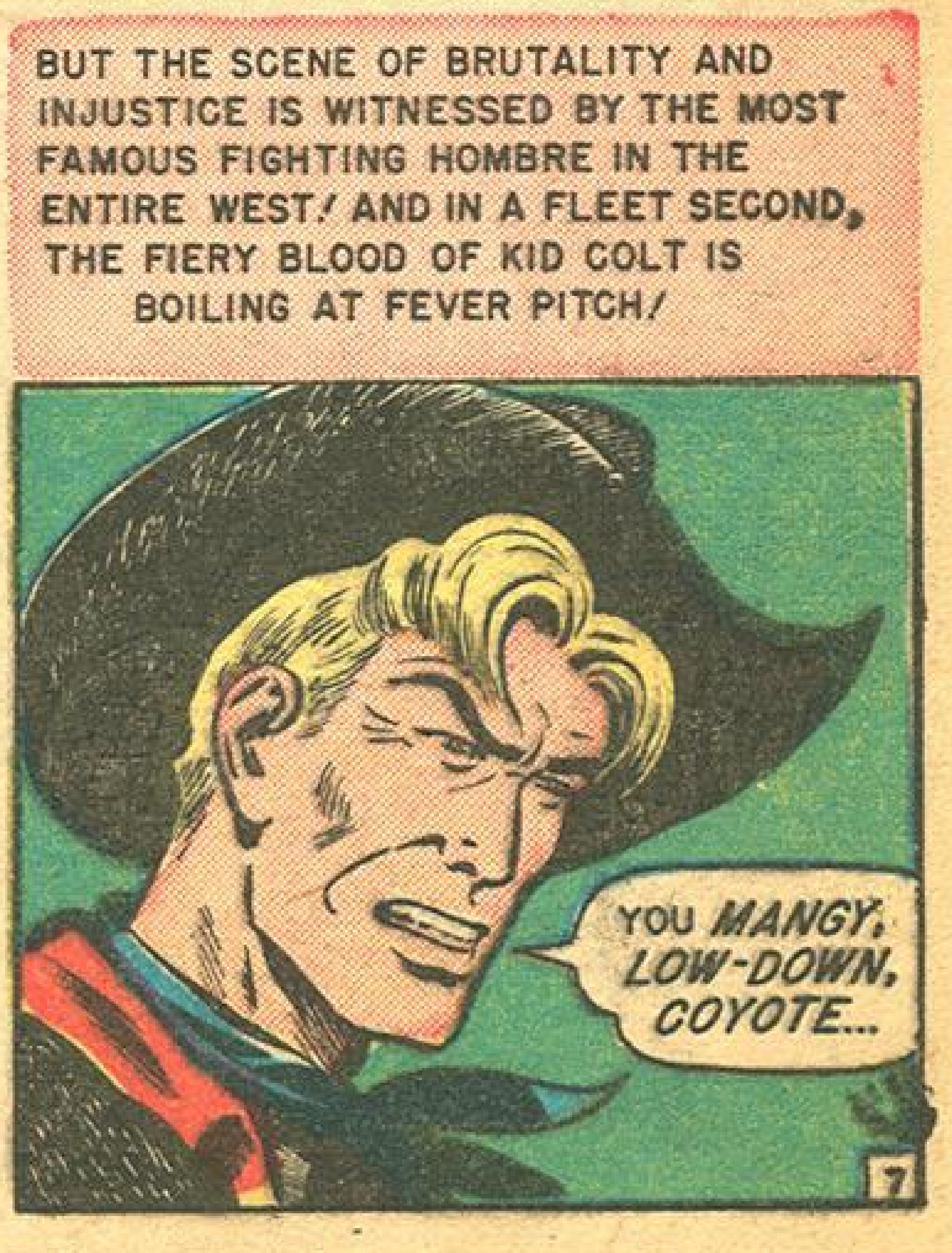

HA! IMAGINE THAT! ONE IS TOO *YOUNG* TO WORRY ABOUT, AND THE OTHER IS TOO *OLD!*
I GOTTA HAND IT TO YA THE WAY YA GOT THIS TOWN UNDER YER THUMB, AND *ALL LEGAL-LIKE*, WHIP!

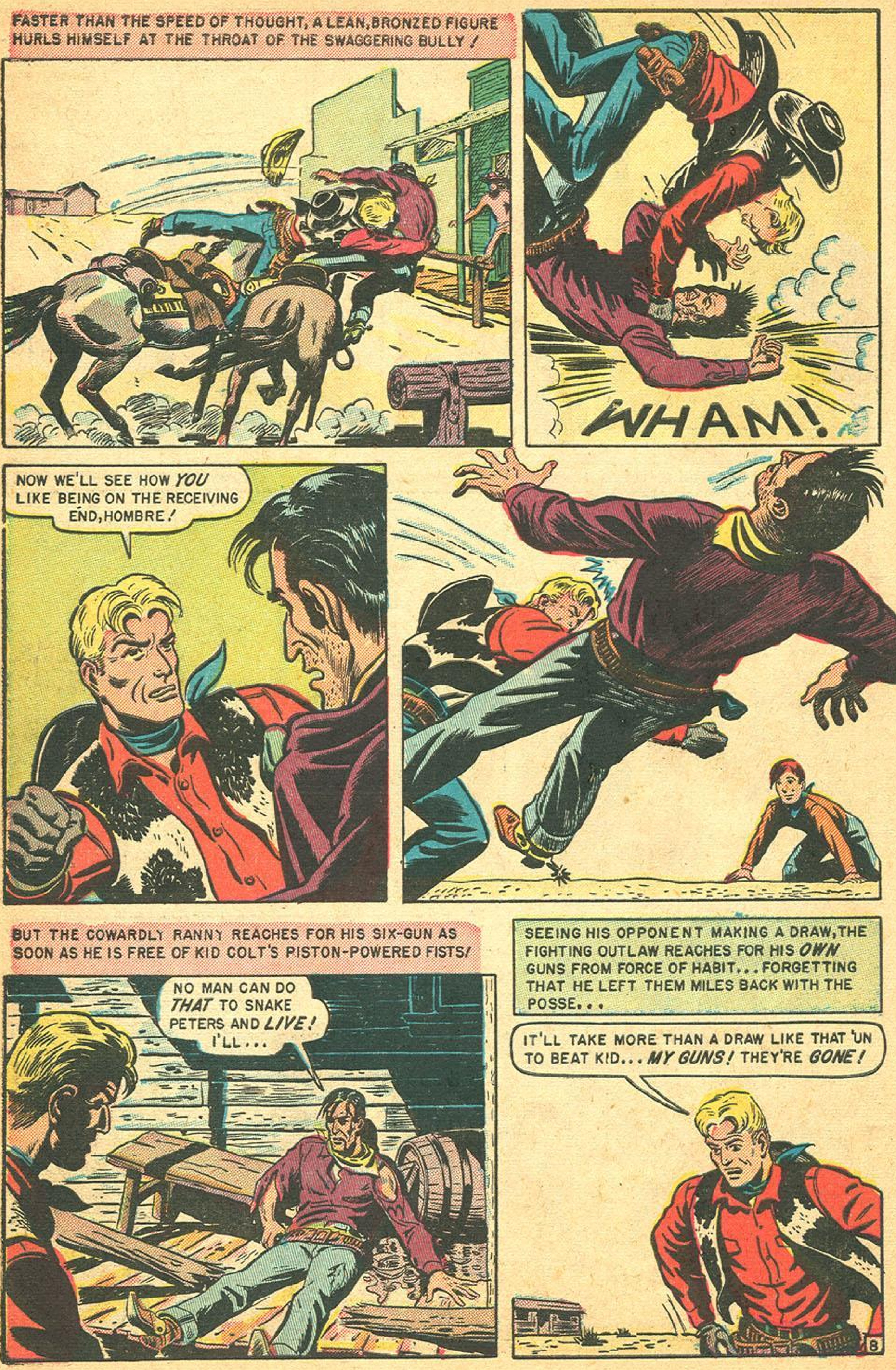

HE'S COCK-OF-THE-WALK *NOW*, SON, BUT SOONER OR LATER, A *BIGGER MAN* THAN WHIP SAVAGE WILL COME ALONG...A *BETTER MAN!* AND I PRAY I LIVE TO SEE THE DAY, AND TO BLESS *THAT MAN!*

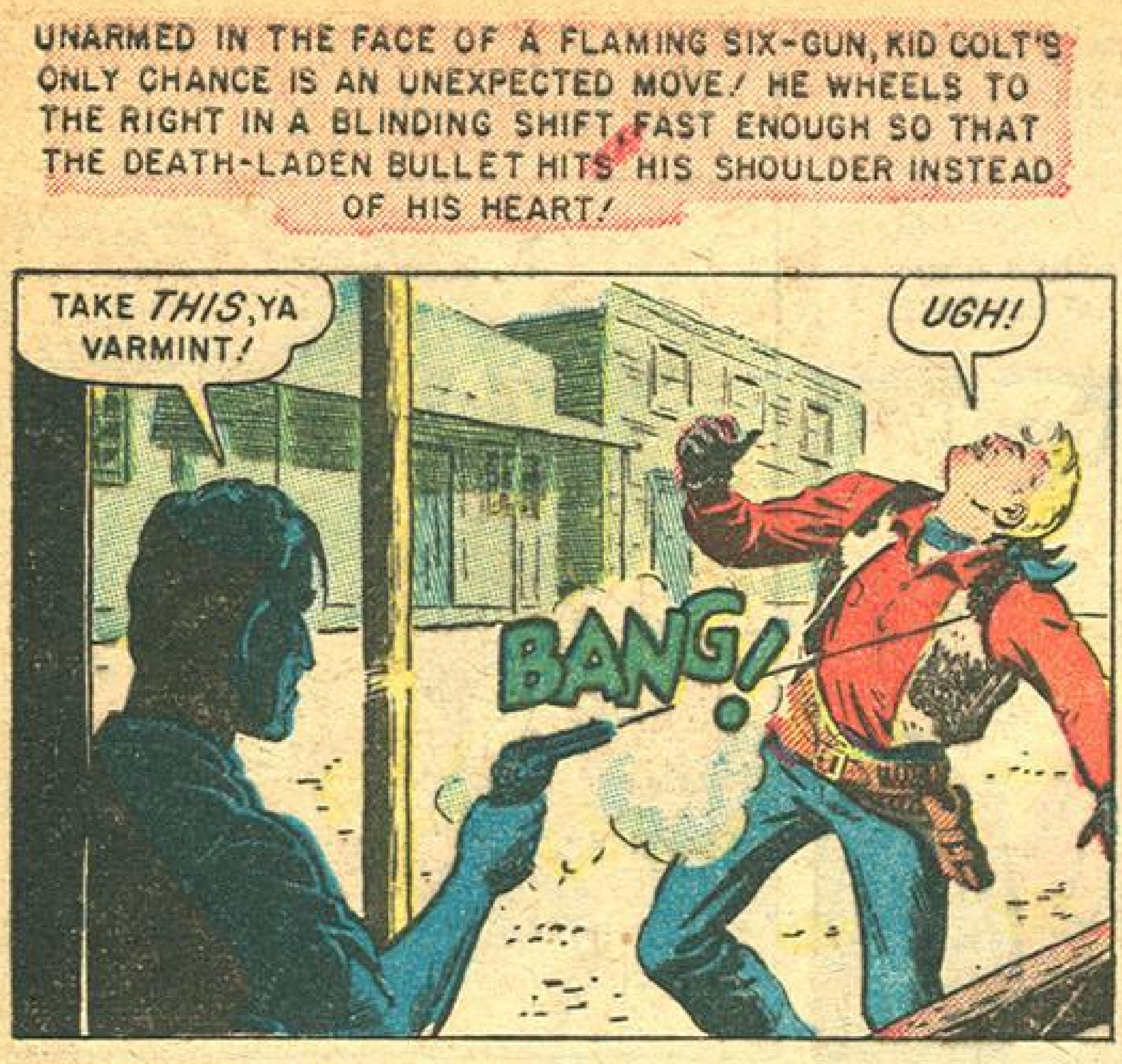

AND, AS IF IN ANSWER TO MISTER ROGERS' PRAYER, A LONG, LEAN, HARDBITTEN FIGURE RIDES JAUNTILY TOWARD TOMBSTONE GAP...
SO, *THIS* IS TOMBSTONE GAP! I HEARD A LOT ABOUT THIS TOWN! RECKON I OUGHT TO BE SAFE HERE FOR A SPELL!
LIVERY

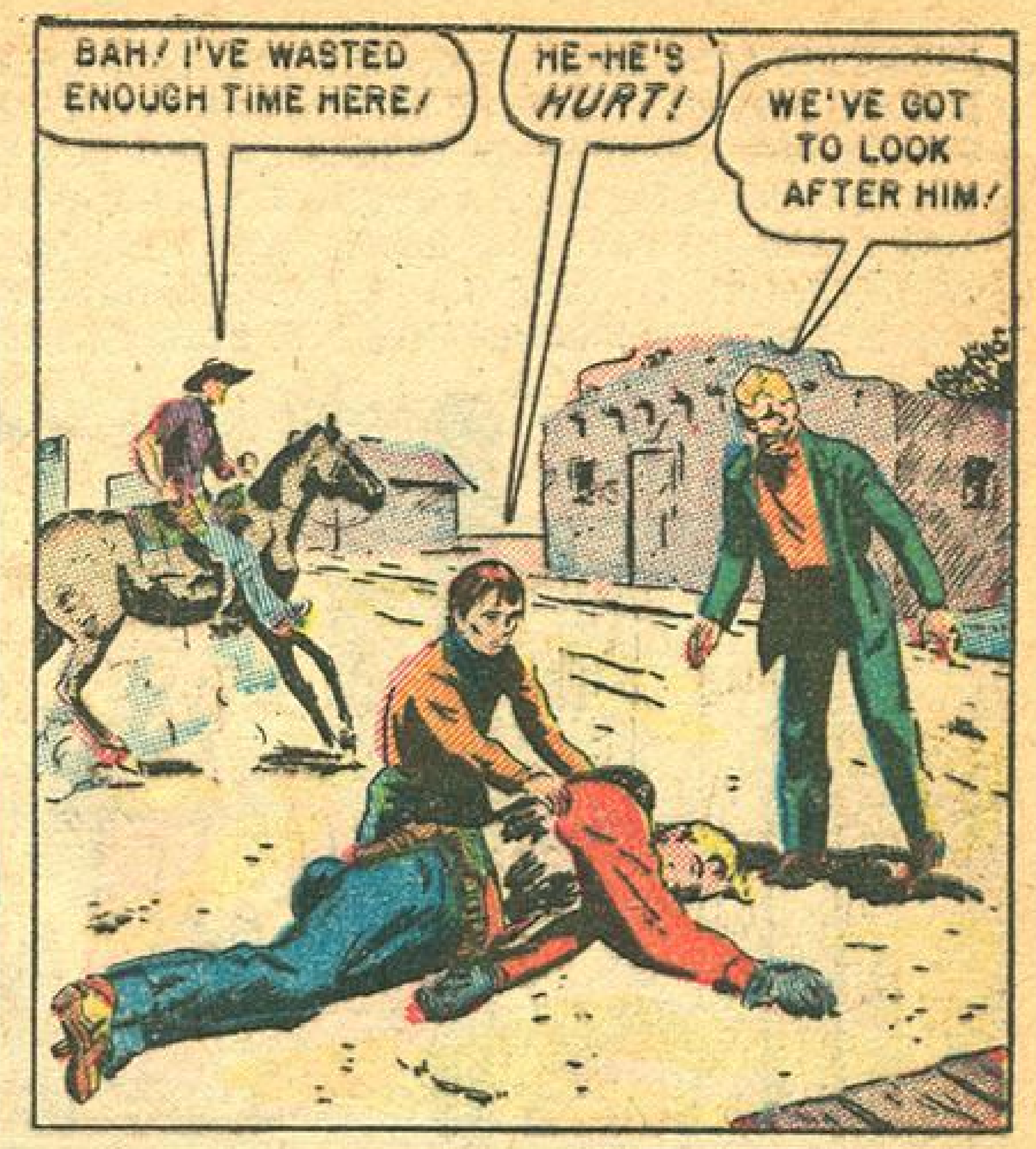

BUT JUST AS KID COLT PASSES THE UNFORTUNATE FATHER AND SON, ANOTHER OF SAVAGE'S COHORTS PASSES BY...
WELL! WELL! MISTER ROGERS AND HIS BRAT! WHERE'S YOUR HOSS? DID IT DIE OF OLD AGE LIKE THE NAG IT WAS?
DON'T ANSWER HIM, BOY! IT'LL JUST LEAD TO *MORE* TROUBLE!
I WON'T, DAD!

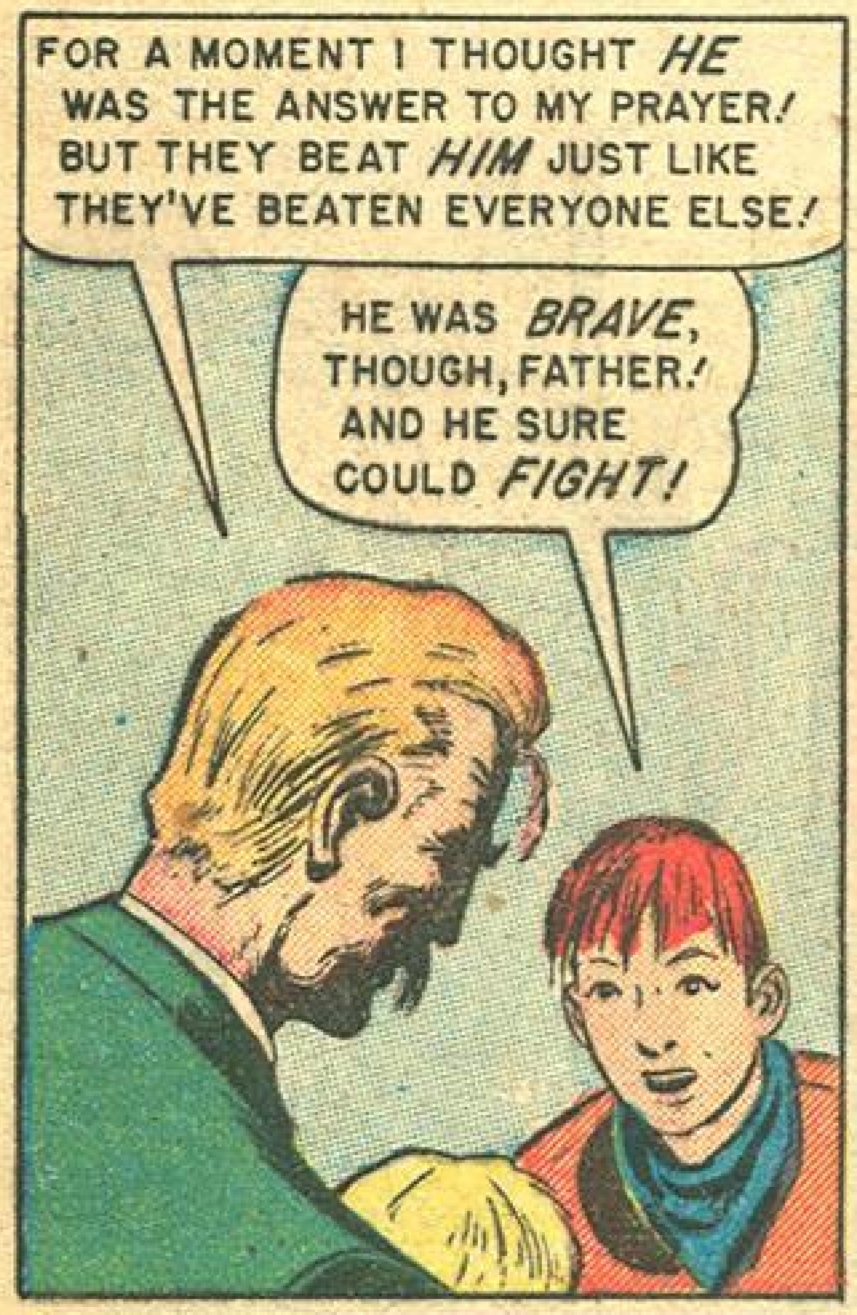

I HEERED THAT REMARK, AND I'LL TEACH YA TO *SPEAK* WHEN YER *SPOKEN TO!*
SMACK!

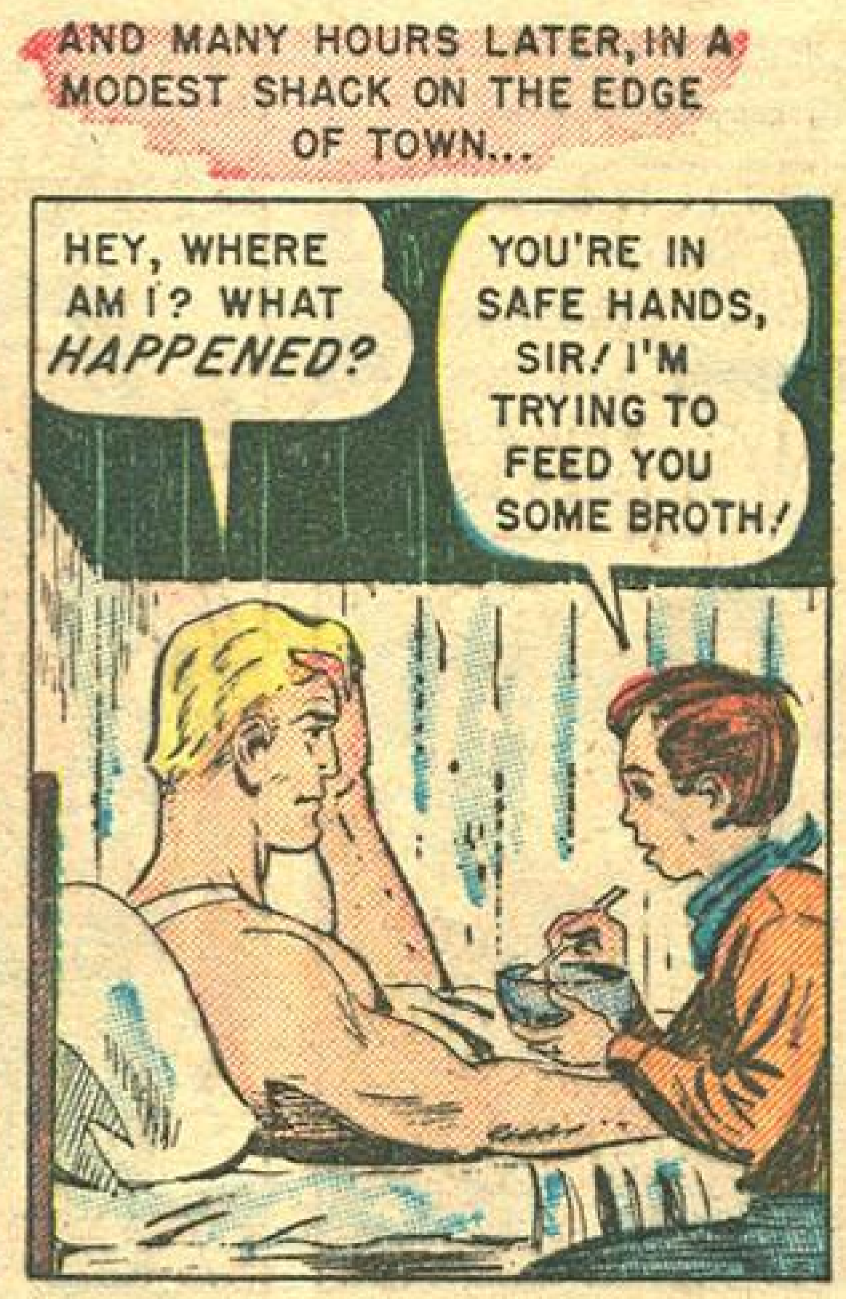

BUT THE SCENE OF BRUTALITY AND INJUSTICE IS WITNESSED BY THE MOST FAMOUS FIGHTING HOMBRE IN THE ENTIRE WEST! AND IN A FLEET SECOND, THE FIERY BLOOD OF KID COLT IS BOILING AT FEVER PITCH!
YOU *MANGY, LOW-DOWN, COYOTE...*

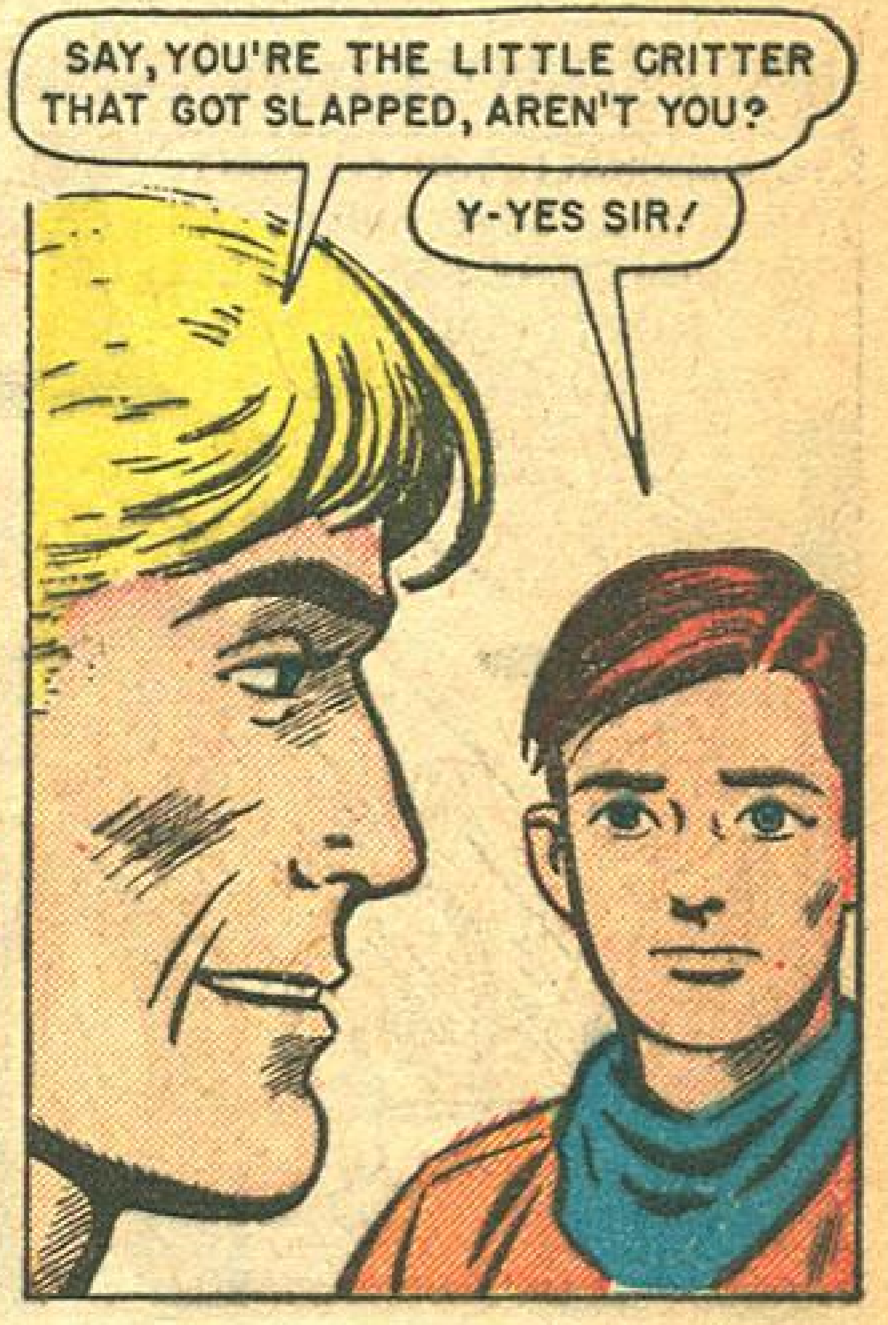

FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF THOUGHT, A LEAN, BRONZED FIGURE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE THROAT OF THE SWAGGERING BULLY!
WHAM!
NOW WE'LL SEE HOW *YOU* LIKE BEING ON THE RECEIVING END, HOMBRE!
BUT THE COWARDLY RANNY REACHES FOR HIS SIX-GUN AS SOON AS HE IS FREE OF KID COLT'S PISTON-POWERED FISTS!
NO MAN CAN DO *THAT* TO SNAKE PETERS AND *LIVE*! I'LL...
SEEING HIS OPPONENT MAKING A DRAW, THE FIGHTING OUTLAW REACHES FOR HIS *OWN* GUNS FROM FORCE OF HABIT... FORGETTING THAT HE LEFT THEM MILES BACK WITH THE POSSE...
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A DRAW LIKE THAT 'UN TO BEAT KID... *MY GUNS!* THEY'RE *GONE!*

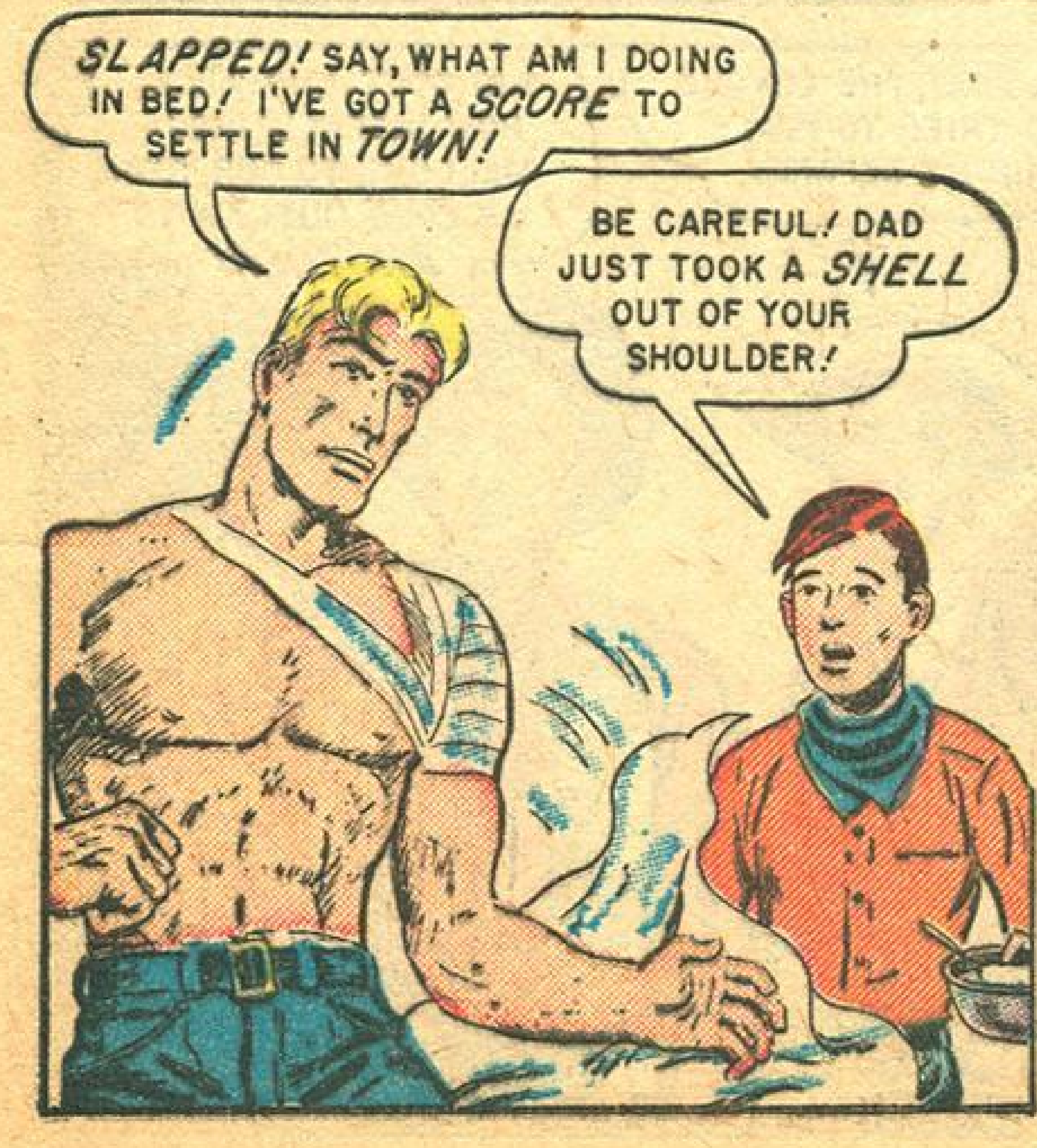

UNARMED IN THE FACE OF A FLAMING SIX-GUN, KID COLT'S ONLY CHANCE IS AN UNEXPECTED MOVE! HE WHEELS TO THE RIGHT IN A BLINDING SHIFT FAST ENOUGH SO THAT THE DEATH-LADEN BULLET HITS HIS SHOULDER INSTEAD OF HIS HEART!
TAKE *THIS*, YA VARMINT!
UGH!
BANG!

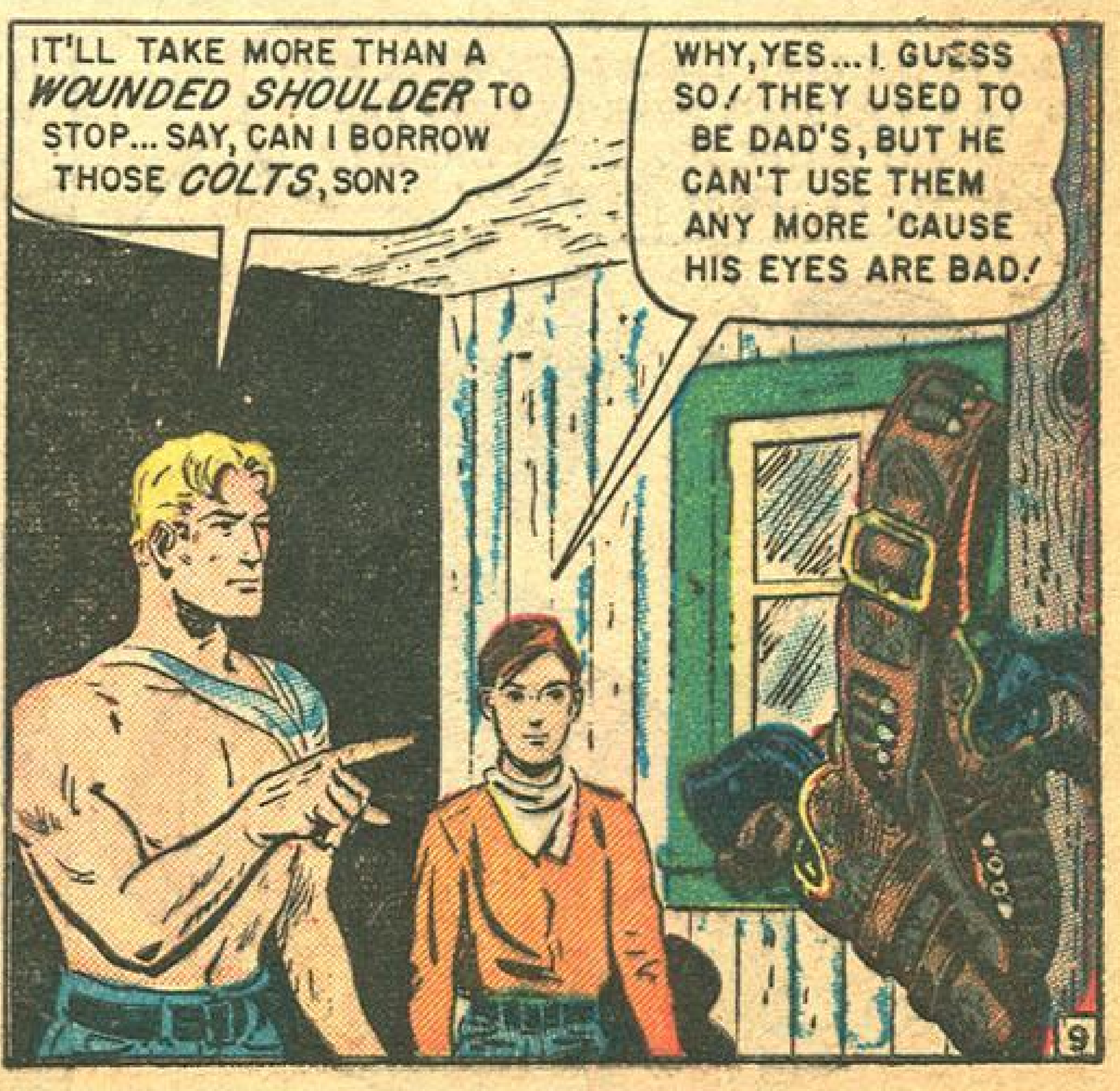

BAH! I'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME HERE!
HE-HE'S *HURT!*
WE'VE GOT TO LOOK AFTER HIM!

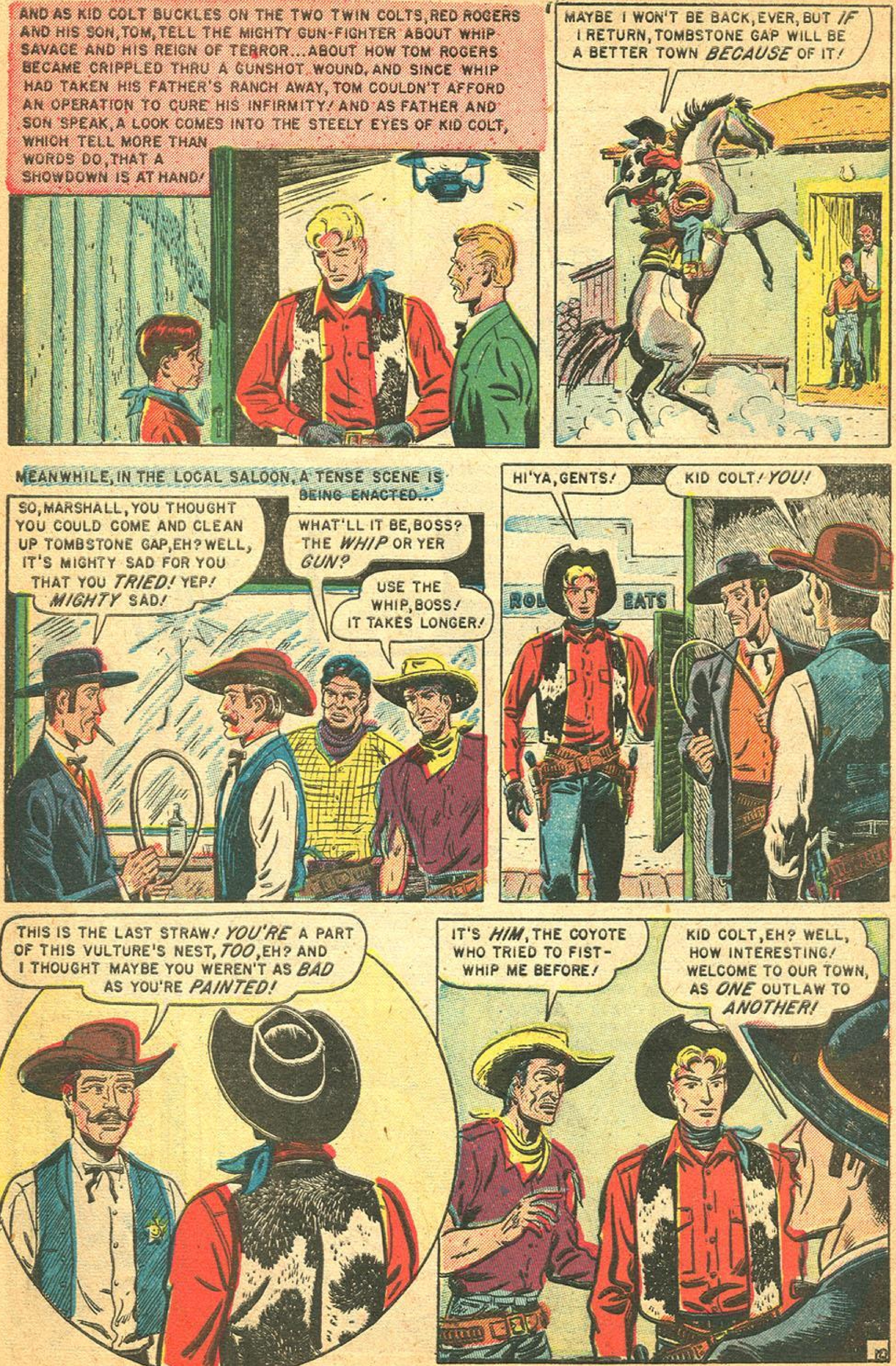

FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT *HE* WAS THE ANSWER TO MY PRAYER! BUT THEY BEAT *HIM* JUST LIKE THEY'VE BEATEN EVERYONE ELSE!
HE WAS *BRAVE*, THOUGH, FATHER! AND HE SURE COULD *FIGHT!*

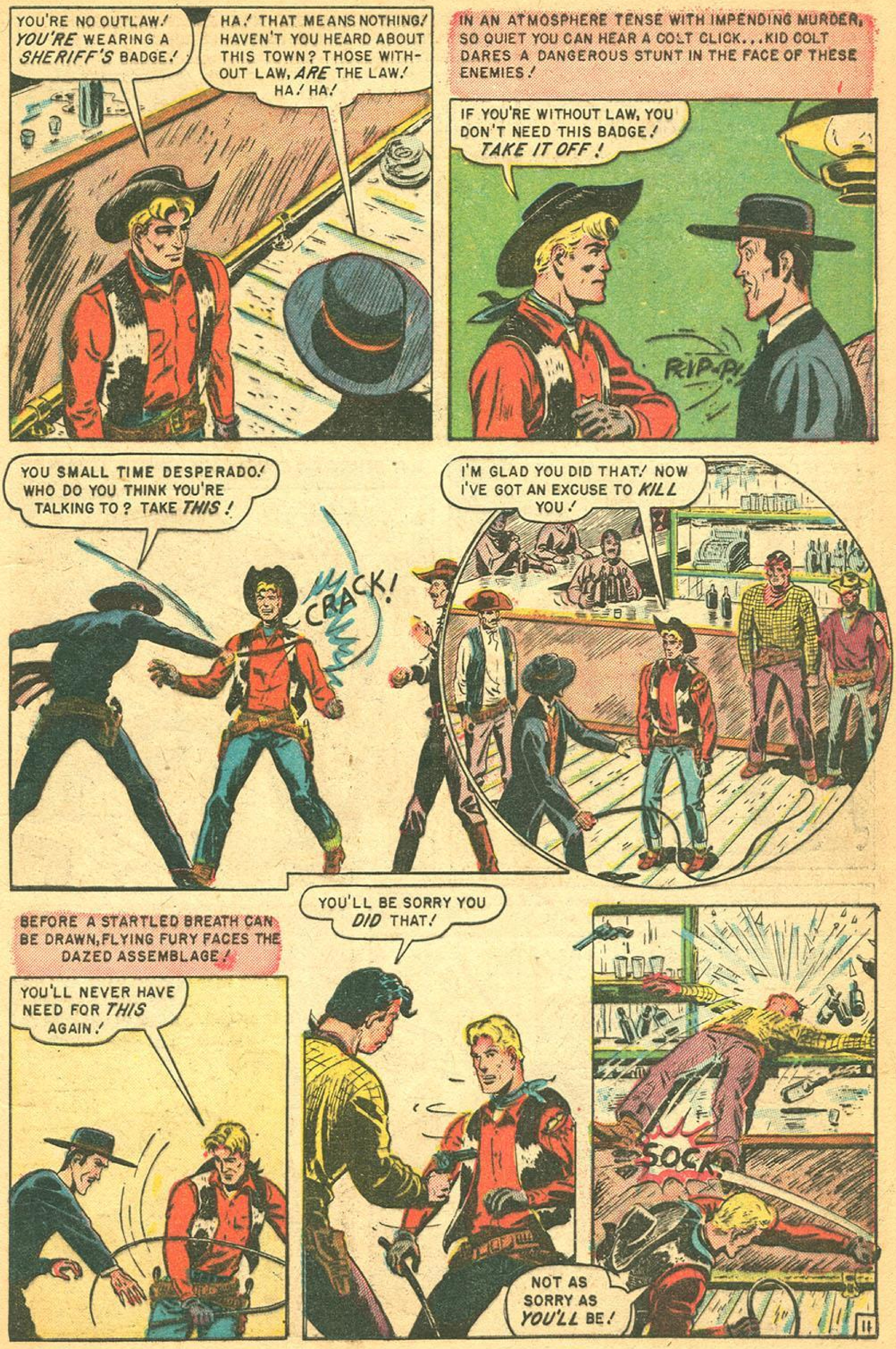

AND MANY HOURS LATER, IN A MODEST SHACK ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...
HEY, WHERE AM I? WHAT *HAPPENED?*
YOU'RE IN SAFE HANDS, SIR! I'M TRYING TO FEED YOU SOME BROTH!

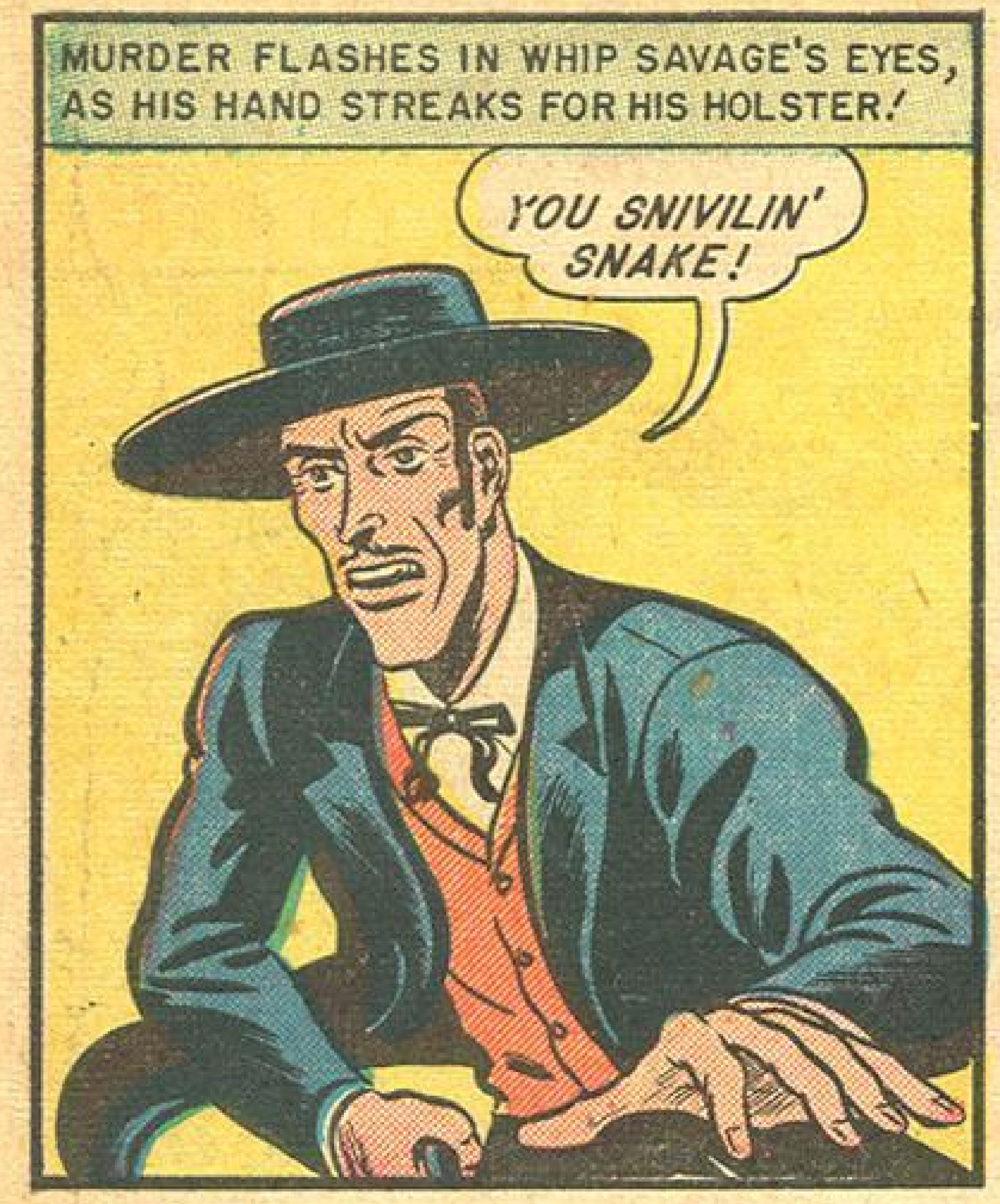

SAY, YOU'RE THE LITTLE CRITTER THAT GOT SLAPPED, AREN'T YOU?
Y-YES SIR!

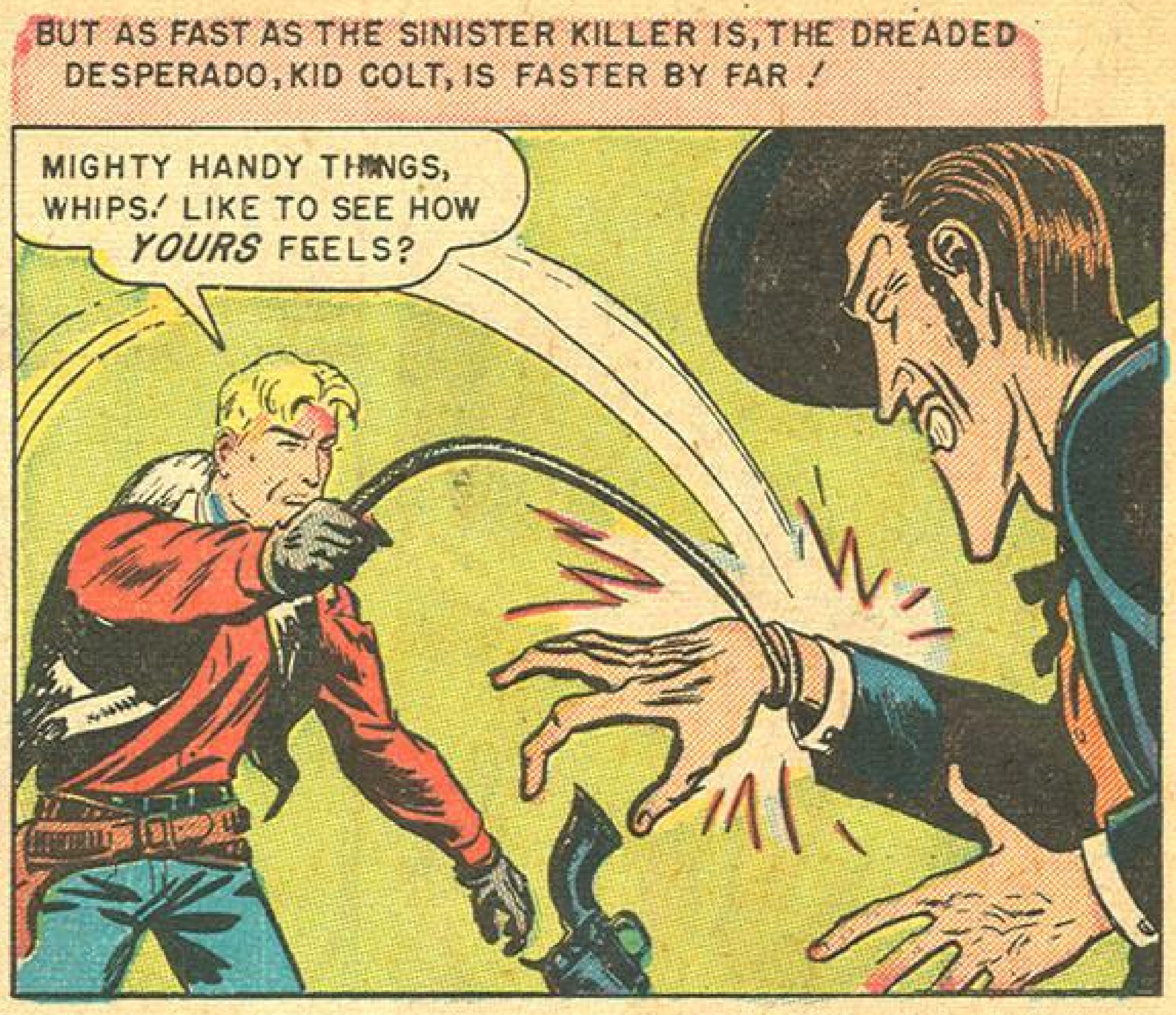

SLAPPED! SAY, WHAT AM I DOING IN BED! I'VE GOT A *SCORE* TO SETTLE IN *TOWN!*
BE CAREFUL! DAD JUST TOOK A *SHELL* OUT OF YOUR SHOULDER!

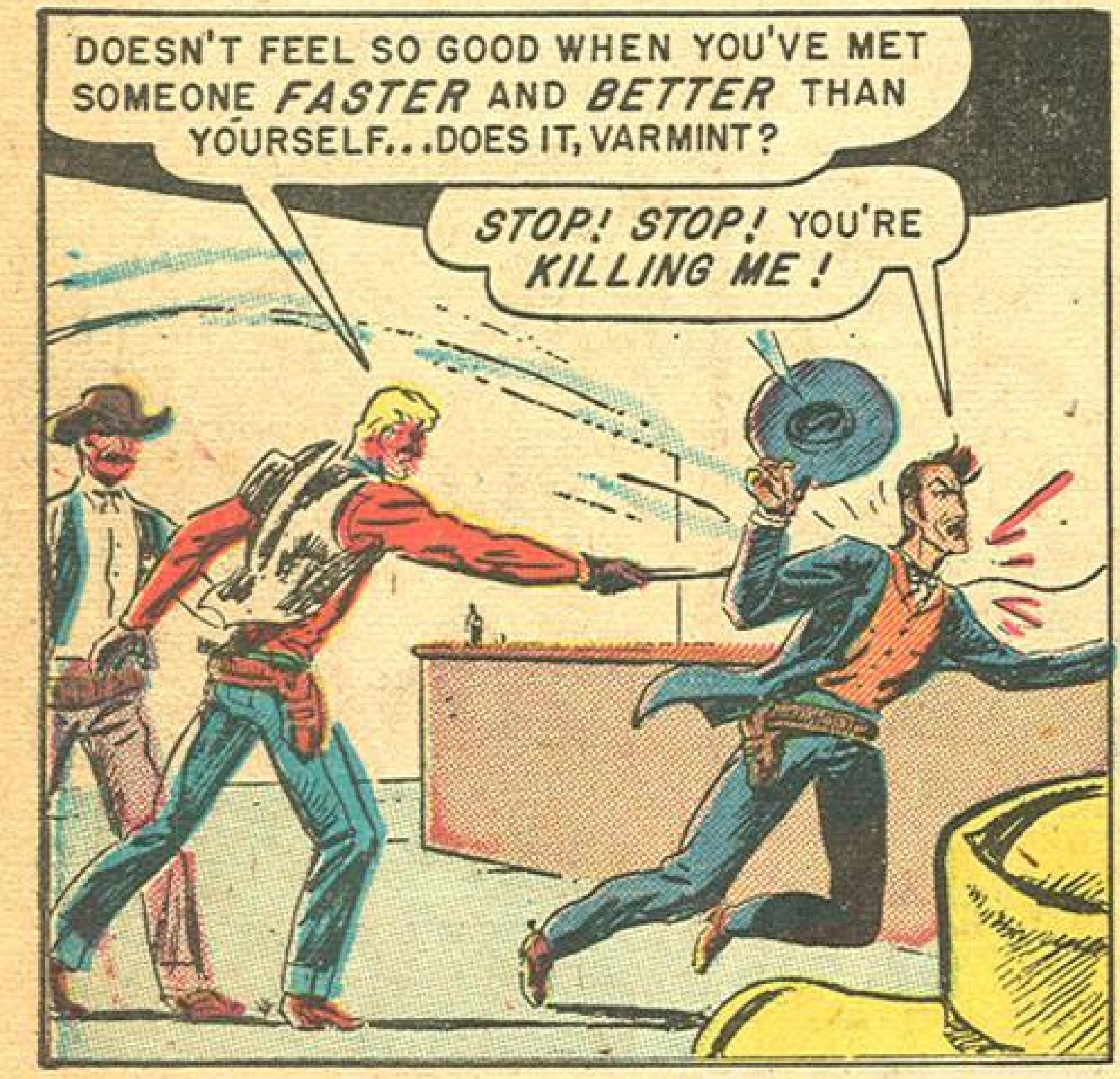

IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A *WOUNDED SHOULDER* TO STOP... SAY, CAN I BORROW THOSE *COLTS*, SON?
WHY, YES... I GUESS SO! THEY USED TO BE DAD'S, BUT HE CAN'T USE THEM ANY MORE 'CAUSE HIS EYES ARE BAD!

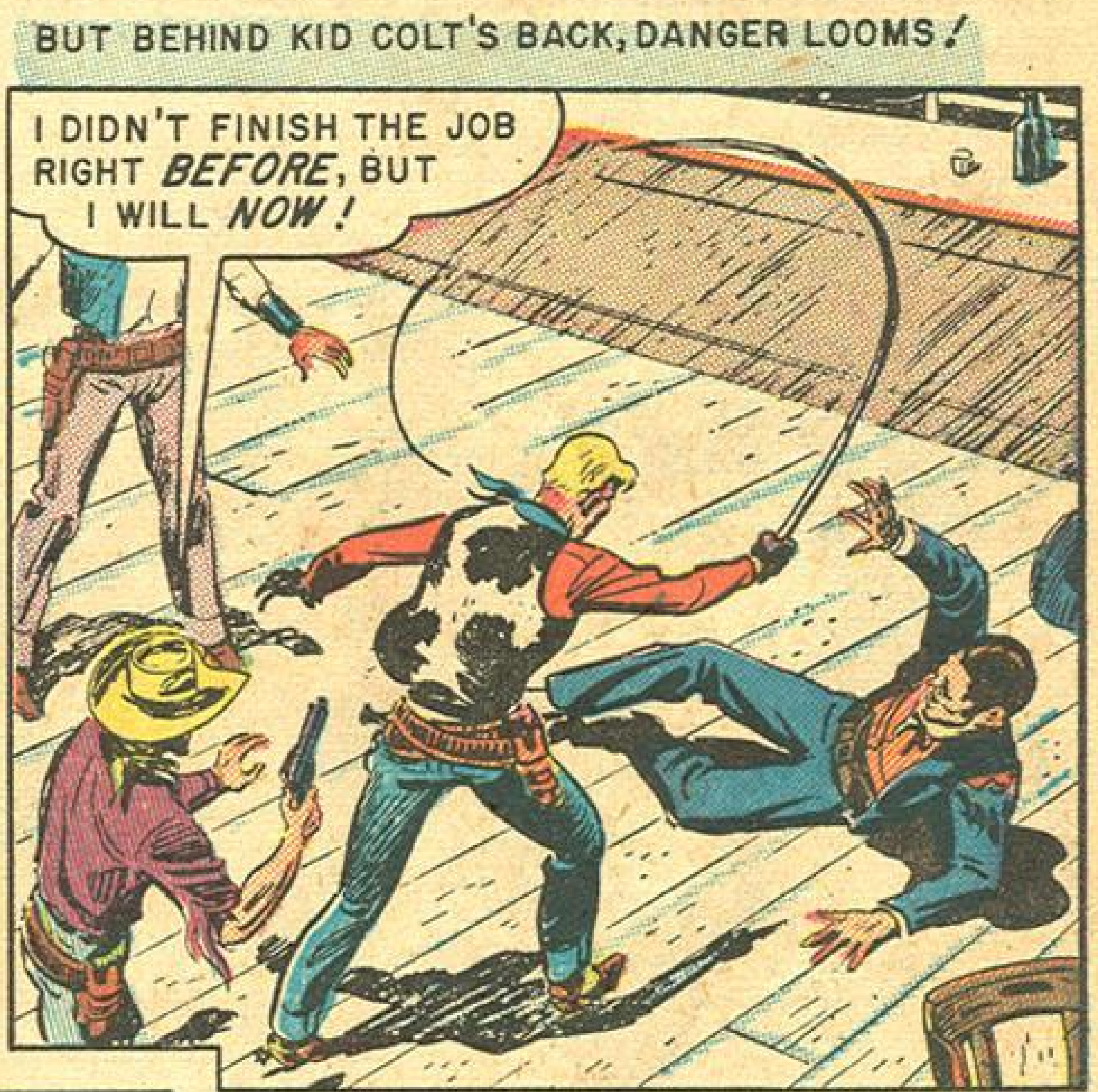

AND AS KID COLT BUCKLES ON THE TWO TWIN COLTS, RED ROGERS AND HIS SON, TOM, TELL THE MIGHTY GUN-FIGHTER ABOUT WHIP SAVAGE AND HIS REIGN OF TERROR... ABOUT HOW TOM ROGERS BECAME CRIPPLED THRU A GUNSHOT WOUND, AND SINCE WHIP HAD TAKEN HIS FATHER'S RANCH AWAY, TOM COULDN'T AFFORD AN OPERATION TO CURE HIS INFIRMITY! AND AS FATHER AND SON SPEAK, A LOOK COMES INTO THE STEELY EYES OF KID COLT, WHICH TELL MORE THAN WORDS DO, THAT A SHOWDOWN IS AT HAND!
MAYBE I WON'T BE BACK, EVER, BUT *IF* I RETURN, TOMBSTONE GAP WILL BE A BETTER TOWN *BECAUSE* OF IT!
MEANWHILE, IN THE LOCAL SALOON, A TENSE SCENE IS BEING ENACTED...
SO, MARSHALL, YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD COME AND CLEAN UP TOMBSTONE GAP, EH? WELL, IT'S MIGHTY SAD FOR YOU THAT YOU *TRIED!* YEP! *MIGHTY* SAD!
WHAT'LL IT BE, BOSS? THE *WHIP* OR YER *GUN?*
USE THE WHIP, BOSS! IT TAKES LONGER!
HI'YA, GENTS!
KID COLT! *YOU!*
ROL
EATS
THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! *YOU'RE* A PART OF THIS VULTURE'S NEST, *TOO*, EH? AND I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU WEREN'T AS *BAD* AS YOU'RE *PAINTED!*
IT'S *HIM*, THE COYOTE WHO TRIED TO FIST-WHIP ME BEFORE!
KID COLT, EH? WELL, HOW INTERESTING! WELCOME TO OUR TOWN, AS *ONE* OUTLAW TO *ANOTHER!*

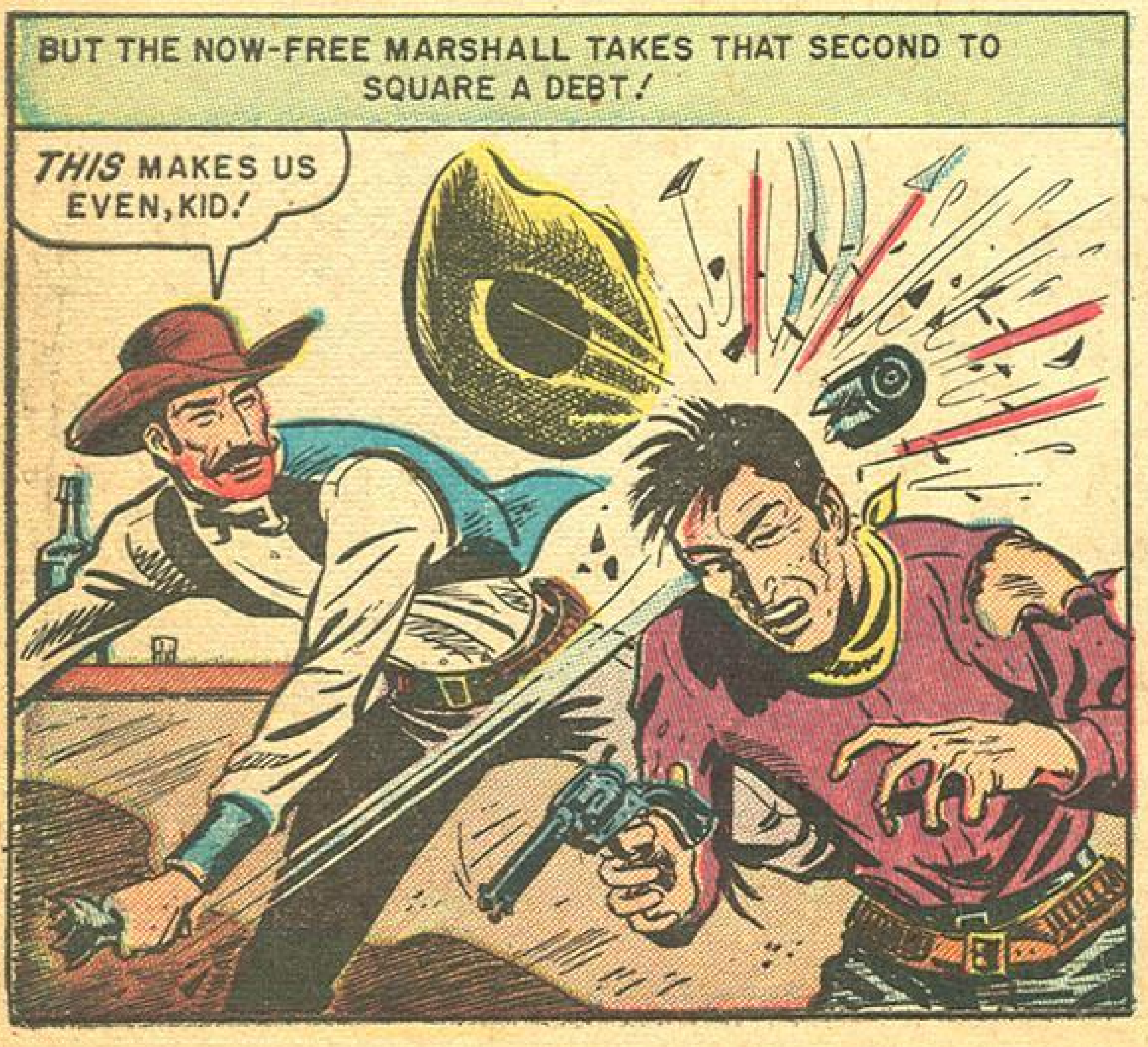

YOU'RE NO OUTLAW! *YOU'RE* WEARING A *SHERIFF'S* BADGE!
HA! THAT MEANS NOTHING! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT THIS TOWN? THOSE WITHOUT LAW, *ARE* THE LAW! HA! HA!
IN AN ATMOSPHERE TENSE WITH IMPENDING MURDER, SO QUIET YOU CAN HEAR A COLT CLICK...KID COLT DARES A DANGEROUS STUNT IN THE FACE OF THESE ENEMIES!
IF YOU'RE WITHOUT LAW, YOU DON'T NEED THIS BADGE! *TAKE IT OFF!*
RIP-P!
YOU SMALL TIME DESPERADO! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING TO? TAKE *THIS*!
CRACK!
I'M GLAD YOU DID THAT! NOW I'VE GOT AN EXCUSE TO *KILL* YOU!
BEFORE A STARTLED BREATH CAN BE DRAWN, FLYING FURY FACES THE DAZED ASSEMBLAGE!
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE NEED FOR *THIS* AGAIN!
YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU *DID* THAT!
SOCK!
NOT AS SORRY AS *YOU'LL* BE!

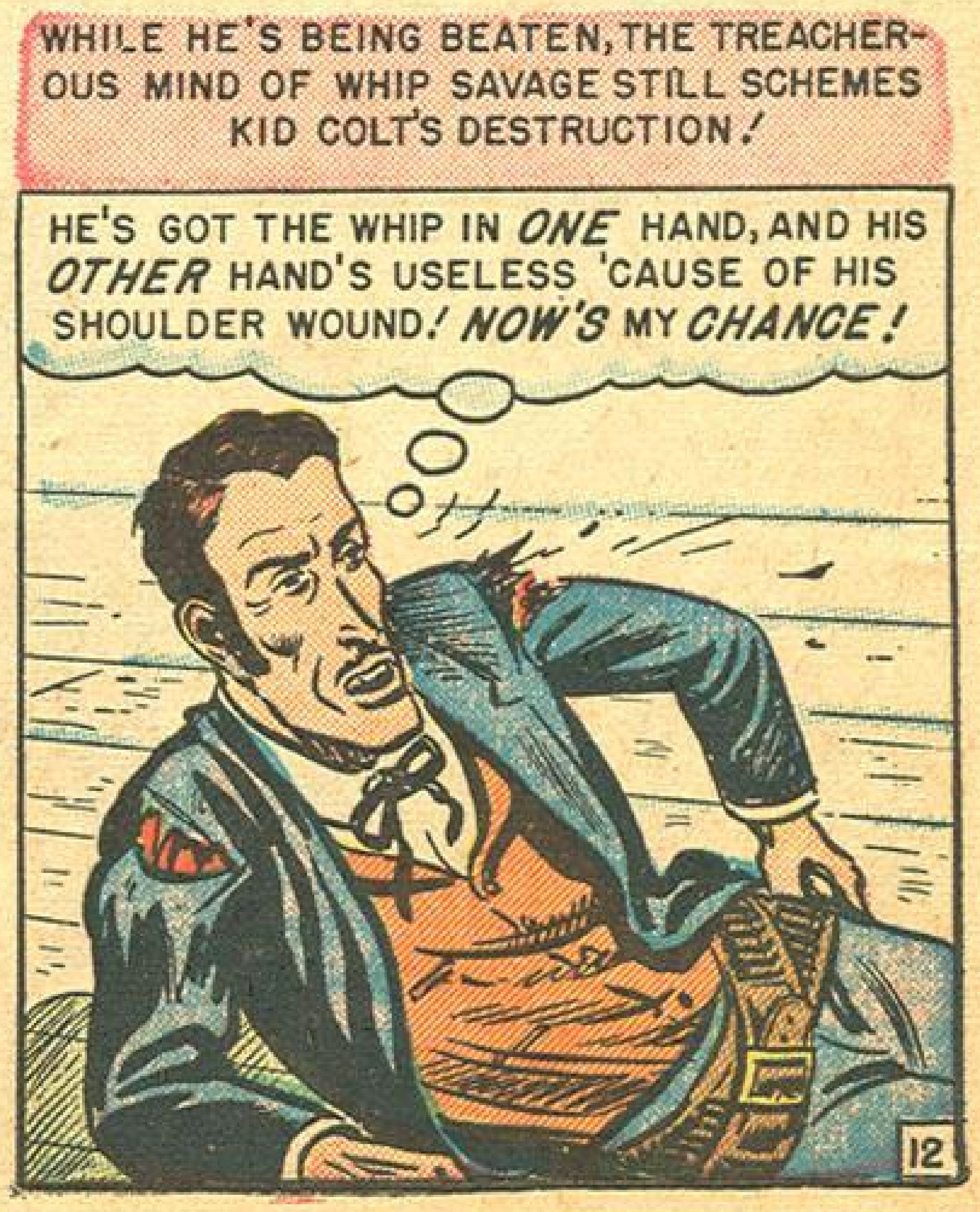

MURDER FLASHES IN WHIP SAVAGE'S EYES, AS HIS HAND STREAKS FOR HIS HOLSTER!
YOU SNIVILIN' SNAKE!

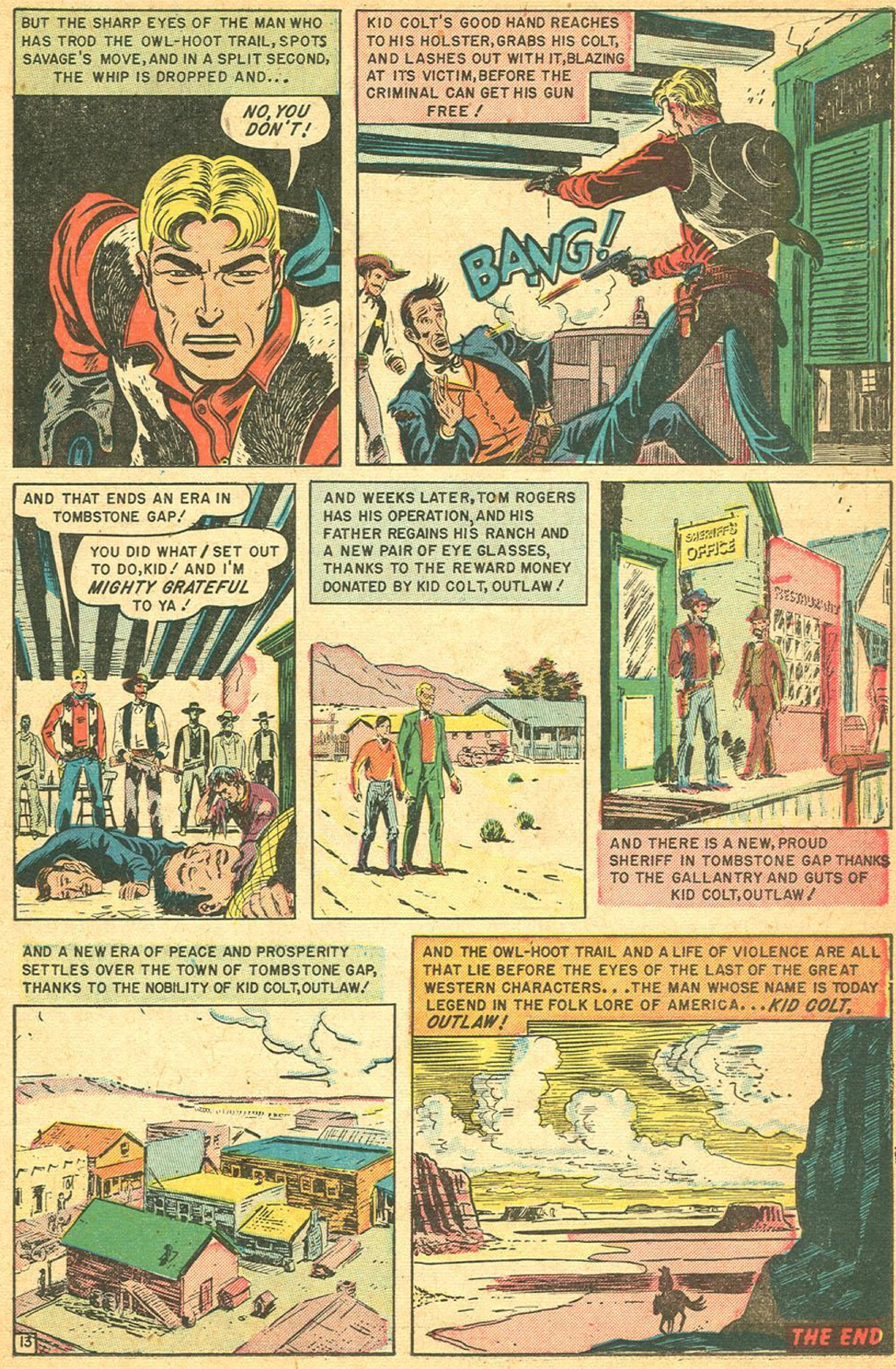

BUT AS FAST AS THE SINISTER KILLER IS, THE DREADED DESPERADO, KID COLT, IS FASTER BY FAR!
MIGHTY HANDY THINGS, WHIPS! LIKE TO SEE HOW YOURS FEELS?


DOESN'T FEEL SO GOOD WHEN YOU'VE MET SOMEONE FASTER AND BETTER THAN YOURSELF...DOES IT, VARMINT?
STOP! STOP! YOU'RE KILLING ME!


BUT BEHIND KID COLT'S BACK, DANGER LOOMS!
I DIDN'T FINISH THE JOB RIGHT BEFORE, BUT I WILL NOW!


BUT THE NOW-FREE MARSHALL TAKES THAT SECOND TO SQUARE A DEBT!
THIS MAKES US EVEN, KID!


WHILE HE'S BEING BEATEN, THE TREACHEROUS MIND OF WHIP SAVAGE STILL SCHEMES KID COLT'S DESTRUCTION!
HE'S GOT THE WHIP IN ONE HAND, AND HIS OTHER HAND'S USELESS 'CAUSE OF HIS SHOULDER WOUND! NOW'S MY CHANCE!


BUT THE SHARP EYES OF THE MAN WHO HAS TROD THE OWL-HOOT TRAIL, SPOTS SAVAGE'S MOVE, AND IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE WHIP IS DROPPED AND...
NO, YOU DON'T!
KID COLT'S GOOD HAND REACHES TO HIS HOLSTER, GRABS HIS COLT, AND LASHES OUT WITH IT, BLAZING AT ITS VICTIM, BEFORE THE CRIMINAL CAN GET HIS GUN FREE!
BANG!
AND THAT ENDS AN ERA IN TOMBSTONE GAP!
YOU DID WHAT I SET OUT TO DO, KID! AND I'M *MIGHTY GRATEFUL* TO YA!
AND WEEKS LATER, TOM ROGERS HAS HIS OPERATION, AND HIS FATHER REGAINS HIS RANCH AND A NEW PAIR OF EYE GLASSES, THANKS TO THE REWARD MONEY DONATED BY KID COLT, OUTLAW!
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
RESTAURANT
AND THERE IS A NEW, PROUD SHERIFF IN TOMBSTONE GAP THANKS TO THE GALLANTRY AND GUTS OF KID COLT, OUTLAW!
AND A NEW ERA OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY SETTLES OVER THE TOWN OF TOMBSTONE GAP, THANKS TO THE NOBILITY OF KID COLT, OUTLAW!
AND THE OWL-HOOT TRAIL AND A LIFE OF VIOLENCE ARE ALL THAT LIE BEFORE THE EYES OF THE LAST OF THE GREAT WESTERN CHARACTERS. . .THE MAN WHOSE NAME IS TODAY LEGEND IN THE FOLK LORE OF AMERICA. . .*KID COLT, OUTLAW!*
THE END

Who's Laughing Now

SPIKE HIGGINS, presiding chairman at the secret meeting of the town council, rapped his knuckles on the desk for quiet. The ranchers and cowhands leaned forward in their seats, eager to get on with the business. "Friends," Spike said, "This meetin' is for one purpose. After serving our town for fifty years, Sheriff Morley has decided not to retire. We're here to find some way to get the old boy to pasture so's we can elect someone younger . . . yuh know, somebody who kin move around a little more."

"Mr. Chairman," Charlie Hobbs spoke up, "why in tarnation do we have to do that for? Luke Morley's done a purty good job, hasn't he? Never seems to be any trouble in town anyway."

Spike nodded. "That's right, but we sort of owe it to the old gent. He ought to be taking it easy from now on. Besides, the town is starting to grow some, and the bigger it gits, the more likely somethin' is tuh happen."

There was a general murmur of assent from the group who saw the wisdom of Spike's words. Everyone liked old Luke Morley and wanted to do this for his own good. Finally Bill Hodges, who owned the Bar-Y spread up the canyon, got to his feet and remarked, "Yuh know, talking will never retire old Luke. He's gotta be shown, and about the only way to do that is rig up a fake deal somehow, so's Luke will see that he's not up to the rough stuff any more."

This suggestion drew a roar of approval, and in a minute suggestions went around the room like a prairie fire. After a half hour, it was decided that four of the men would stage a fake raid on the bank the next afternoon, all with the bank's consent, make a dash for the hills, then circle around and come back. That would leave Luke searching for bandits he couldn't find, which would discourage him into immediate retirement. Details were worked out completely before the men left, laughing among themselves.

At three-thirty the next afternoon, a half hour before closing time, four men galloped up on horseback to the bank, slipped neckerchiefs over their faces, and held the place up. A grinning cashier passed them a sackful of money and they left. The president waited fifteen minutes before giving the alarm, then, as he was about to run shouting into the street, four other masked men rode up waving six-shooters. They dashed into the bank and yelled that it was a stickup.

The cashier gasped, "But . . . but you were just here!"

Bill Hodges yanked his mask off. "Whut you talkin' about? We just got here!"

The bank president, white and shaking, said, "You—you mean that it wasn't you fellows who just staged a holdup? Then we've really been robbed! Oh, this is terrible!"

For a minute there was utter confusion, then in desperate haste the entire group ran for the sheriff's office. But there they found Luke's office locked and a sign tacked above it reading, GONE FISHING. Bill grabbed a boy who was sitting on the hitch rail. "The sheriff . . . when did he leave?"

The boy shrugged. "While back, I guess. He'll be home come sundown."

Somebody groaned in anguish. What fools they had been! They were so shaken that they couldn't

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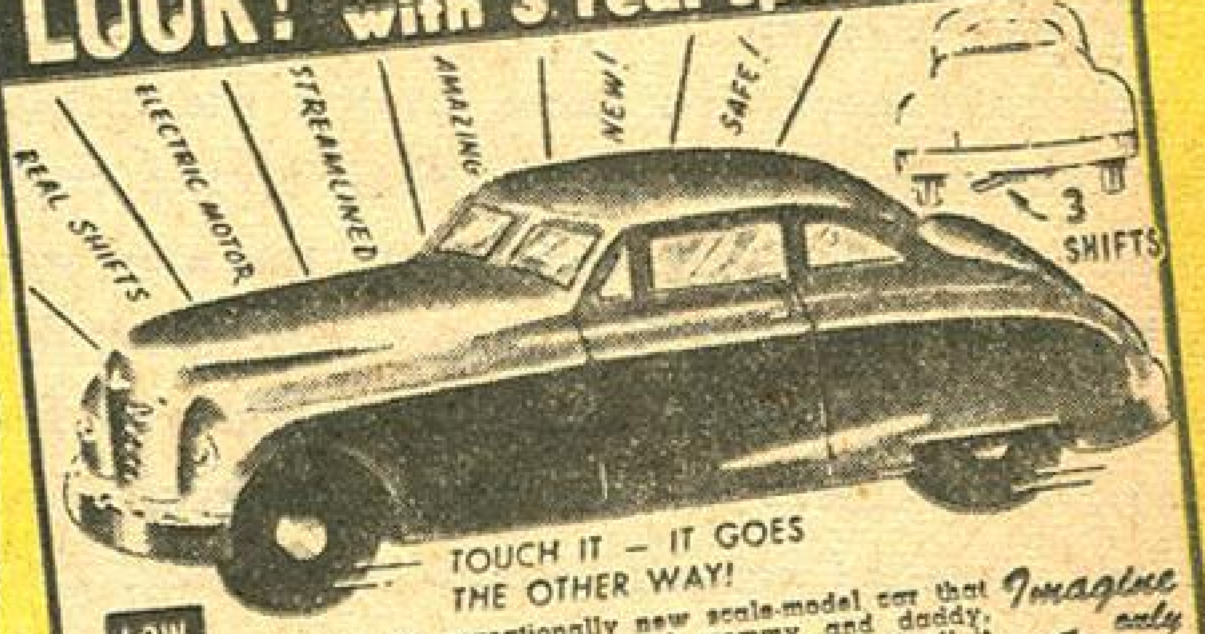

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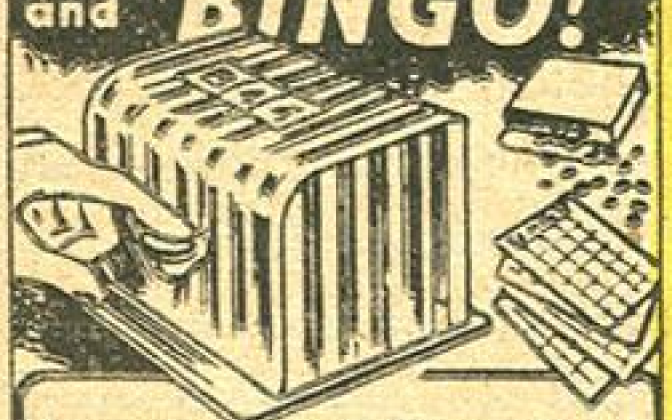

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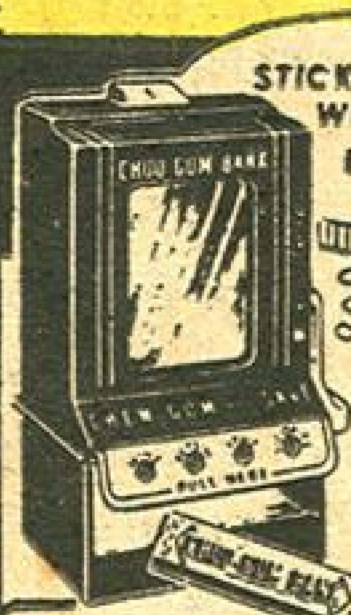

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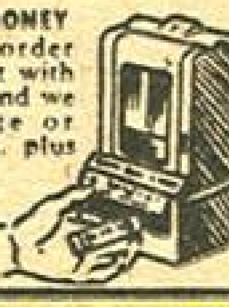

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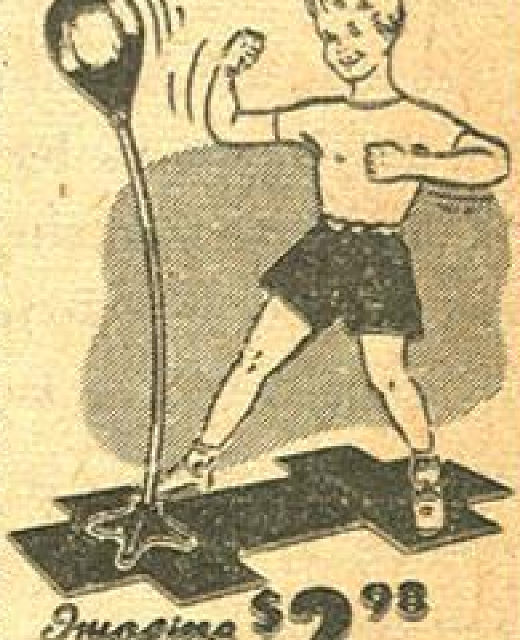
A REAL PUNCHING BAG! Just Like the Professionals!

Youngsters will have hours of fascinating entertainment and health building fun with this wonderful muscle developer. Dad will join in the fun too! It's made just like a professional punching bag with real snap! Teaches youngsters to defend themselves successfully—develops muscle coordination. Made of simulated grain leather, the bag is attached to a flexible steel rod standing 42 inch high. The stand is made of sturdy wood, carefully constructed to withstand lots of action. Each unit is packed individually with the stand and bag in a special stowaway case for storage when not in use. An inflating needle is supplied for quick air-filling. Get this unusually low priced gift now. Start that youngster on his way to robust muscle building. **SEND NO MONEY**—Rush your order today. Remit your order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.



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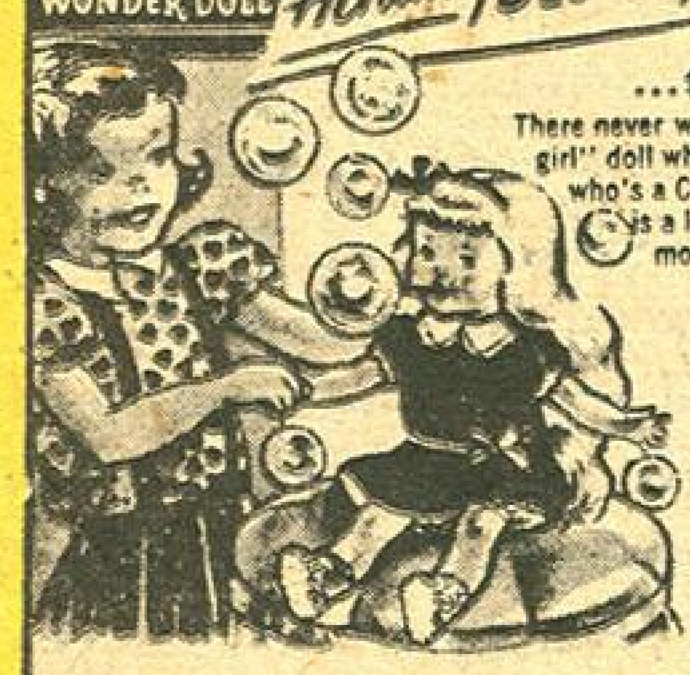

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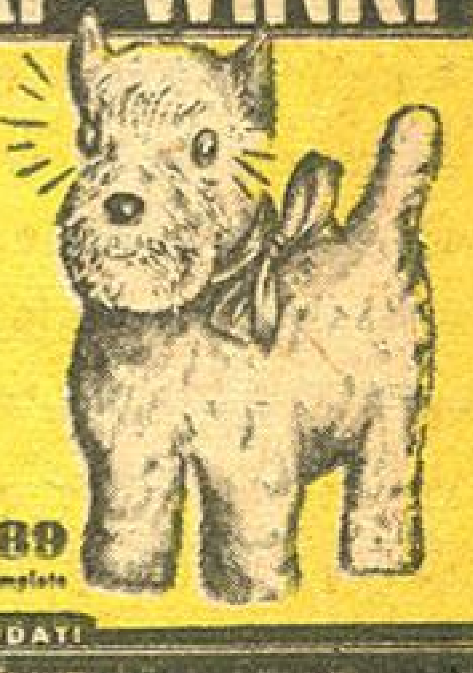

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even organize a posse to go after the bandits, and with the headstart they had, it wouldn't do any good anyway.

Luke Morley saw the dust cloud before he saw the riders. He had lived too long on the range to know that men wouldn't run their horses to death unless they had a good reason for it. Instinctively, he drew in his line from the muddy creek and stepped behind the boulder where his horse was tethered.

The four horsemen came around the hillside and reined to a stop at the edge of the creek. Their horses glistened with sweat, the men were yellow with dust. Luke's eyes were still good. The moment he saw the leader he recognized him from the pictures on the wanted posters. Greg Hardy, escaped convict, outlaw and killer! Luke felt like kicking himself. Here he was without a gun and a notorious bandit right in front of him!

As the men dismounted to water their horses, one of them laughed. "Right nice of those folks to give us all that money! Imagine, gonna stage a fake holdup to show up the sheriff. Good thing I was outside listening in to whut was goin' on. Bet they're fit to be tied!"

Luke grasped the situation immediately. At first he felt like letting them get away to teach his so-called friends a lesson, but he had been sheriff too long. He had to get the bandits. He grinned at the thought. Yes, that would be an even better lesson . . . bringing them back to jail!

His mind raced as he watched the four men sit down in a semi-circle while their horses drank. All he had was a fishing pole, an unlikely weapon. If only he had a gun!

One of the men had removed his gun belt and laid it down while he washed the grime from his face. It was behind the others, barely out of sight. Luke saw his opportunity, then decided to chance it. Slowly, soundlessly, Luke reeled out his line then flipped it, casting toward the two guns. The cast was short. Three times he cast from behind the boulder, trying to drop the hook over the gun. He was close, but not close enough. Once Greg heard the buzz of the line and turned. Luke froze until Greg shrugged and turned back, never noticing the string running out to the boulder.

The man at the stream was almost finished. Luke knew that he had but a moment longer. He judged the distance carefully, then threw his line. Like a moth alighting, the hook settled over the trigger guard of the gun. It took all of Luke's patience to reel it in slowly. When he had but a few feet more to go, the man at the creek turned. His eyes bulged and he shouted. The other three men made a dive for their guns, but Luke was faster.

He scooped up the six-shooter in a lightning-like motion. "Hold it, gents . . . jest get those paws toward the sky." He came from behind the boulder, his gun steady, and disarmed the men. Their eyes were unbelieving when they saw his star, for they thought nobody could have trailed them this fast.

The sun was nearly on the horizon when Luke entered the town. Ahead of him, four men were bound to their horses, leading the procession. Someone shouted in amazement, and the next moment the road was choked with people. Luke Morley rode his captives up to the jailhouse and turned them over to his deputy to lock up.

Wilson, the bank president, looked on in amazement. "The money . . . did you get the money?" Luke grinned and tossed it disdainfully at his feet. Wilson scooped it up like it was a baby and nearly bawled with joy.

The people in the crowd looked from Luke to his prisoners, then to the men who were responsible for rigging the phony robbery. Nobody could figure it out, but they wanted to hear about it. But even then, they were too ashamed to speak up. In a way they were awfully proud of their sheriff, although they didn't say so. They edged around, waiting for someone to speak.

Of all the red faces around Luke, Bill Hodges' was probably the reddest. He said, "Er, Luke . . . these bandits . . . how'd you catch 'em?' '

The sheriff looked around him. Maybe it would be better if the townspeople didn't know all about it. He shrugged eloquently. Bill stammered, "But your sign . . . it said you went fishing. I don't . . ."

Luke interrupted him with a laugh. "I didn't say whut I went fishing *for*, did I? Got a good catch though!" The red faces all broke into grins. Yep, there was no doubt about who was still going to be sheriff for a long, long time in this here town!

THE END

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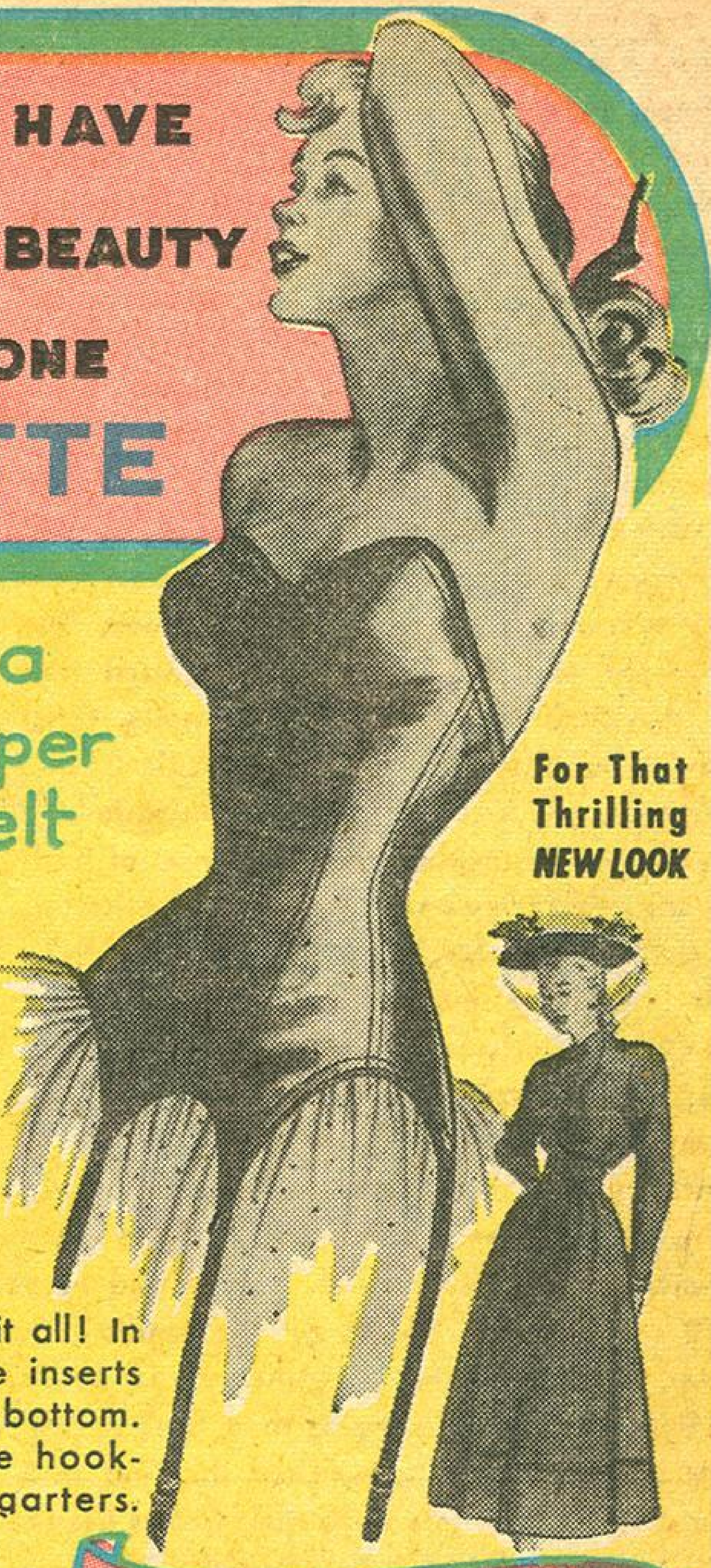

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Put your figure in *style!* Look feminine, curvaceous—*instantly*—with new marvelous TRIOLETTE. It's taken New York by storm ...it's all the rage with smart girls...because it rounds you enticingly in the *right* places with never a bulge in the wrong ones! Lightly but cleverly boned—to pull in your waist, give fullness to hips, lift bust to alluring firm contours. No matter *what* shape bosom you have! Magical, you'll agree...and this one little garment does it all! In luxury rayon satin—with revealing lace inserts at bust, dainty net edging at top and bottom. Comfortable! Lastex insert, adjustable hook-and-eye back fastening, 4 adjustable garters. Bra straps included, adjustable, easy to attach. New TRIOLETTE costs little more then bra alone! We know you'll be thrilled—your money back if not 100% pleased with your glamorous "New Look" figure. A cup, 32 to 36. B cup, (larger) 32 to 38. Blue, white or nude.

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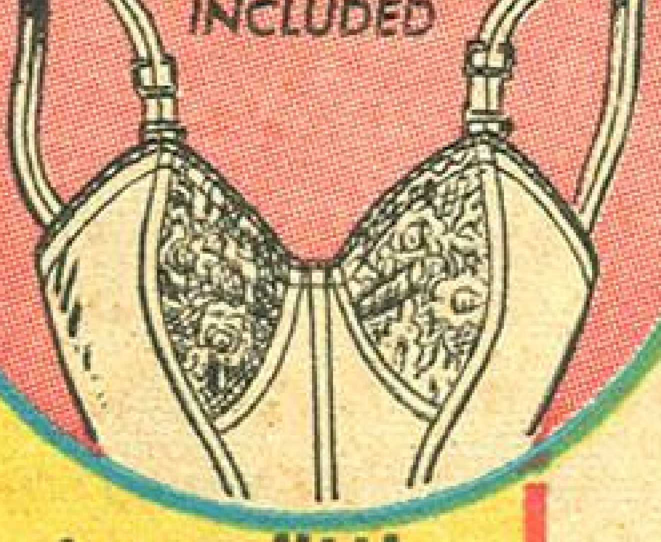
BE SMARTLY STRAPLESS OR WEAR STRAPS ALSO INCLUDED



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1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice

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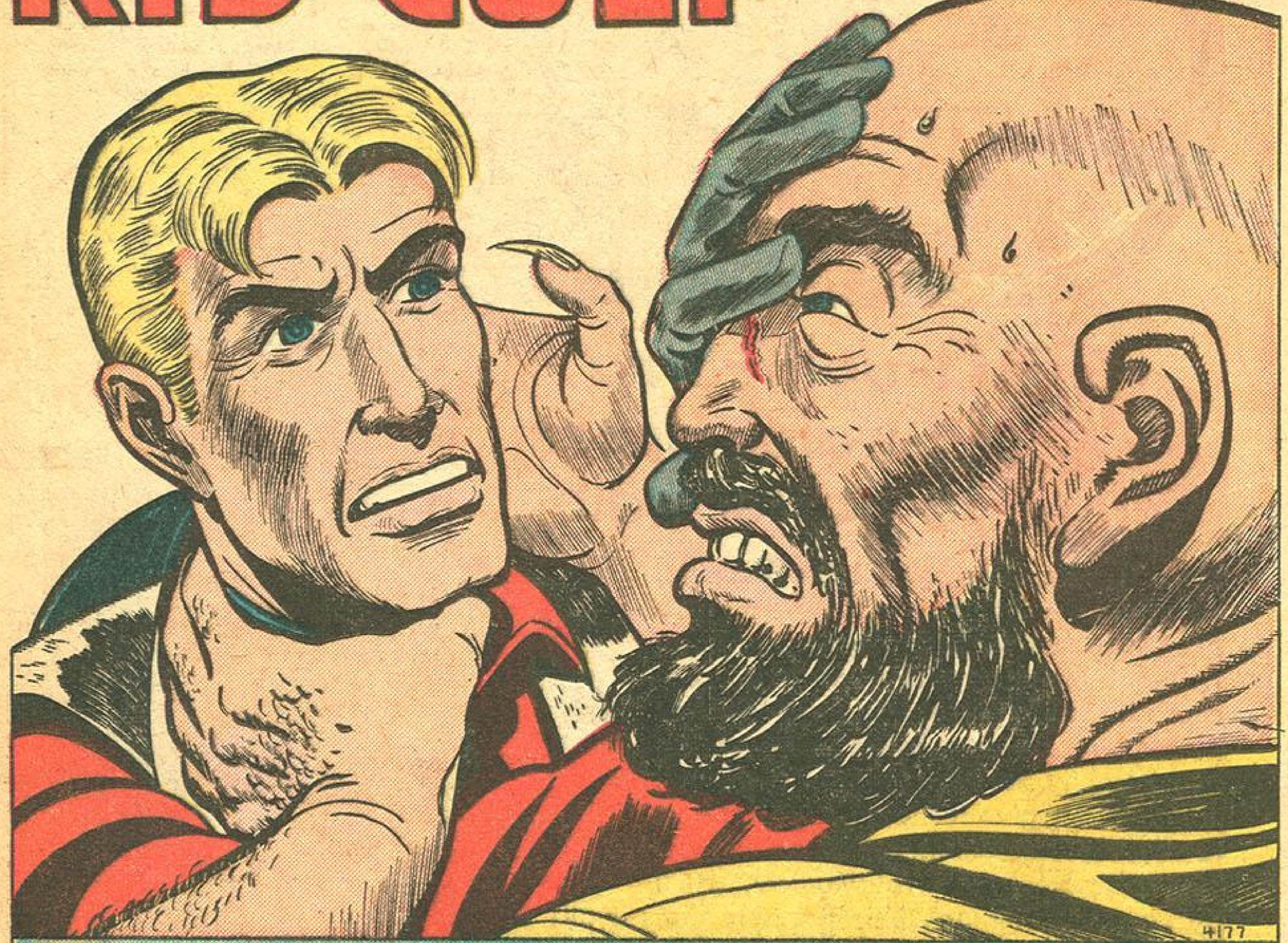
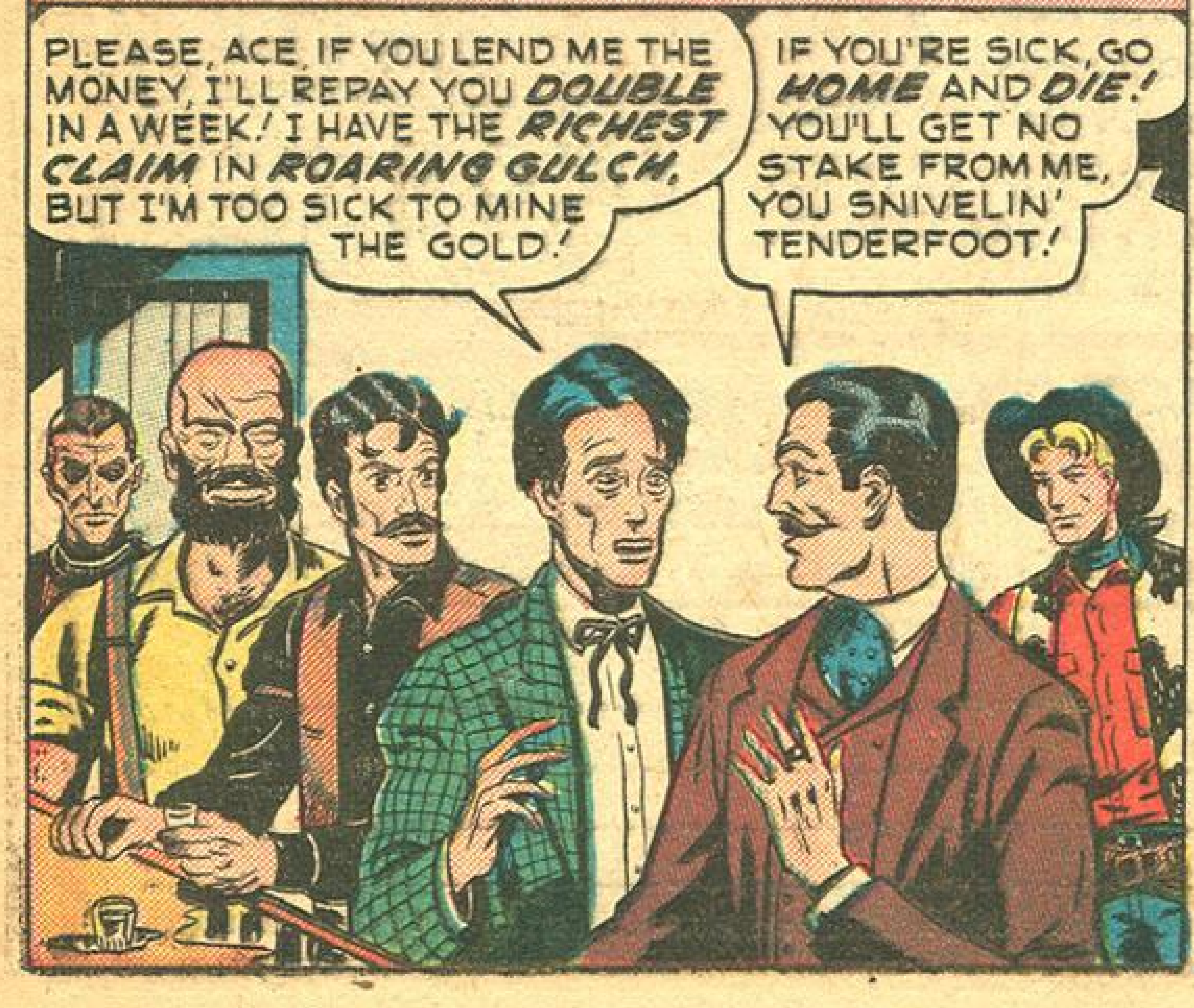
KID COLT

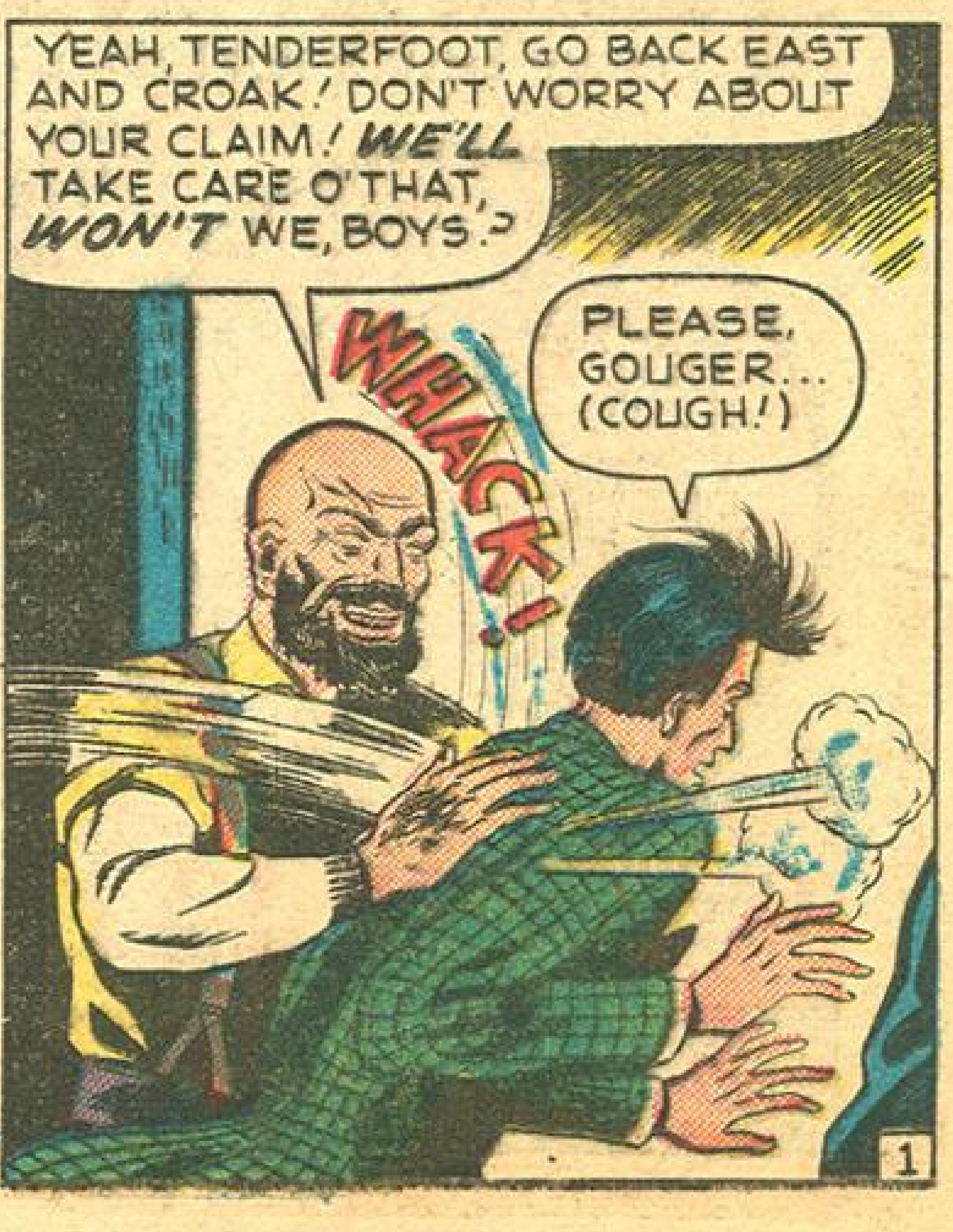


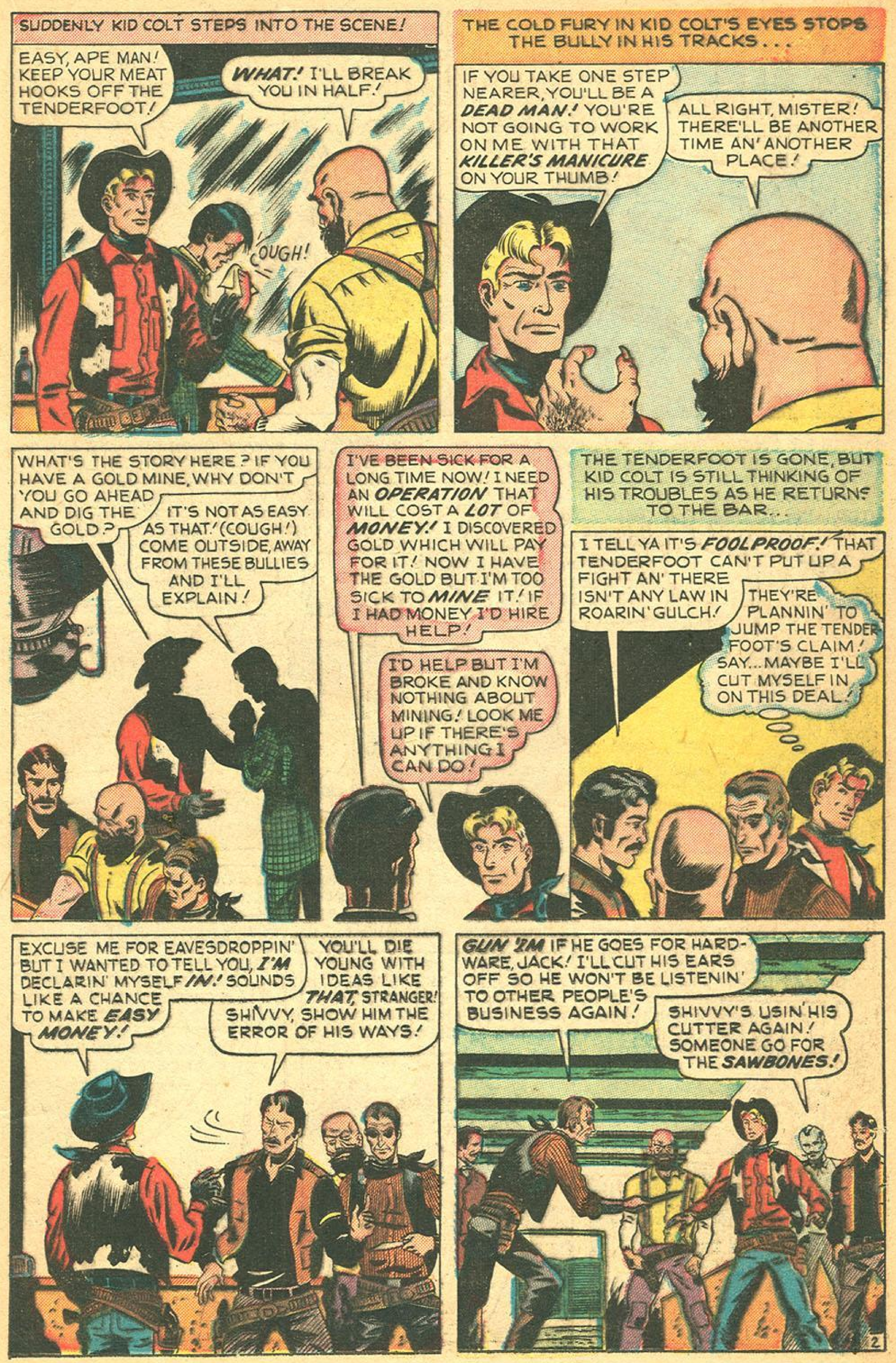
WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE FACE TO FACE WITH THE GOUGER, A MAN-KILLING BADMAN? WOULD YOU PLAY HIS GAME OR DEFY HIM AND HIS GUN-SLICK CREW? READ HERE HOW THE STEELY-EYED OUTLAW, ***KID COLT***, FACES THIS TEST IN---

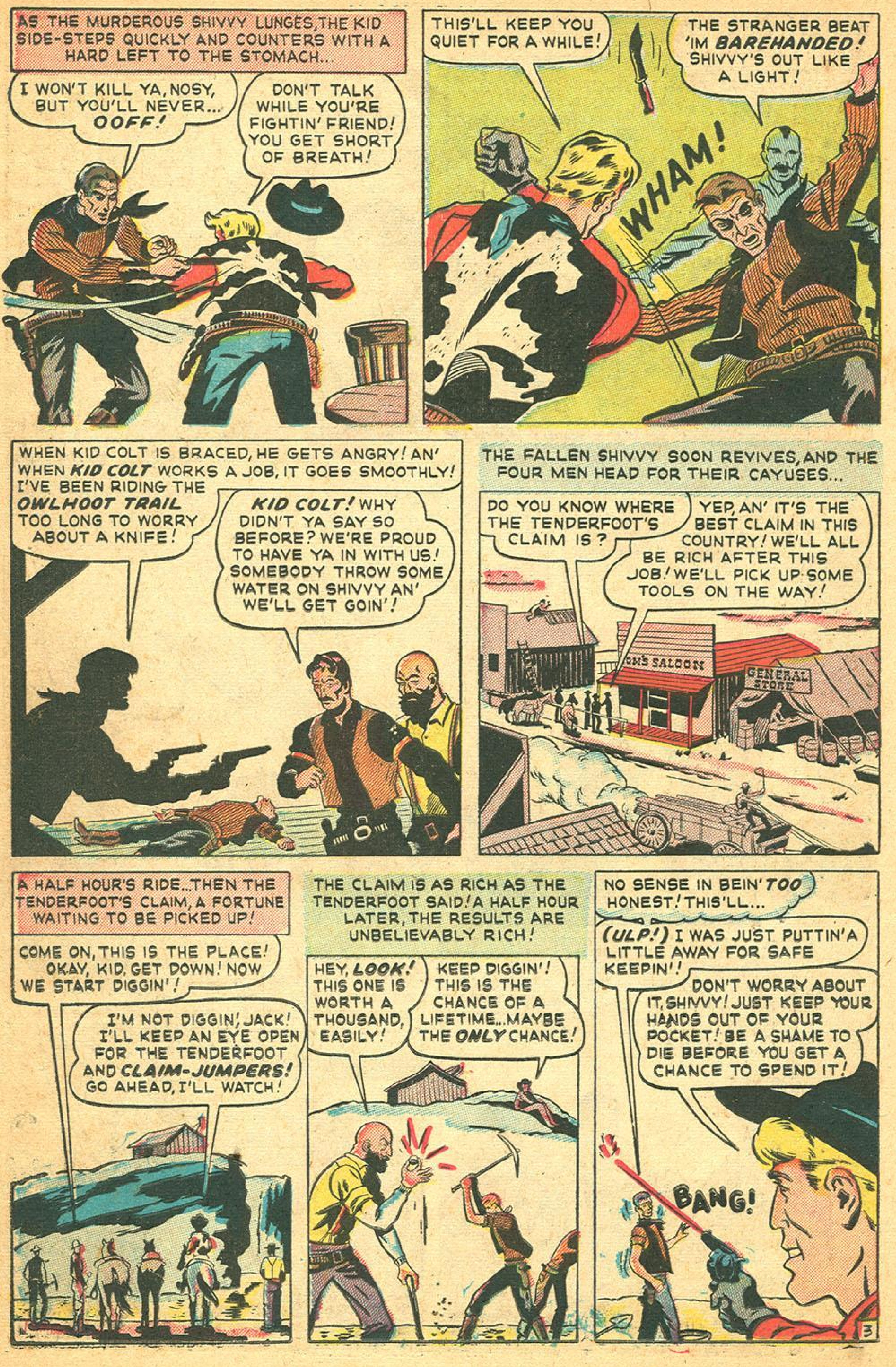
"GOLD AND GUNS AT ROARING GULCH!"

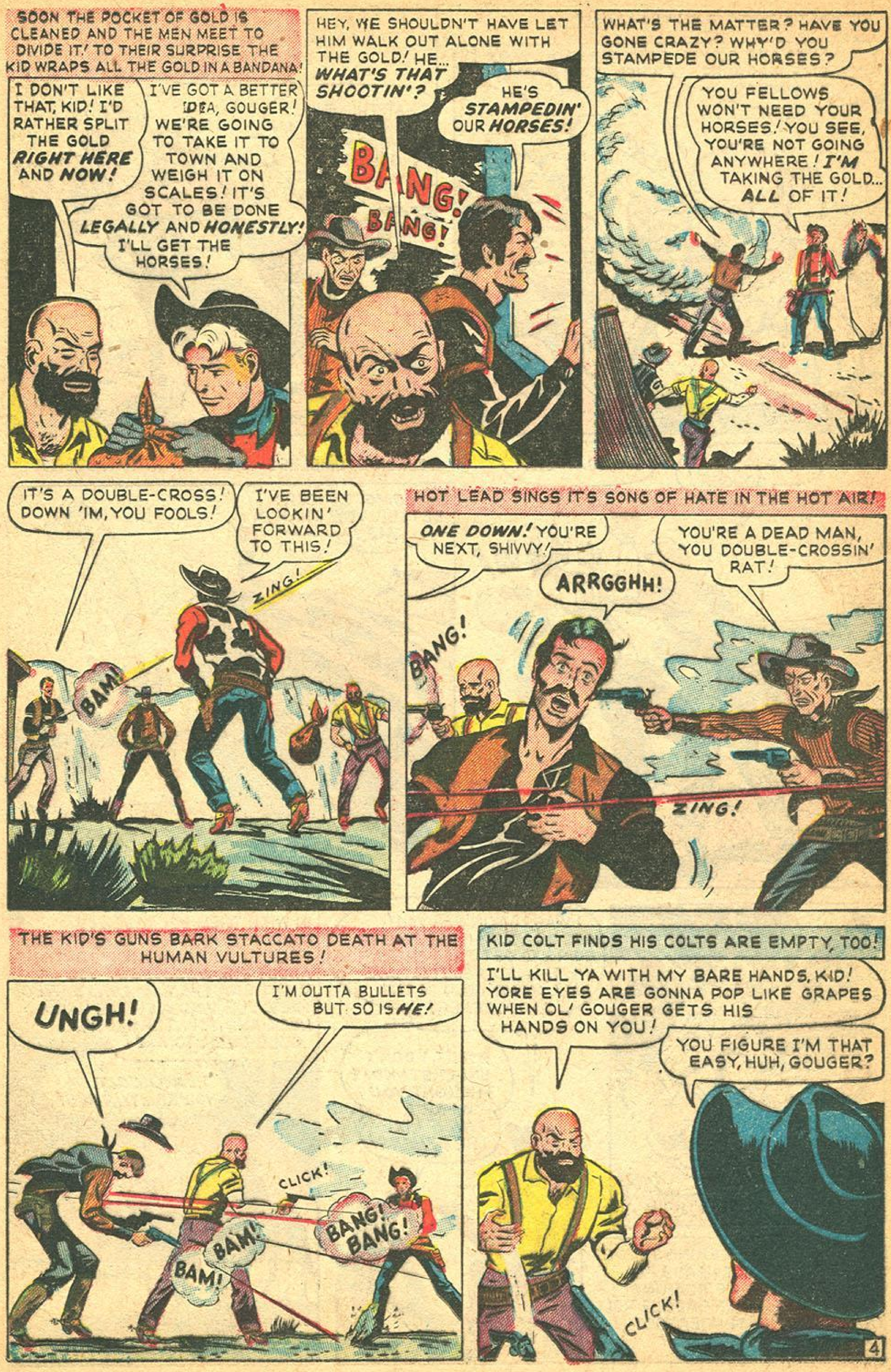
A MINING CAMP IS MADE UP OF MANY TYPES OF MEN; TENDERFOOTS SEEKING QUICK FORTUNE, GAMBLERS, AND THIEVES! ROARING GULCH IS NO EXCEPTION TO THE RULE, AND KID COLT, OUTLAW, HAS JUST RIDDEN INTO ROARING GULCH!

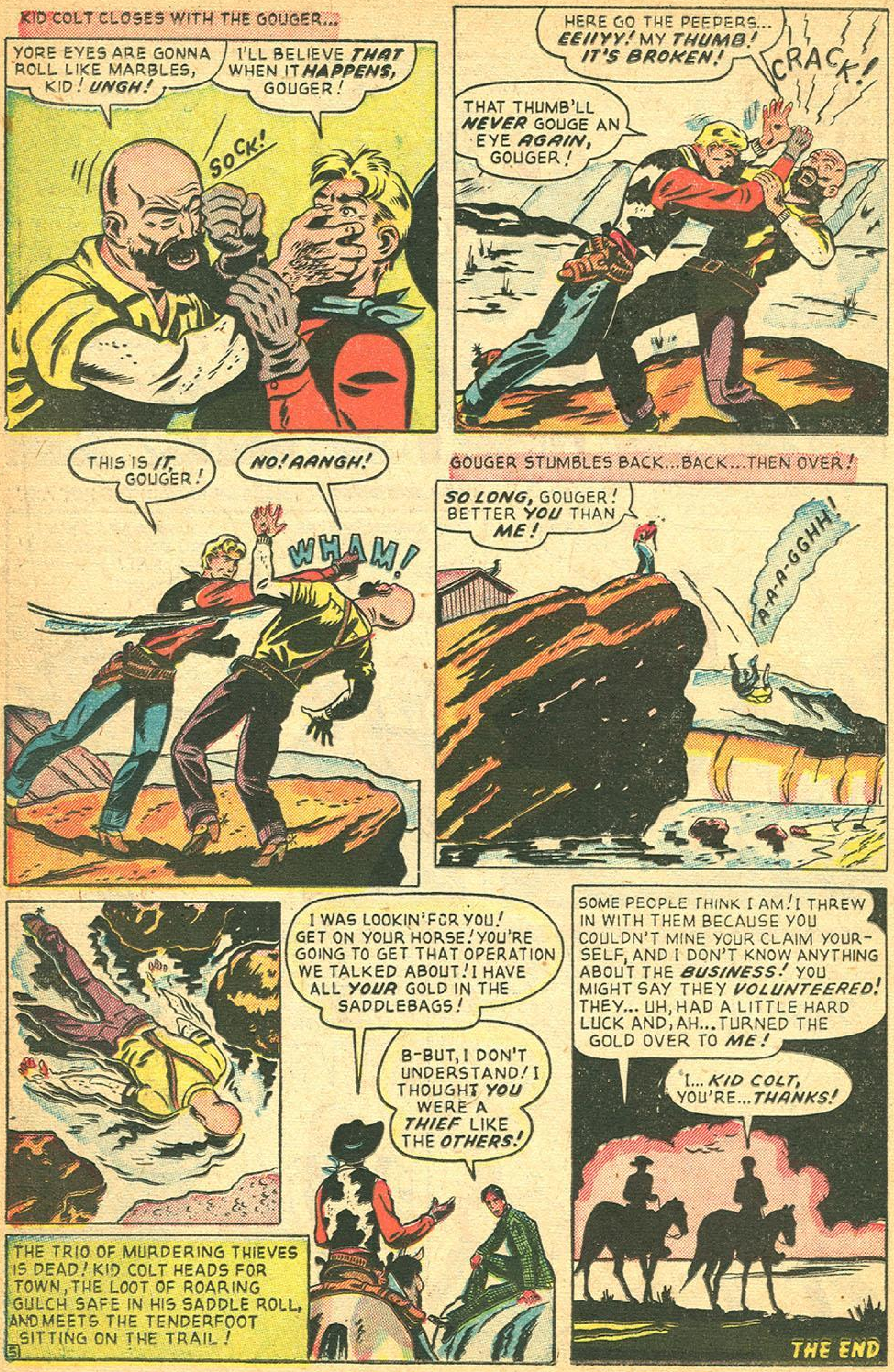

PLEASE, ACE, IF YOU LEND ME THE MONEY, I'LL REPAY YOU *DOUBLE* IN A WEEK! I HAVE THE *RICHEST CLAIM* IN *ROARING GULCH*, BUT I'M TOO SICK TO MINE THE GOLD!
IF YOU'RE SICK, GO *HOME* AND *DIE*! YOU'LL GET NO STAKE FROM ME, YOU SNIVELIN' TENDERFOOT!


YEAH, TENDERFOOT, GO BACK EAST AND CROAK! DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR CLAIM! *WE'LL* TAKE CARE O'THAT, *WON'T* WE, BOYS?
WHACK!
PLEASE, GOUGER... (COUGH!)
1

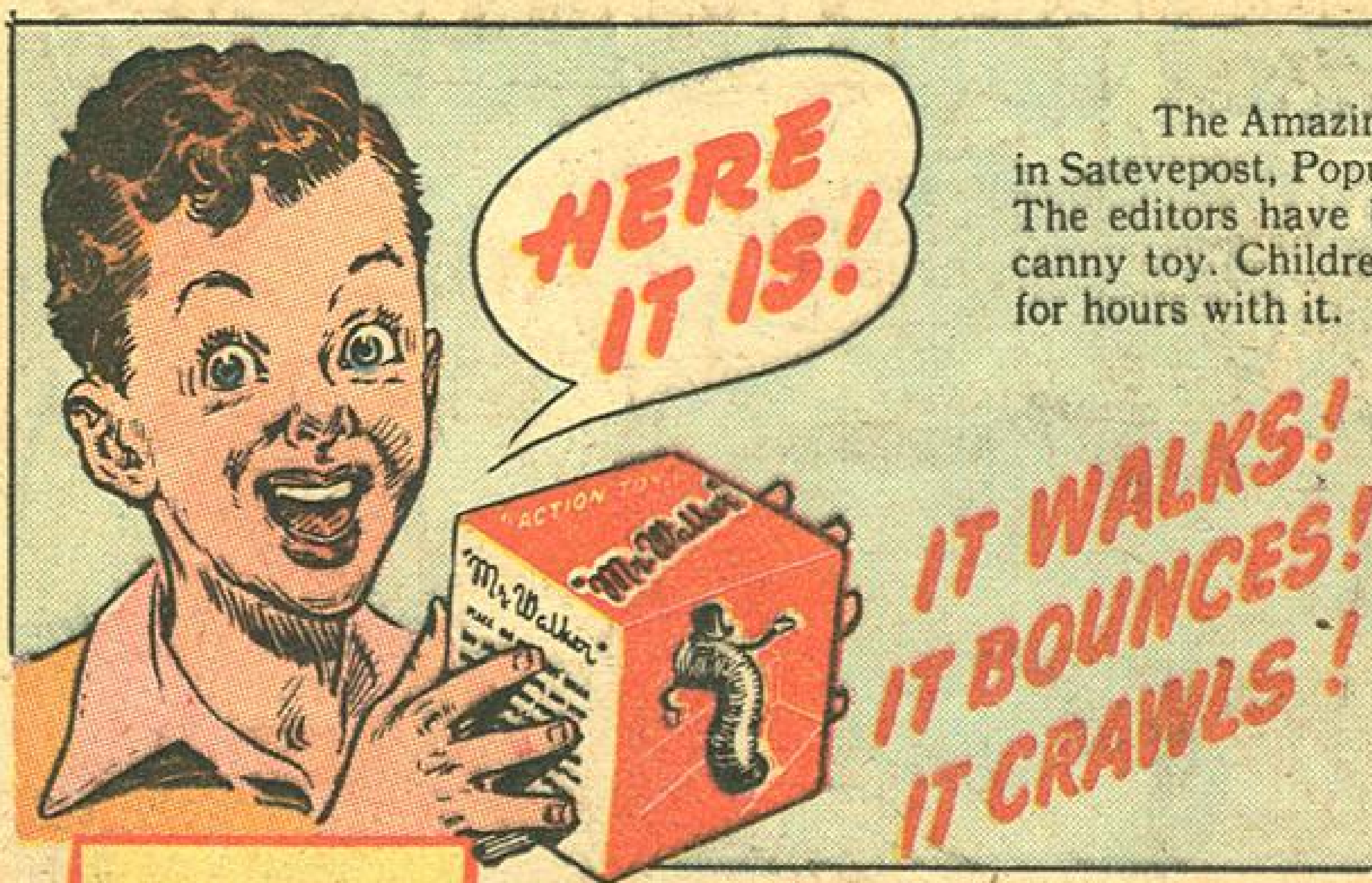

SUDDENLY KID COLT STEPS INTO THE SCENE!
EASY, APE MAN! KEEP YOUR MEAT HOOKS OFF THE TENDERFOOT!
WHAT! I'LL BREAK YOU IN HALF!
COUGH!
THE COLD FURY IN KID COLT'S EYES STOPS THE BULLY IN HIS TRACKS . . .
IF YOU TAKE ONE STEP NEARER, YOU'LL BE A DEAD MAN! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WORK ON ME WITH THAT KILLER'S MANICURE ON YOUR THUMB!
ALL RIGHT, MISTER! THERE'LL BE ANOTHER TIME AN' ANOTHER PLACE!
WHAT'S THE STORY HERE? IF YOU HAVE A GOLD MINE, WHY DON'T YOU GO AHEAD AND DIG THE GOLD?
IT'S NOT AS EASY AS THAT! (COUGH!) COME OUTSIDE, AWAY FROM THESE BULLIES AND I'LL EXPLAIN!
I'VE BEEN SICK FOR A LONG TIME NOW! I NEED AN OPERATION THAT WILL COST A LOT OF MONEY! I DISCOVERED GOLD WHICH WILL PAY FOR IT! NOW I HAVE THE GOLD BUT I'M TOO SICK TO MINE IT! IF I HAD MONEY I'D HIRE HELP!
I'D HELP BUT I'M BROKE AND KNOW NOTHING ABOUT MINING! LOOK ME UP IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO!
THE TENDERFOOT IS GONE, BUT KID COLT IS STILL THINKING OF HIS TROUBLES AS HE RETURNS TO THE BAR..
I TELL YA IT'S FOOLPROOF! THAT TENDERFOOT CAN'T PUT UP A FIGHT AN' THERE ISN'T ANY LAW IN ROARIN' GULCH!
THEY'RE PLANNIN' TO JUMP THE TENDERFOOT'S CLAIM! SAY... MAYBE I'LL CUT MYSELF IN ON THIS DEAL!
EXCUSE ME FOR EAVESDROPPIN' BUT I WANTED TO TELL YOU, I'M DECLARIN' MYSELF IN! SOUNDS LIKE A CHANCE TO MAKE EASY MONEY!
YOU'LL DIE YOUNG WITH IDEAS LIKE THAT, STRANGER! SHIVVY, SHOW HIM THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS!
GUN 'IM IF HE GOES FOR HARDWARE, JACK! I'LL CUT HIS EARS OFF SO HE WON'T BE LISTENIN' TO OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS AGAIN!
SHIVVY'S USIN' HIS CUTTER AGAIN! SOMEONE GO FOR THE SAWBONES!


AS THE MURDEROUS SHIVVY LUNGES, THE KID SIDE-STEPS QUICKLY AND COUNTERS WITH A HARD LEFT TO THE STOMACH...
I WON'T KILL YA, NOSY, BUT YOU'LL NEVER... OOFF!
DON'T TALK WHILE YOU'RE FIGHTIN' FRIEND! YOU GET SHORT OF BREATH!
THIS'LL KEEP YOU QUIET FOR A WHILE!
THE STRANGER BEAT 'IM BAREHANDED! SHIVVY'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT!
WHAM!
WHEN KID COLT IS BRACED, HE GETS ANGRY! AN' WHEN KID COLT WORKS A JOB, IT GOES SMOOTHLY! I'VE BEEN RIDING THE OWLHOOT TRAIL TOO LONG TO WORRY ABOUT A KNIFE!
KID COLT! WHY DIDN'T YA SAY SO BEFORE? WE'RE PROUD TO HAVE YA IN WITH US! SOMEBODY THROW SOME WATER ON SHIVVY AN' WE'LL GET GOIN'!
THE FALLEN SHIVVY SOON REVIVES, AND THE FOUR MEN HEAD FOR THEIR CAYUSES...
DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE TENDERFOOT'S CLAIM IS?
YEP, AN' IT'S THE BEST CLAIM IN THIS COUNTRY! WE'LL ALL BE RICH AFTER THIS JOB! WE'LL PICK UP SOME TOOLS ON THE WAY!
M'S SALOON
GENERAL STORE
A HALF HOUR'S RIDE...THEN THE TENDERFOOT'S CLAIM, A FORTUNE WAITING TO BE PICKED UP!
COME ON, THIS IS THE PLACE! OKAY, KID, GET DOWN! NOW WE START DIGGIN'!
I'M NOT DIGGIN', JACK! I'LL KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR THE TENDERFOOT AND CLAIM-JUMPERS! GO AHEAD, I'LL WATCH!
THE CLAIM IS AS RICH AS THE TENDERFOOT SAID! A HALF HOUR LATER, THE RESULTS ARE UNBELIEVABLY RICH!
HEY, LOOK! THIS ONE IS WORTH A THOUSAND, EASILY!
KEEP DIGGIN'! THIS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME...MAYBE THE ONLY CHANCE!
NO SENSE IN BEIN' TOO HONEST! THIS'LL...
(ULP!) I WAS JUST PUTTIN' A LITTLE AWAY FOR SAFE KEEPIN'!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, SHIVVY! JUST KEEP YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKET! BE A SHAME TO DIE BEFORE YOU GET A CHANCE TO SPEND IT!
BANG!


SOON THE POCKET OF GOLD IS CLEANED AND THE MEN MEET TO DIVIDE IT! TO THEIR SURPRISE THE KID WRAPS ALL THE GOLD IN A BANDANA!
I DON'T LIKE THAT, KID! I'D RATHER SPLIT THE GOLD **RIGHT HERE** AND **NOW!**
I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA, GOUGER! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE IT TO TOWN AND WEIGH IT ON SCALES! IT'S GOT TO BE DONE **LEGALLY** AND **HONESTLY!** I'LL GET THE HORSES!
HEY, WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM WALK OUT ALONE WITH THE GOLD! HE... ***WHAT'S THAT SHOOTIN'?***
BANG!
BANG!
HE'S ***STAMPEDIN'*** OUR ***HORSES!***
WHAT'S THE MATTER? HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? WHY'D YOU STAMPEDE OUR HORSES?
YOU FELLOWS WON'T NEED YOUR HORSES! YOU SEE, YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE! ***I'M*** TAKING THE GOLD... ***ALL*** OF IT!
IT'S A DOUBLE-CROSS! DOWN 'IM, YOU FOOLS!
I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FORWARD TO THIS!
ZING!
BAM!
HOT LEAD SINGS IT'S SONG OF HATE IN THE HOT AIR!
ONE DOWN! YOU'RE NEXT, SHIVVY!
YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT!
ARRGGHH!
BANG!
ZING!
THE KID'S GUNS BARK STACCATO DEATH AT THE HUMAN VULTURES!
UNGH!
I'M OUTTA BULLETS BUT SO IS ***HE!***
CLICK!
BANG! BANG!
BAM!
BAM!
KID COLT FINDS HIS COLTS ARE EMPTY, TOO!
I'LL KILL YA WITH MY BARE HANDS, KID! YORE EYES ARE GONNA POP LIKE GRAPES WHEN OL' GOUGER GETS HIS HANDS ON YOU!
YOU FIGURE I'M THAT EASY, HUH, GOUGER?
CLICK!


KID COLT CLOSES WITH THE GOUGER...
YORE EYES ARE GONNA ROLL LIKE MARBLES, KID! UNGH!
I'LL BELIEVE THAT WHEN IT HAPPENS, GOUGER!
SOCK!
HERE GO THE PEEPERS... EEIIYY! MY THUMB! IT'S BROKEN!
CRACK!
THAT THUMB'LL NEVER GOUGE AN EYE AGAIN, GOUGER!
THIS IS IT, GOUGER!
NO! AANGH!
WHAM!
GOUGER STUMBLES BACK...BACK...THEN OVER!
SO LONG, GOUGER! BETTER YOU THAN ME!
A-A-A-GGHH!
THE TRIO OF MURDERING THIEVES IS DEAD! KID COLT HEADS FOR TOWN, THE LOOT OF ROARING GULCH SAFE IN HIS SADDLE ROLL, AND MEETS THE TENDERFOOT SITTING ON THE TRAIL!
I WAS LOOKIN' FOR YOU! GET ON YOUR HORSE! YOU'RE GOING TO GET THAT OPERATION WE TALKED ABOUT! I HAVE ALL YOUR GOLD IN THE SADDLEBAGS!
B-BUT, I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A THIEF LIKE THE OTHERS!
SOME PEOPLE THINK I AM! I THREW IN WITH THEM BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T MINE YOUR CLAIM YOURSELF, AND I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE BUSINESS! YOU MIGHT SAY THEY VOLUNTEERED! THEY... UH, HAD A LITTLE HARD LUCK AND, AH... TURNED THE GOLD OVER TO ME!
I... KID COLT, YOU'RE... THANKS!
THE END
5

The Amazing Toy You've Read So Much About in Satevepost, Popular Mechanics and other magazines. The editors have been utterly entranced by this uncanny toy. Children and grown-ups amuse themselves for hours with it.

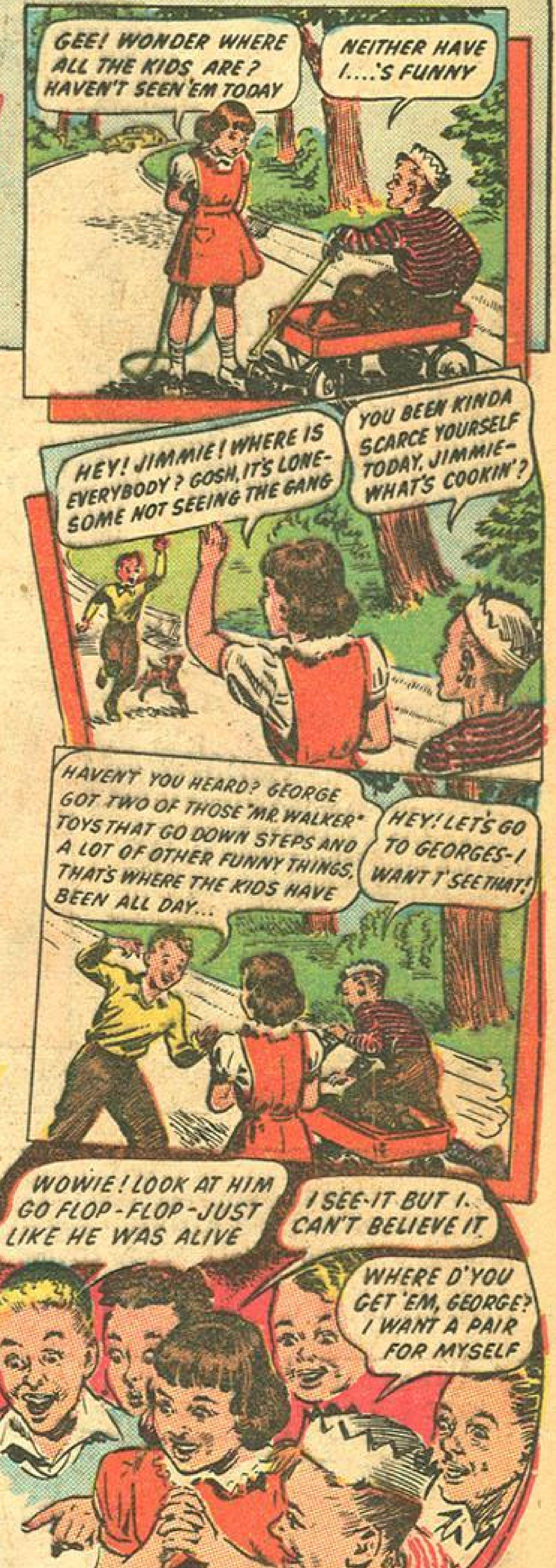

HERE IT IS!
ACTION TOY
"Mr. Walker"
Mr. Walker
IT WALKS!
IT BOUNCES!
IT CRAWLS!

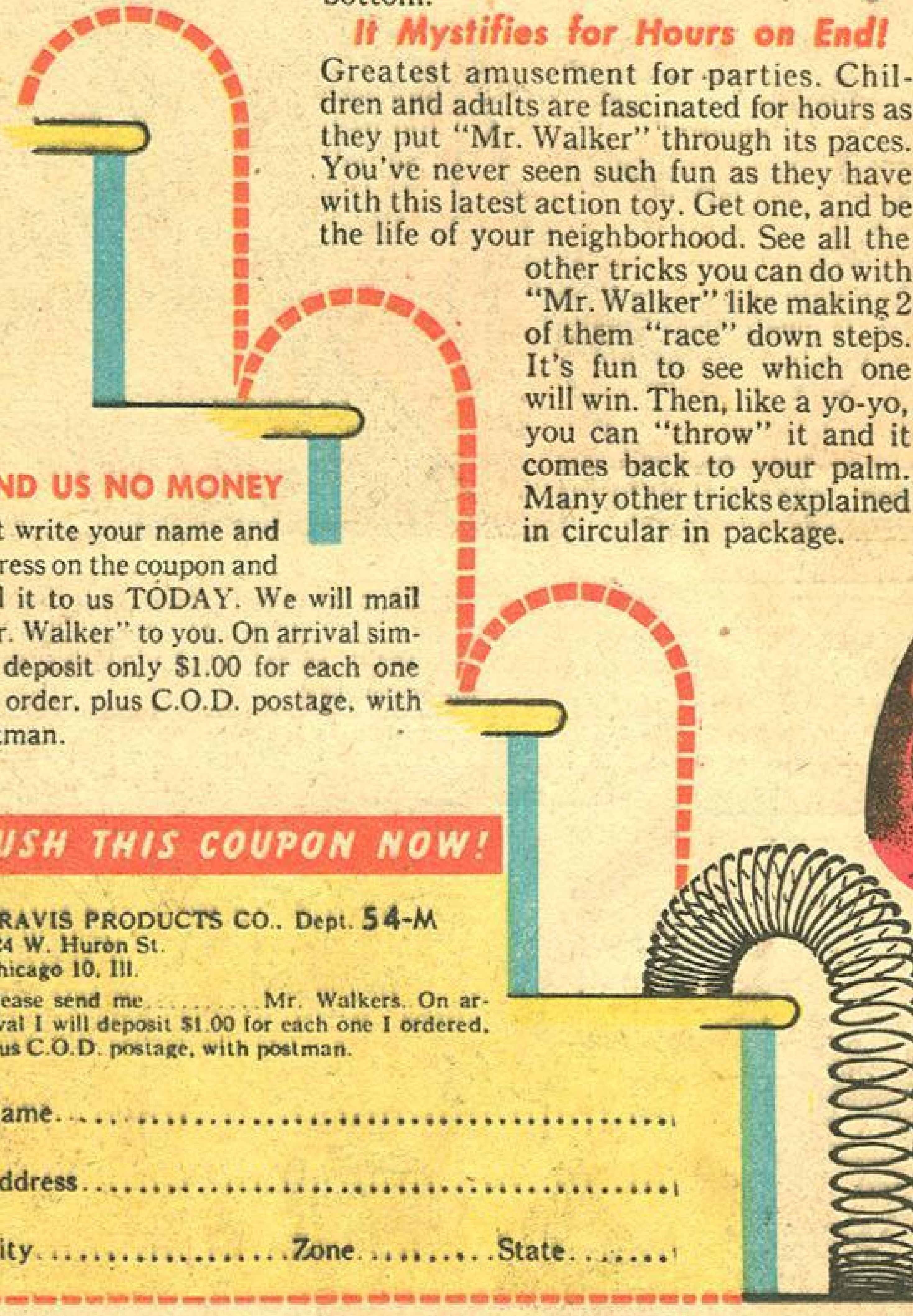
This amazing action toy combines the fun of a yo-yo, the elusiveness of a bouncing rubber ball, the entertainment of "yogi" tricks.

Nothing like this ever seen before. It actually moves itself. Nothing to wind or attach. No motor. Just set it on the top step of any stairway, tilt the top part of coil to next step. Presto! As if by some magic force it "walks" or "crawls" end-over-end coiling and uncoiling as it moves itself from step to step until it reaches the bottom.

It Mystifies for Hours on End!

Greatest amusement for parties. Children and adults are fascinated for hours as they put "Mr. Walker" through its paces. You've never seen such fun as they have with this latest action toy. Get one, and be the life of your neighborhood. See all the other tricks you can do with "Mr. Walker" like making 2 of them "race" down steps. It's fun to see which one will win. Then, like a yo-yo, you can "throw" it and it comes back to your palm. Many other tricks explained in circular in package.


GEE! WONDER WHERE ALL THE KIDS ARE? HAVEN'T SEEN 'EM TODAY
NEITHER HAVE I....'S FUNNY
HEY! JIMMIE! WHERE IS EVERYBODY? GOSH, IT'S LONESOME NOT SEEING THE GANG
YOU BEEN KINDA SCARCE YOURSELF TODAY, JIMMIE—WHAT'S COOKIN'?
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? GEORGE GOT TWO OF THOSE "MR. WALKER" TOYS THAT GO DOWN STEPS AND A LOT OF OTHER FUNNY THINGS, THAT'S WHERE THE KIDS HAVE BEEN ALL DAY...
HEY! LET'S GO TO GEORGE'S—I WANT T' SEE THAT!
WOWIE! LOOK AT HIM GO FLOP-FLOP-JUST LIKE HE WAS ALIVE
I SEE IT BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE IT
WHERE D'YOU GET 'EM, GEORGE? I WANT A PAIR FOR MYSELF



SEND US NO MONEY

Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail it to us TODAY. We will mail "Mr. Walker" to you. On arrival simply deposit only $1.00 for each one you order, plus C.O.D. postage, with postman.

RUSH THIS COUPON NOW!

TRAVIS PRODUCTS CO., Dept. **54-M**
224 W. Huron St.
Chicago 10, Ill.

Please send me .... Mr. Walkers. On arrival I will deposit $1.00 for each one I ordered, plus C.O.D. postage, with postman.

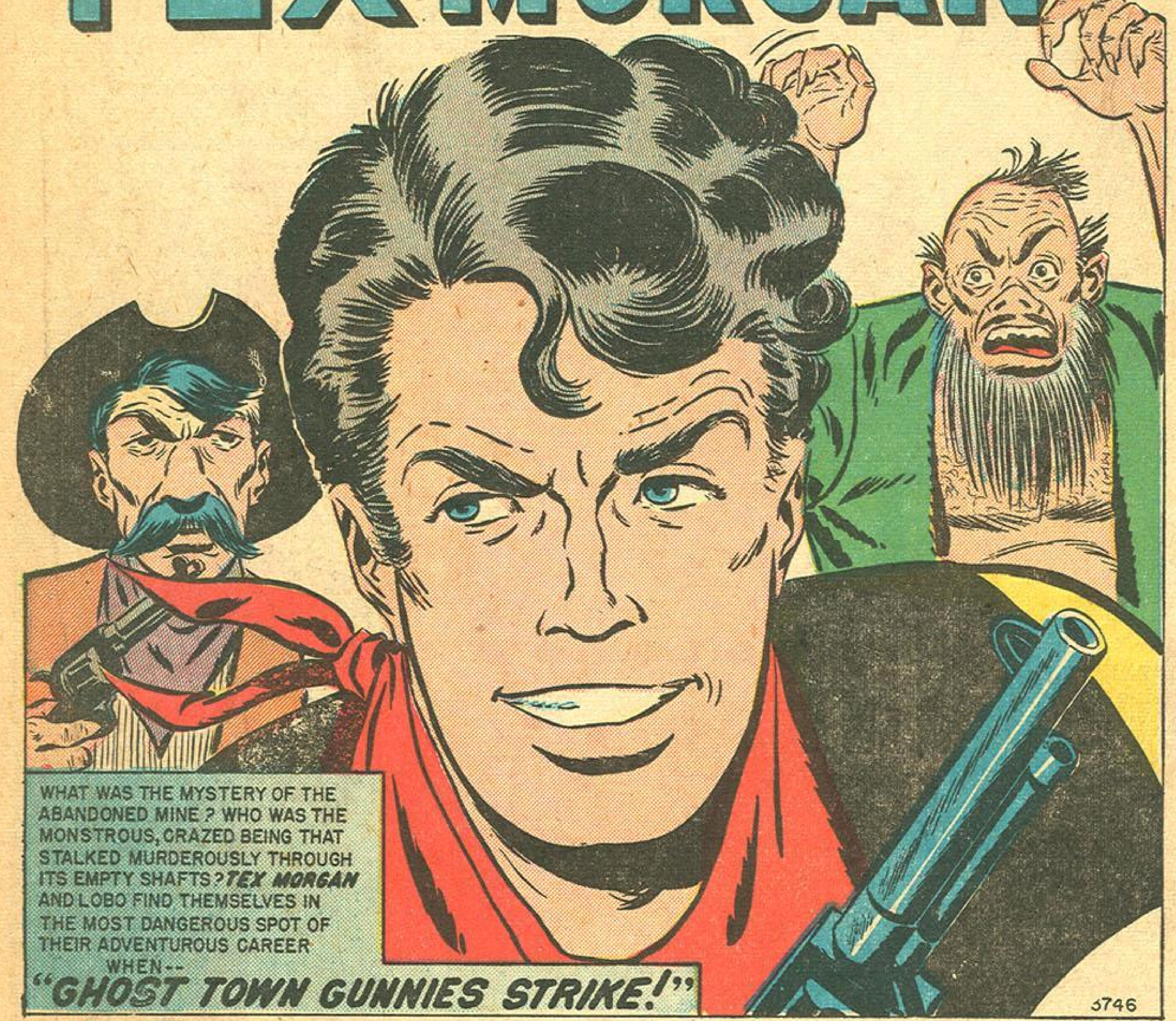
Name..

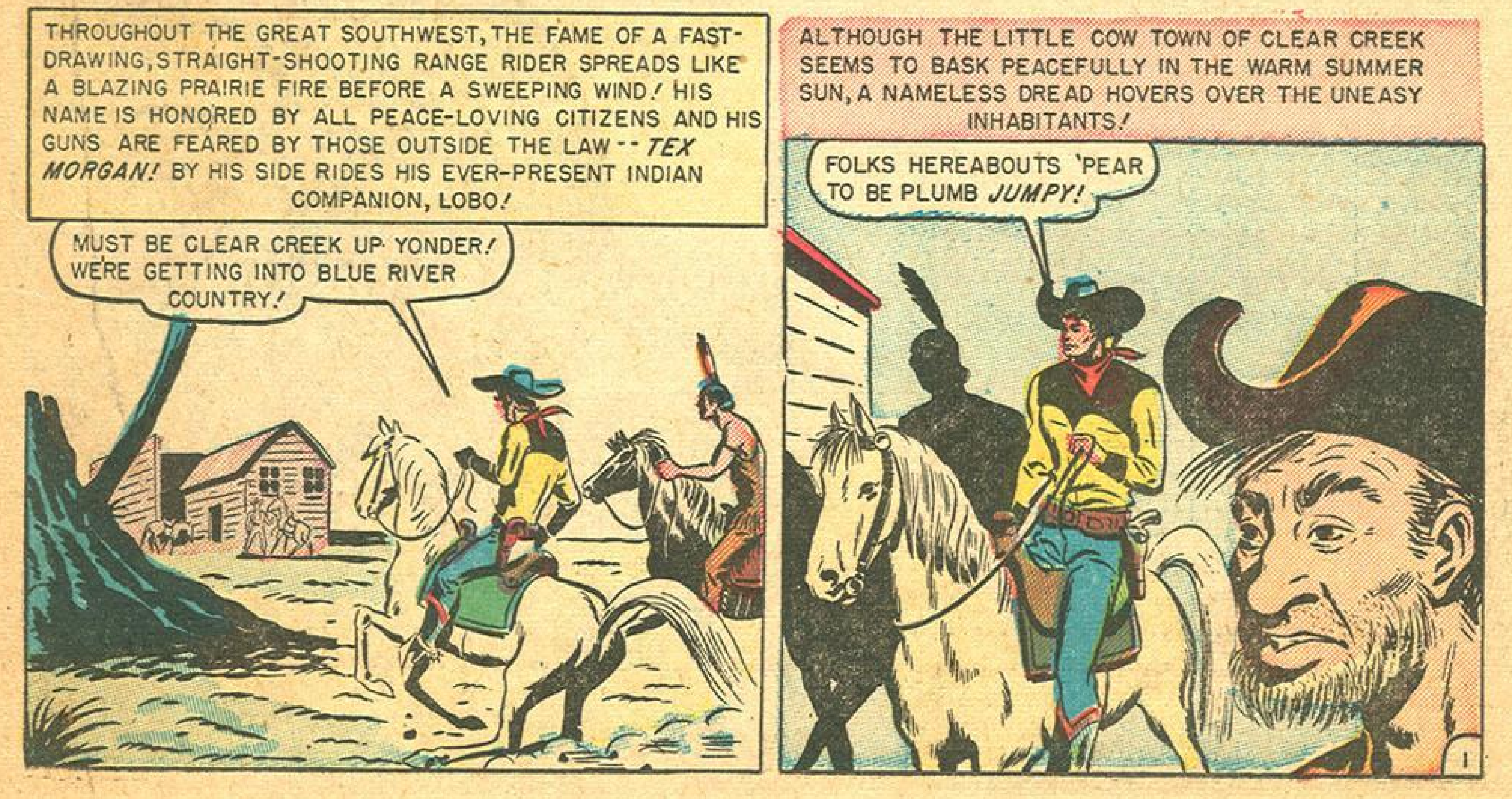
Address.......................................

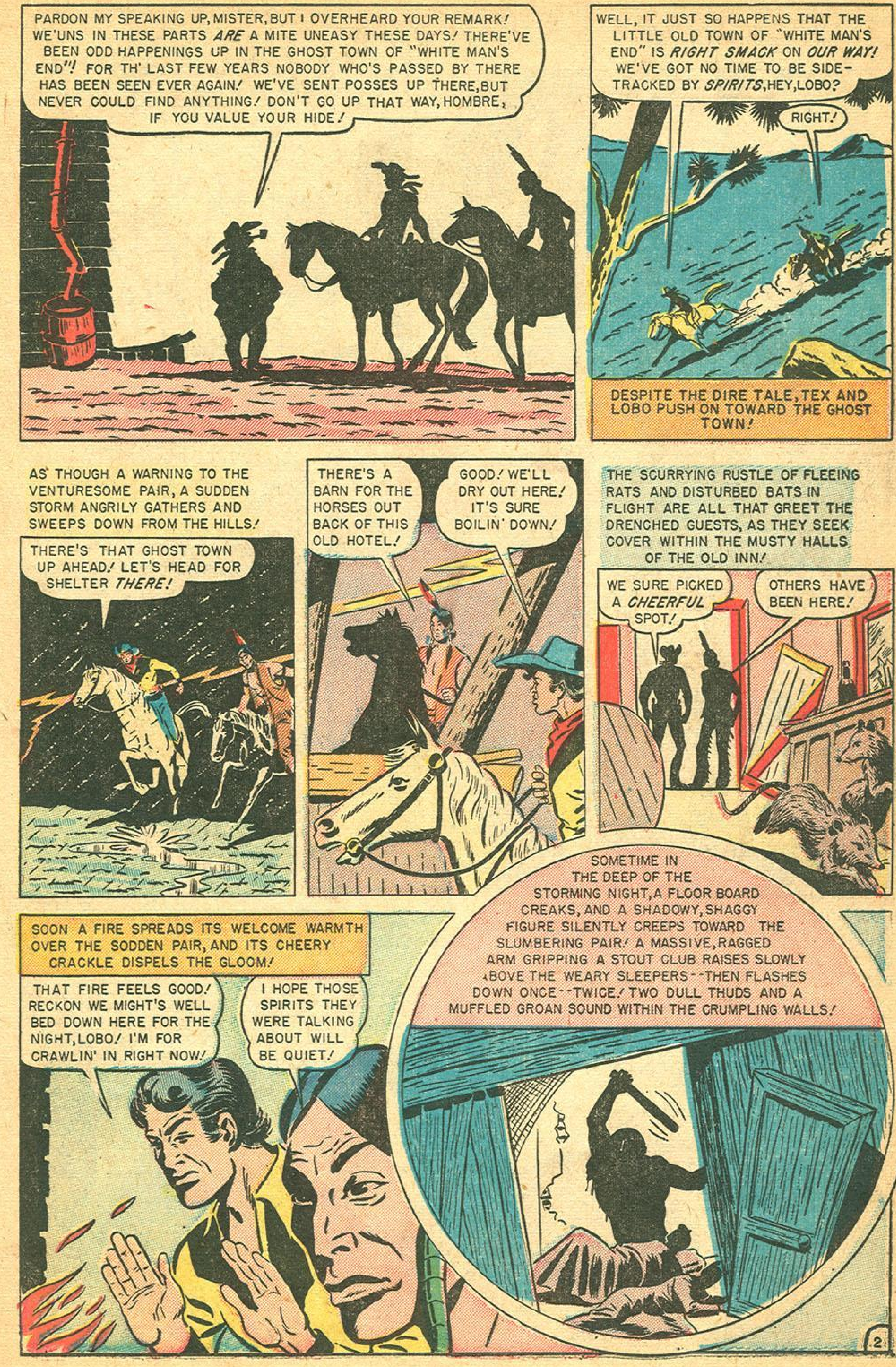
City.................Zone..........State.........

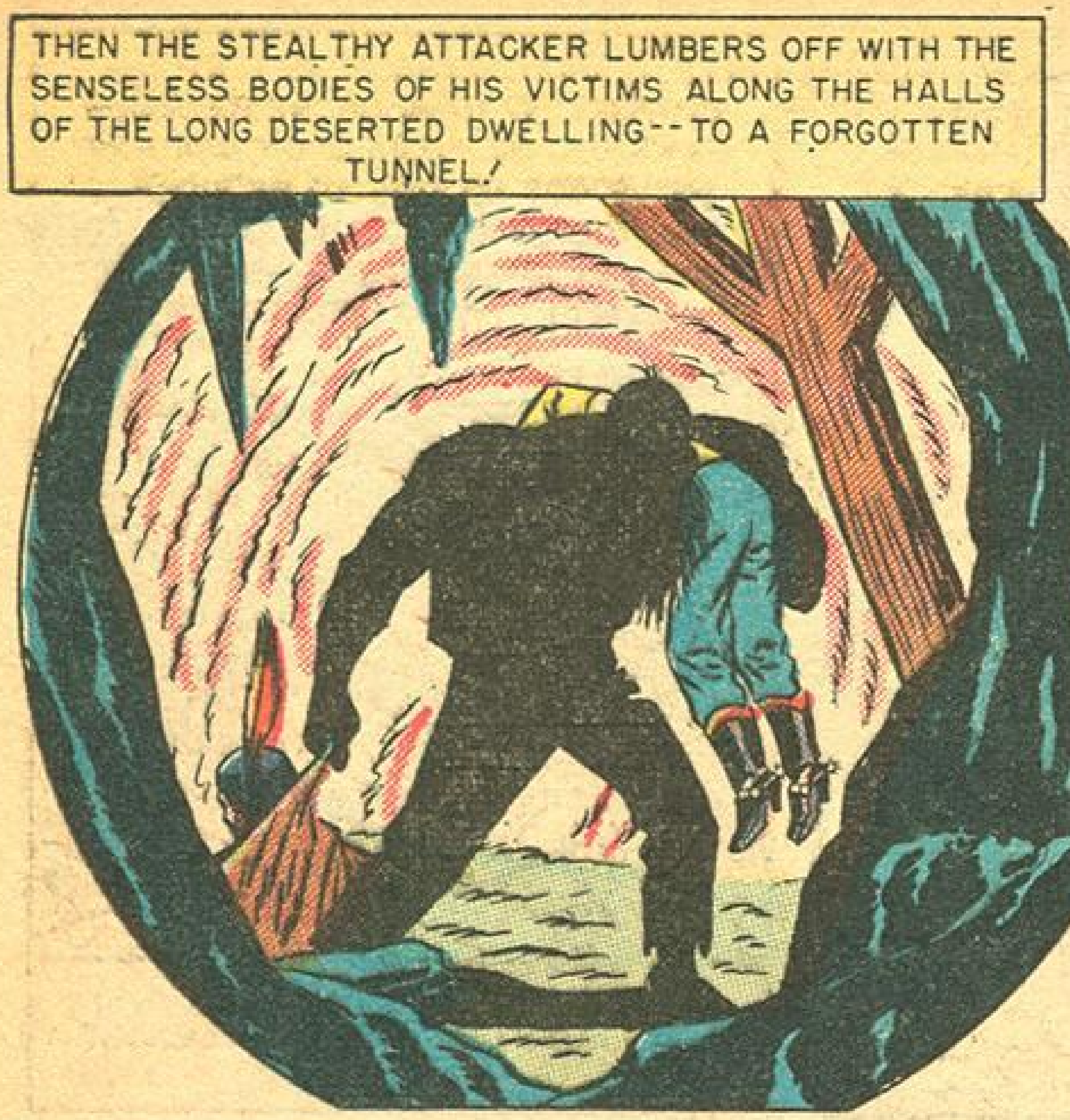
MAIL THE ORDER COUPON TODAY SEND NO MONEY

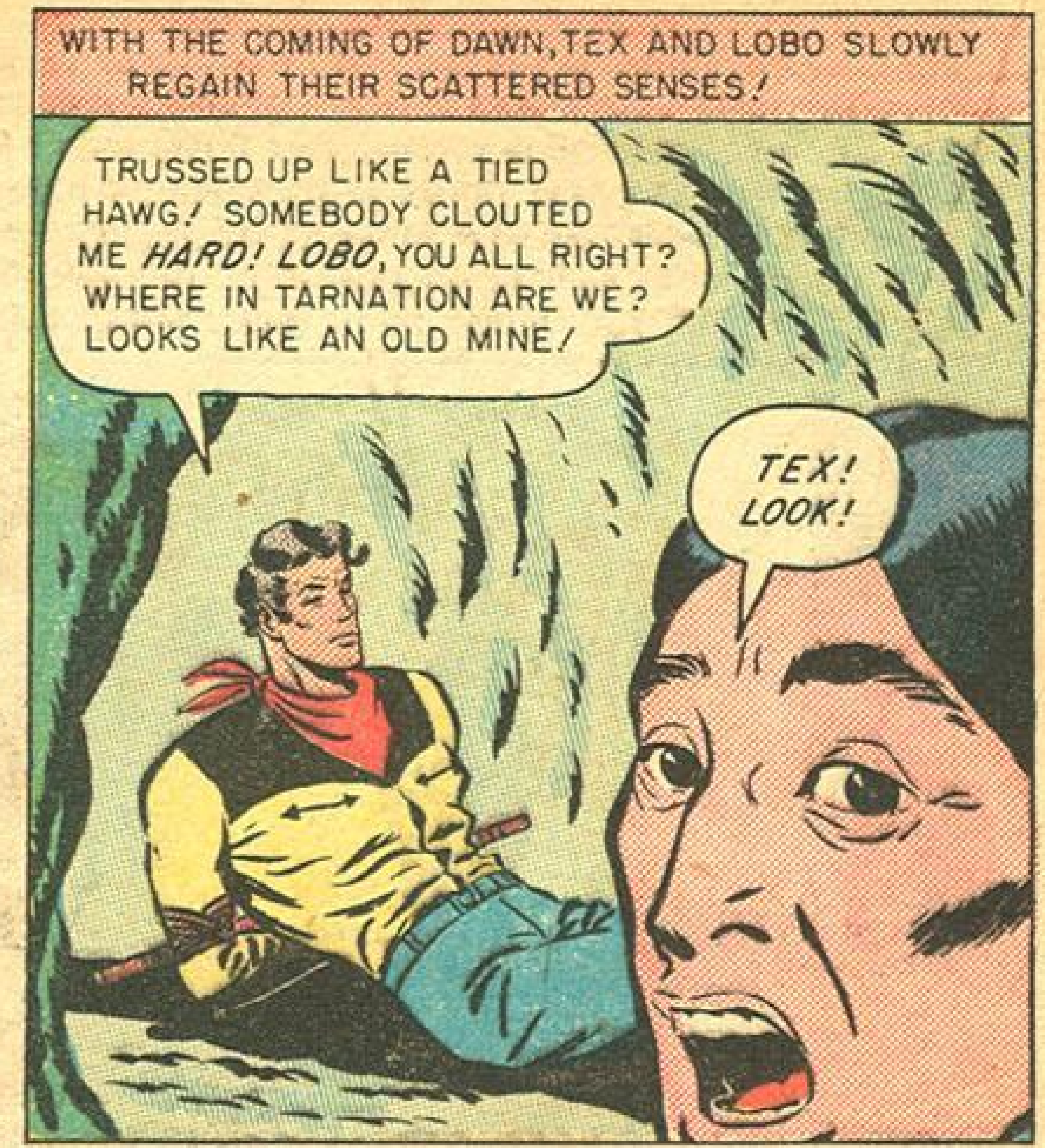
TEX MORGAN

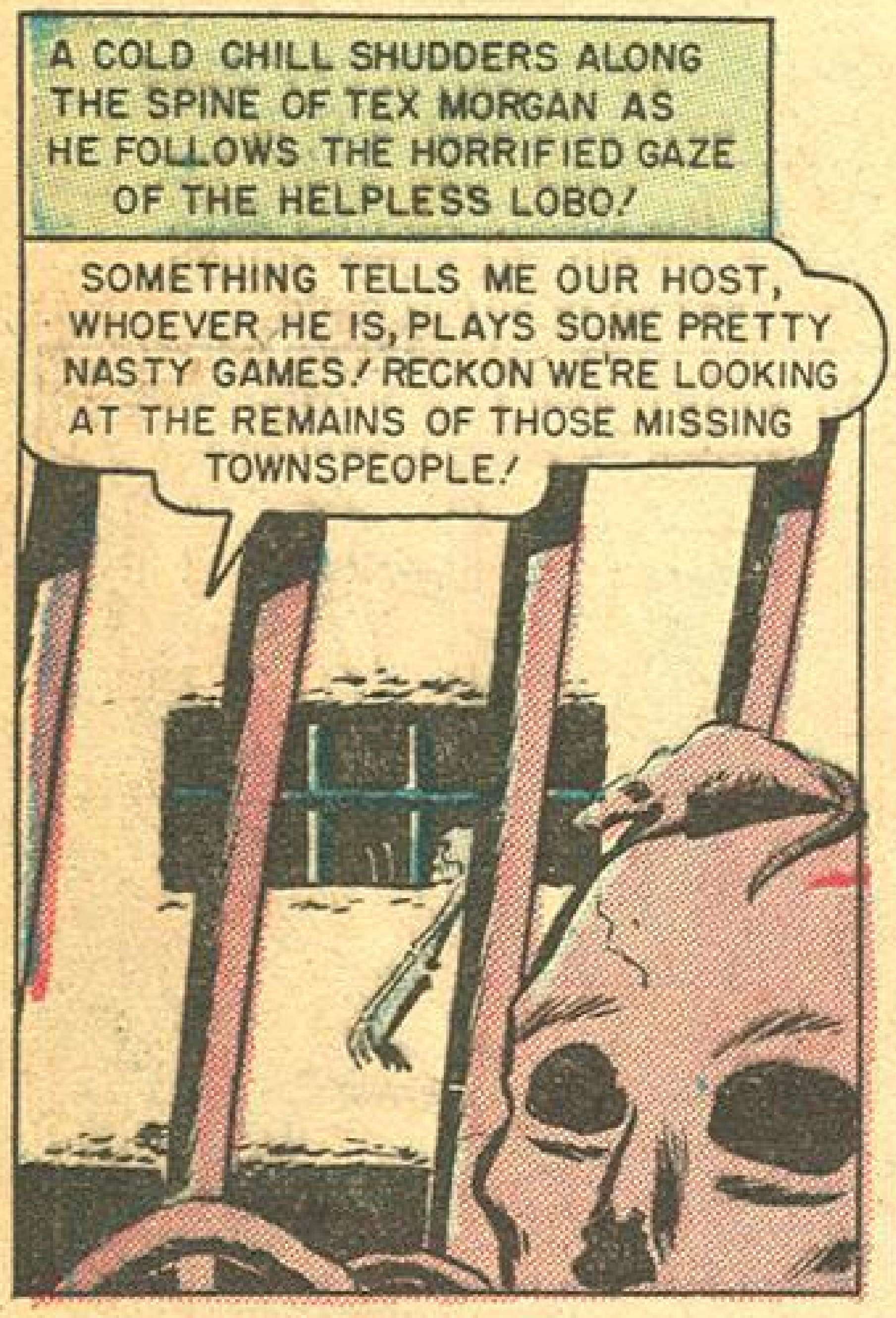

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY OF THE ABANDONED MINE? WHO WAS THE MONSTROUS, CRAZED BEING THAT STALKED MURDEROUSLY THROUGH ITS EMPTY SHAFTS? *TEX MORGAN* AND LOBO FIND THEMSELVES IN THE MOST DANGEROUS SPOT OF THEIR ADVENTUROUS CAREER WHEN--
"GHOST TOWN GUNNIES STRIKE!"
5746

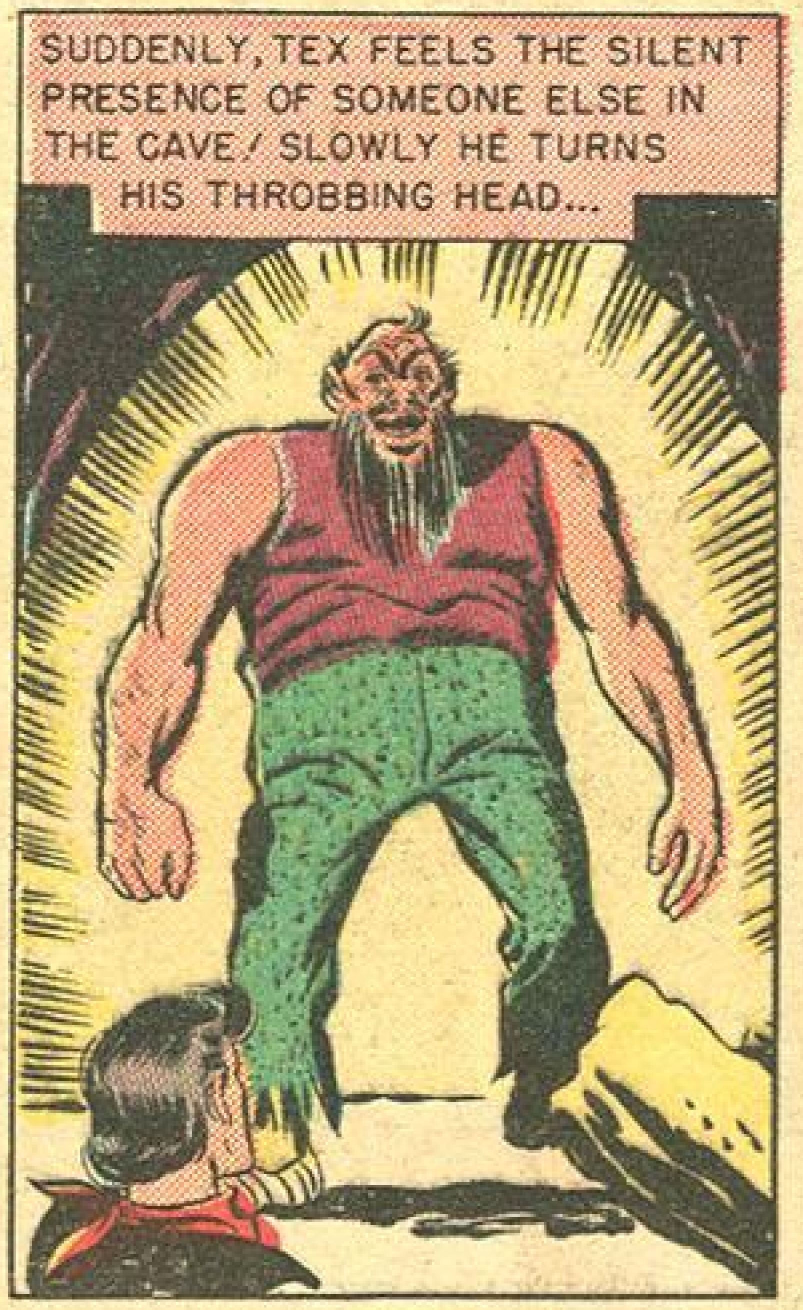

THROUGHOUT THE GREAT SOUTHWEST, THE FAME OF A FAST-DRAWING, STRAIGHT-SHOOTING RANGE RIDER SPREADS LIKE A BLAZING PRAIRIE FIRE BEFORE A SWEEPING WIND! HIS NAME IS HONORED BY ALL PEACE-LOVING CITIZENS AND HIS GUNS ARE FEARED BY THOSE OUTSIDE THE LAW-- *TEX MORGAN!* BY HIS SIDE RIDES HIS EVER-PRESENT INDIAN COMPANION, LOBO!
MUST BE CLEAR CREEK UP YONDER! WE'RE GETTING INTO BLUE RIVER COUNTRY!
ALTHOUGH THE LITTLE COW TOWN OF CLEAR CREEK SEEMS TO BASK PEACEFULLY IN THE WARM SUMMER SUN, A NAMELESS DREAD HOVERS OVER THE UNEASY INHABITANTS!
FOLKS HEREABOUTS 'PEAR TO BE PLUMB *JUMPY!*
1

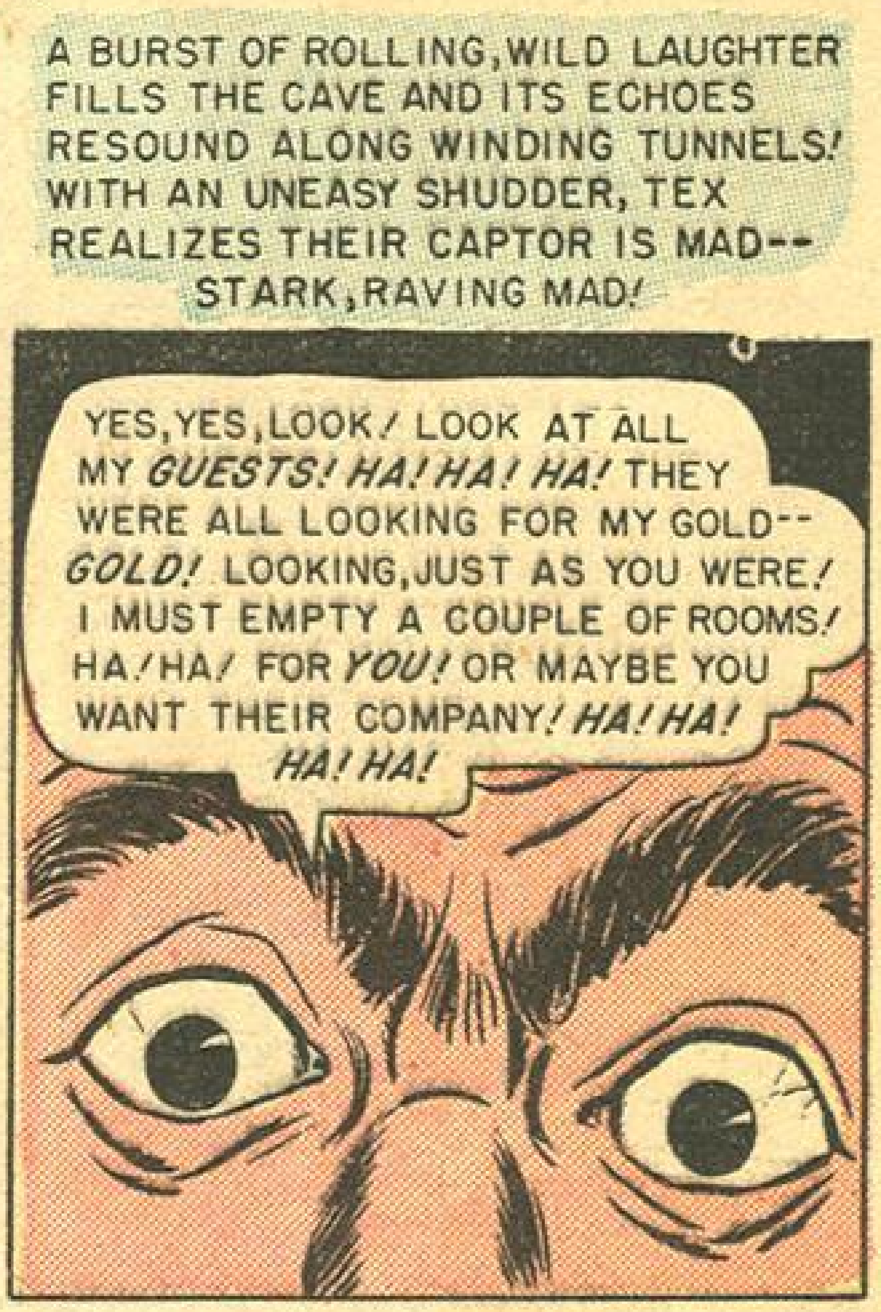

PARDON MY SPEAKING UP, MISTER, BUT I OVERHEARD YOUR REMARK! WE'UNS IN THESE PARTS *ARE* A MITE UNEASY THESE DAYS! THERE'VE BEEN ODD HAPPENINGS UP IN THE GHOST TOWN OF "WHITE MAN'S END"! FOR TH' LAST FEW YEARS NOBODY WHO'S PASSED BY THERE HAS BEEN SEEN EVER AGAIN! WE'VE SENT POSSES UP THERE, BUT NEVER COULD FIND ANYTHING! DON'T GO UP THAT WAY, HOMBRE, IF YOU VALUE YOUR HIDE!
WELL, IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT THE LITTLE OLD TOWN OF "WHITE MAN'S END" IS *RIGHT SMACK* ON *OUR WAY!* WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO BE SIDE-TRACKED BY *SPIRITS*, HEY, LOBO?
RIGHT!
DESPITE THE DIRE TALE, TEX AND LOBO PUSH ON TOWARD THE GHOST TOWN!
AS THOUGH A WARNING TO THE VENTURESOME PAIR, A SUDDEN STORM ANGRILY GATHERS AND SWEEPS DOWN FROM THE HILLS!
THERE'S THAT GHOST TOWN UP AHEAD! LET'S HEAD FOR SHELTER *THERE!*
THERE'S A BARN FOR THE HORSES OUT BACK OF THIS OLD HOTEL!
GOOD! WE'LL DRY OUT HERE! IT'S SURE BOILIN' DOWN!
THE SCURRYING RUSTLE OF FLEEING RATS AND DISTURBED BATS IN FLIGHT ARE ALL THAT GREET THE DRENCHED GUESTS, AS THEY SEEK COVER WITHIN THE MUSTY HALLS OF THE OLD INN!
WE SURE PICKED A *CHEERFUL* SPOT!
OTHERS HAVE BEEN HERE!
SOON A FIRE SPREADS ITS WELCOME WARMTH OVER THE SODDEN PAIR, AND ITS CHEERY CRACKLE DISPELS THE GLOOM!
THAT FIRE FEELS GOOD! RECKON WE MIGHT'S WELL BED DOWN HERE FOR THE NIGHT, LOBO! I'M FOR CRAWLIN' IN RIGHT NOW!
I HOPE THOSE SPIRITS THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT WILL BE QUIET!
SOMETIME IN THE DEEP OF THE STORMING NIGHT, A FLOOR BOARD CREAKS, AND A SHADOWY, SHAGGY FIGURE SILENTLY CREEPS TOWARD THE SLUMBERING PAIR! A MASSIVE, RAGGED ARM GRIPPING A STOUT CLUB RAISES SLOWLY ABOVE THE WEARY SLEEPERS--THEN FLASHES DOWN ONCE--TWICE! TWO DULL THUDS AND A MUFFLED GROAN SOUND WITHIN THE CRUMPLING WALLS!

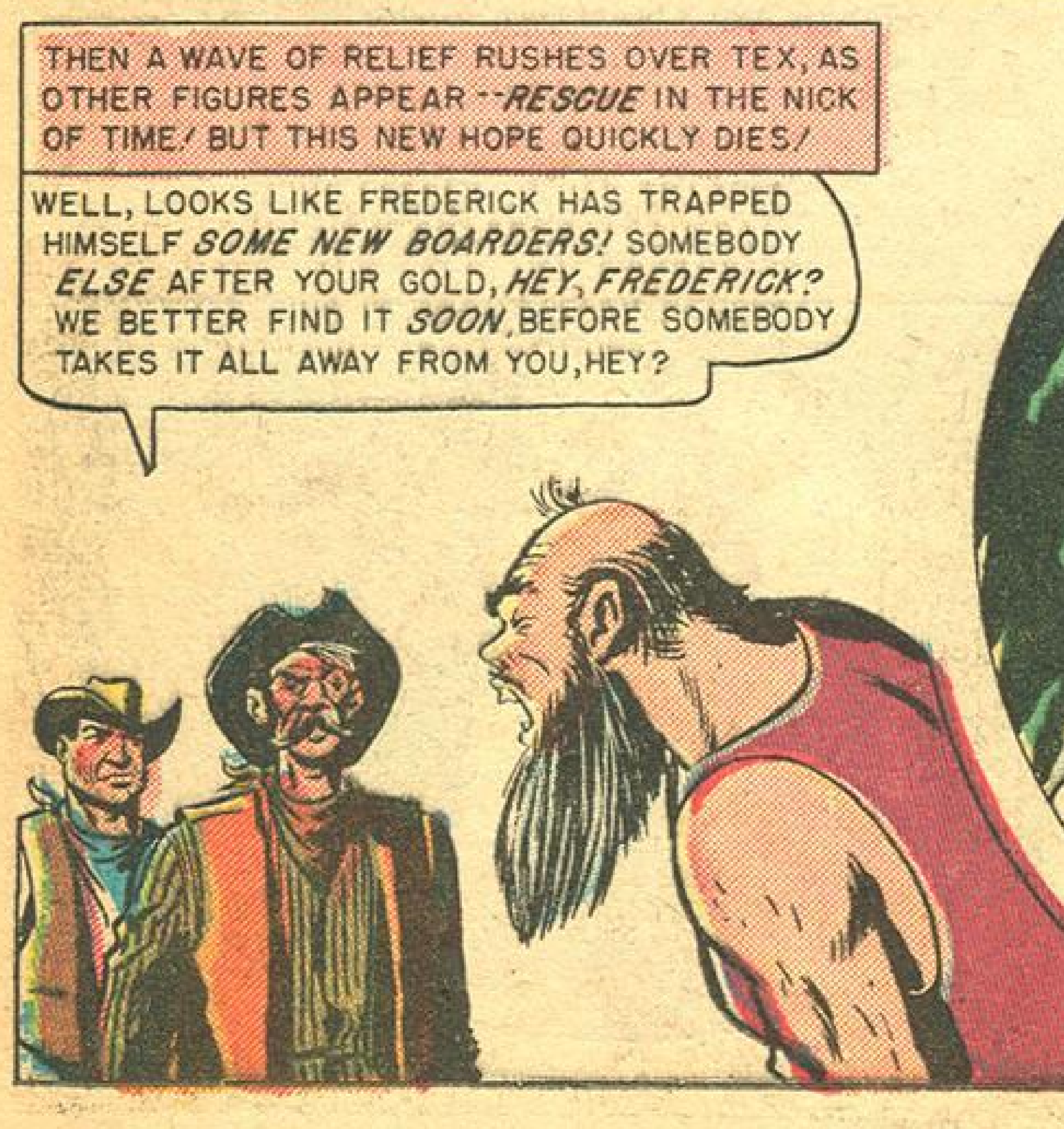

THEN THE STEALTHY ATTACKER LUMBERS OFF WITH THE SENSELESS BODIES OF HIS VICTIMS ALONG THE HALLS OF THE LONG DESERTED DWELLING--TO A FORGOTTEN TUNNEL!

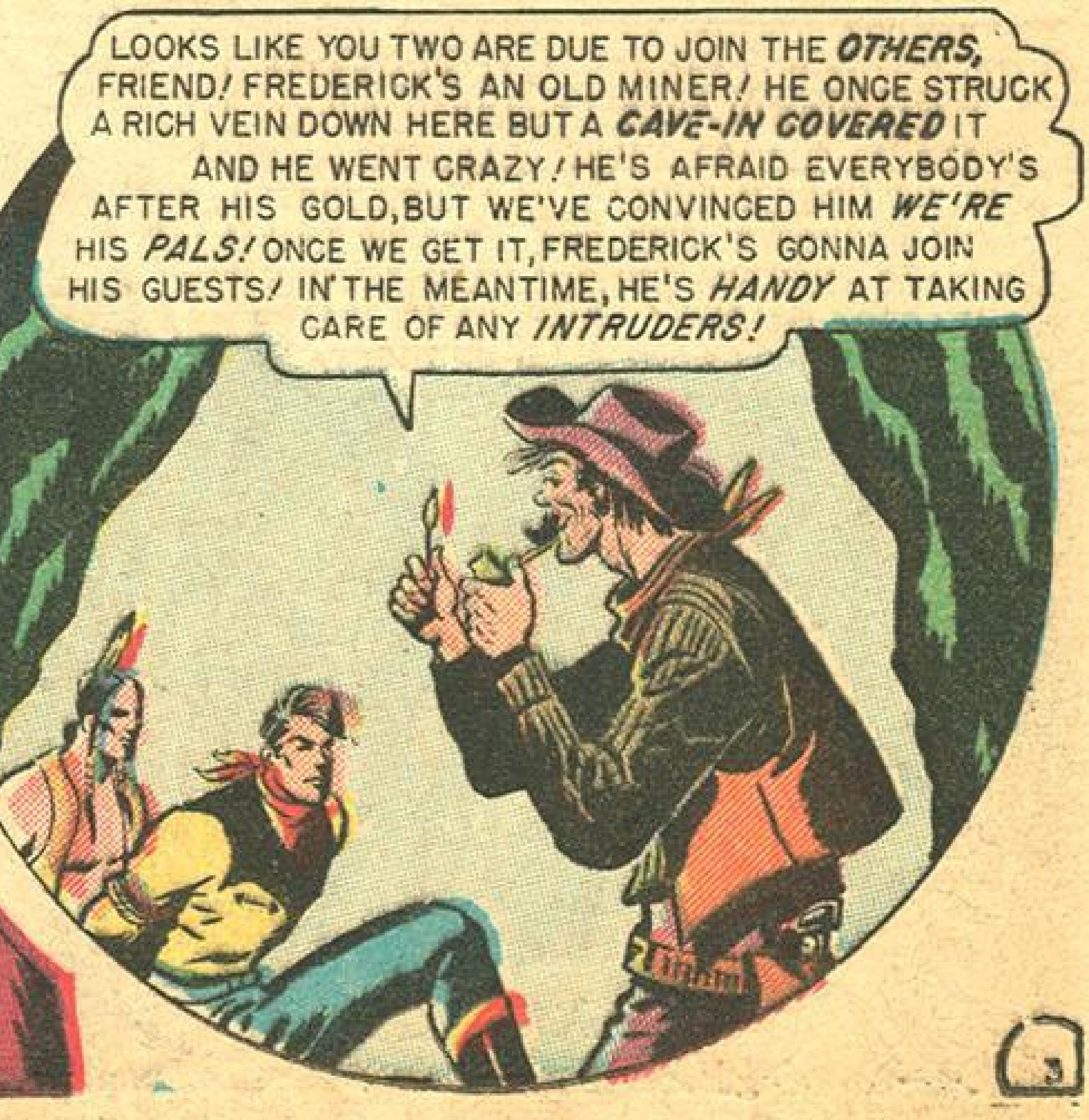

WITH THE COMING OF DAWN, TEX AND LOBO SLOWLY REGAIN THEIR SCATTERED SENSES!
TRUSSED UP LIKE A TIED HAWG! SOMEBODY CLOUTED ME *HARD! LOBO*, YOU ALL RIGHT? WHERE IN TARNATION ARE WE? LOOKS LIKE AN OLD MINE!
TEX! LOOK!

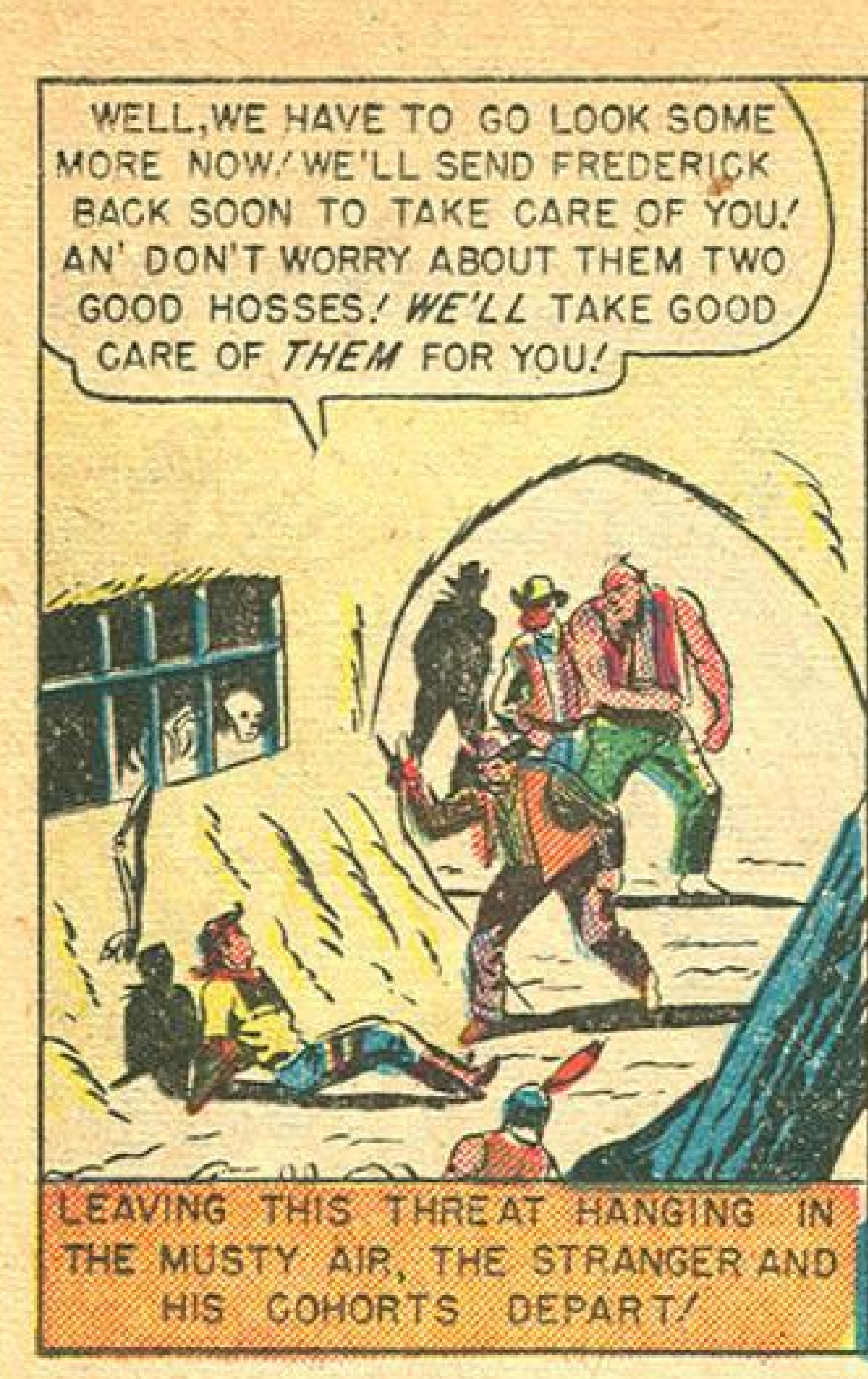

A COLD CHILL SHUDDERS ALONG THE SPINE OF TEX MORGAN AS HE FOLLOWS THE HORRIFIED GAZE OF THE HELPLESS LOBO!
SOMETHING TELLS ME OUR HOST, WHOEVER HE IS, PLAYS SOME PRETTY NASTY GAMES! RECKON WE'RE LOOKING AT THE REMAINS OF THOSE MISSING TOWNSPEOPLE!


SUDDENLY, TEX FEELS THE SILENT PRESENCE OF SOMEONE ELSE IN THE CAVE! SLOWLY HE TURNS HIS THROBBING HEAD...

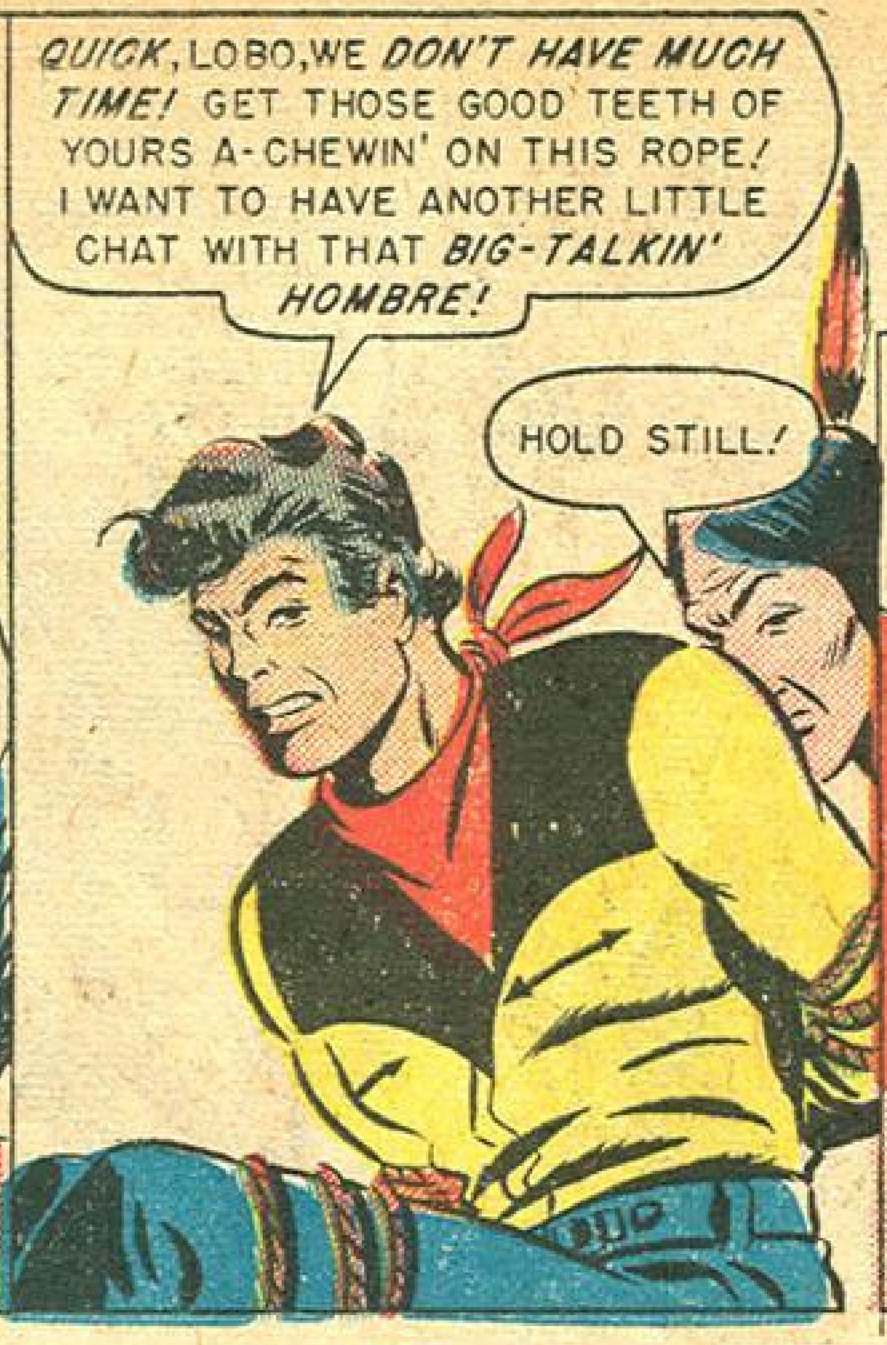

A BURST OF ROLLING, WILD LAUGHTER FILLS THE CAVE AND ITS ECHOES RESOUND ALONG WINDING TUNNELS! WITH AN UNEASY SHUDDER, TEX REALIZES THEIR CAPTOR IS MAD--STARK, RAVING MAD!
YES, YES, LOOK! LOOK AT ALL MY *GUESTS! HA! HA! HA!* THEY WERE ALL LOOKING FOR MY GOLD--*GOLD!* LOOKING, JUST AS YOU WERE! I MUST EMPTY A COUPLE OF ROOMS! HA! HA! FOR *YOU!* OR MAYBE YOU WANT THEIR COMPANY! *HA! HA! HA! HA!*


THEN A WAVE OF RELIEF RUSHES OVER TEX, AS OTHER FIGURES APPEAR--*RESCUE* IN THE NICK OF TIME! BUT THIS NEW HOPE QUICKLY DIES!
WELL, LOOKS LIKE FREDERICK HAS TRAPPED HIMSELF *SOME NEW BOARDERS!* SOMEBODY *ELSE* AFTER YOUR GOLD, *HEY, FREDERICK?* WE BETTER FIND IT *SOON*, BEFORE SOMEBODY TAKES IT ALL AWAY FROM YOU, HEY?

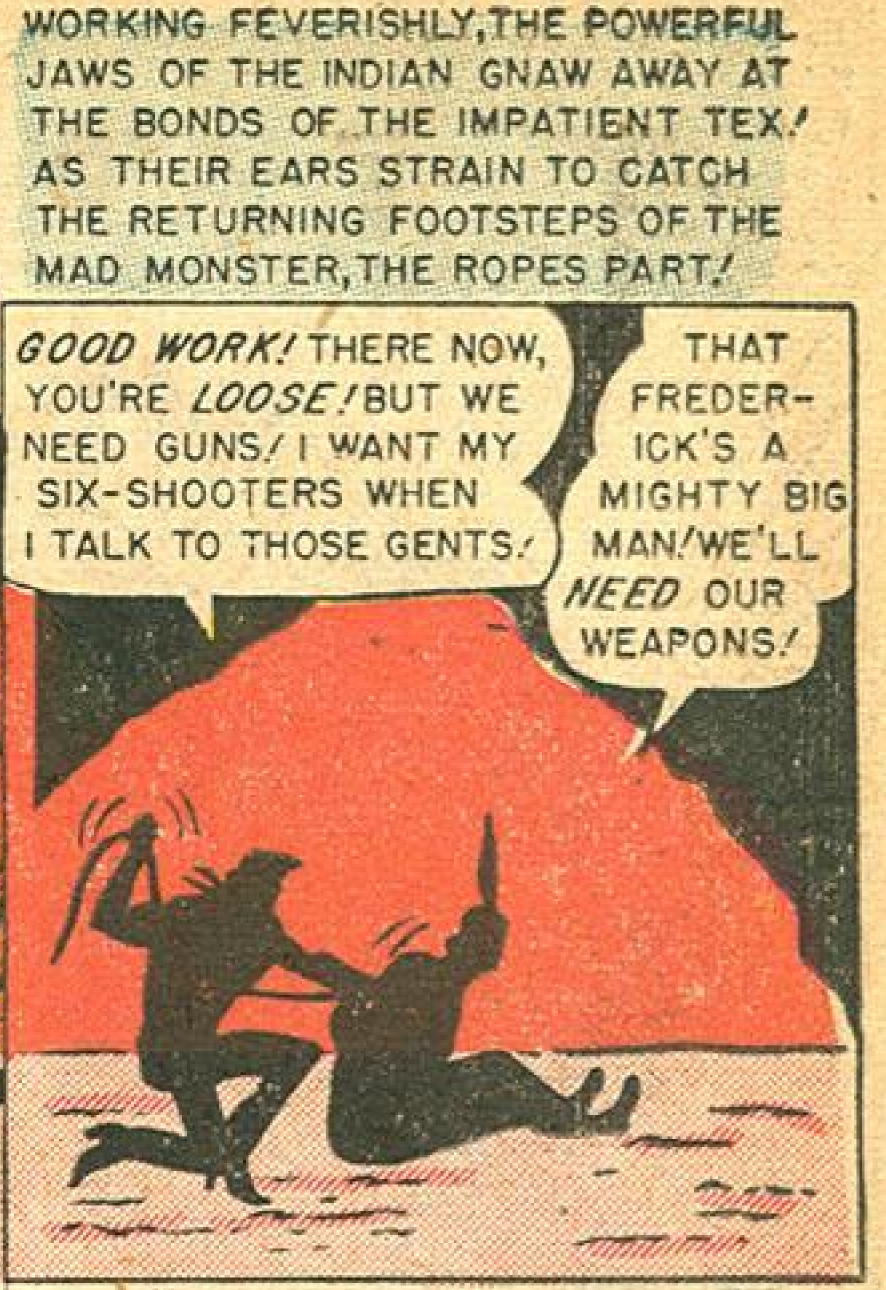

LOOKS LIKE YOU TWO ARE DUE TO JOIN THE *OTHERS*, FRIEND! FREDERICK'S AN OLD MINER! HE ONCE STRUCK A RICH VEIN DOWN HERE BUT A *CAVE-IN COVERED* IT AND HE WENT CRAZY! HE'S AFRAID EVERYBODY'S AFTER HIS GOLD, BUT WE'VE CONVINCED HIM *WE'RE* HIS *PALS!* ONCE WE GET IT, FREDERICK'S GONNA JOIN HIS GUESTS! IN THE MEANTIME, HE'S *HANDY* AT TAKING CARE OF ANY *INTRUDERS!*

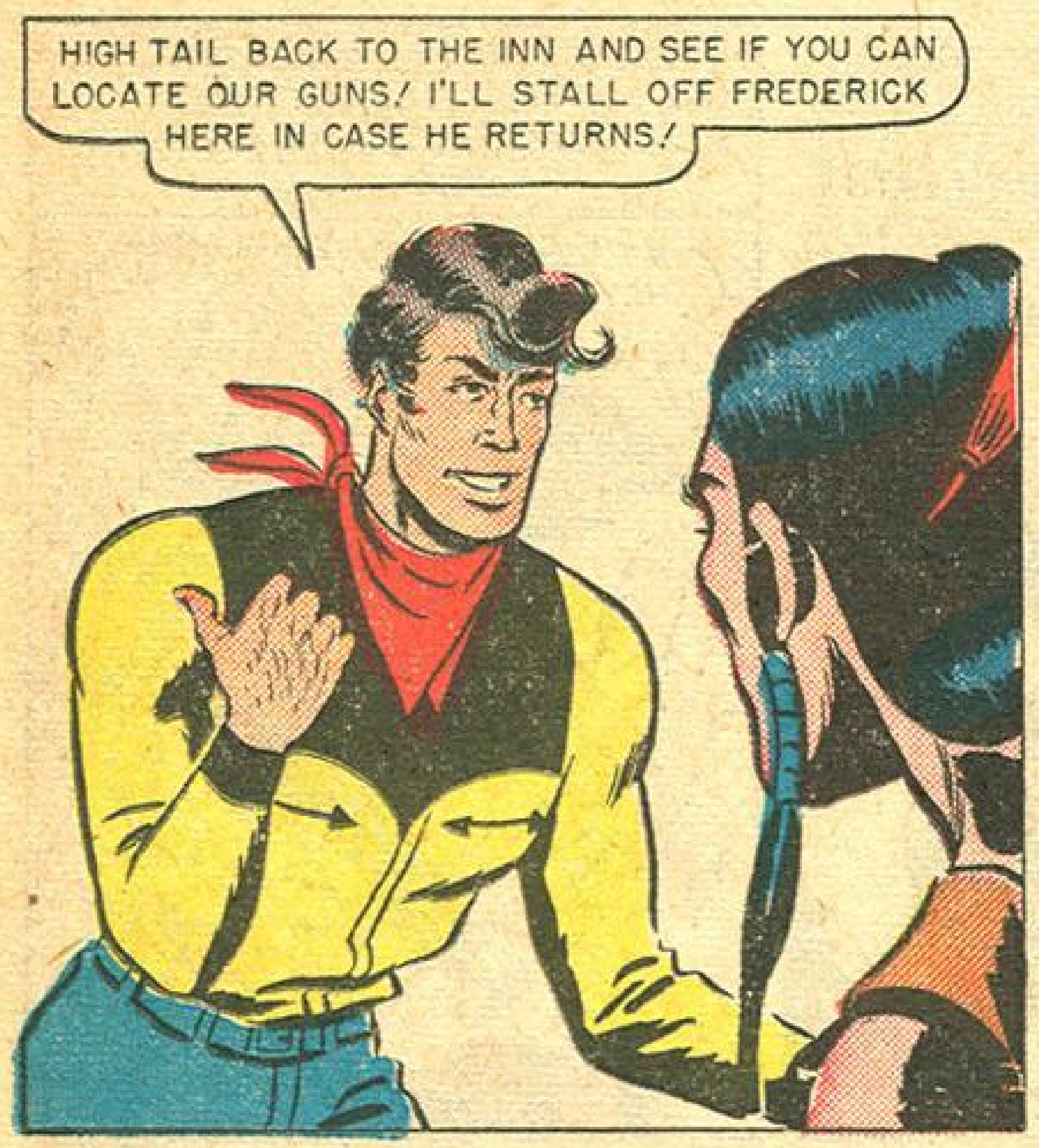

WELL, WE HAVE TO GO LOOK SOME MORE NOW! WE'LL SEND FREDERICK BACK SOON TO TAKE CARE OF YOU! AN' DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM TWO GOOD HOSSES! *WE'LL* TAKE GOOD CARE OF *THEM* FOR YOU!

LEAVING THIS THREAT HANGING IN THE MUSTY AIR, THE STRANGER AND HIS COHORTS DEPART!

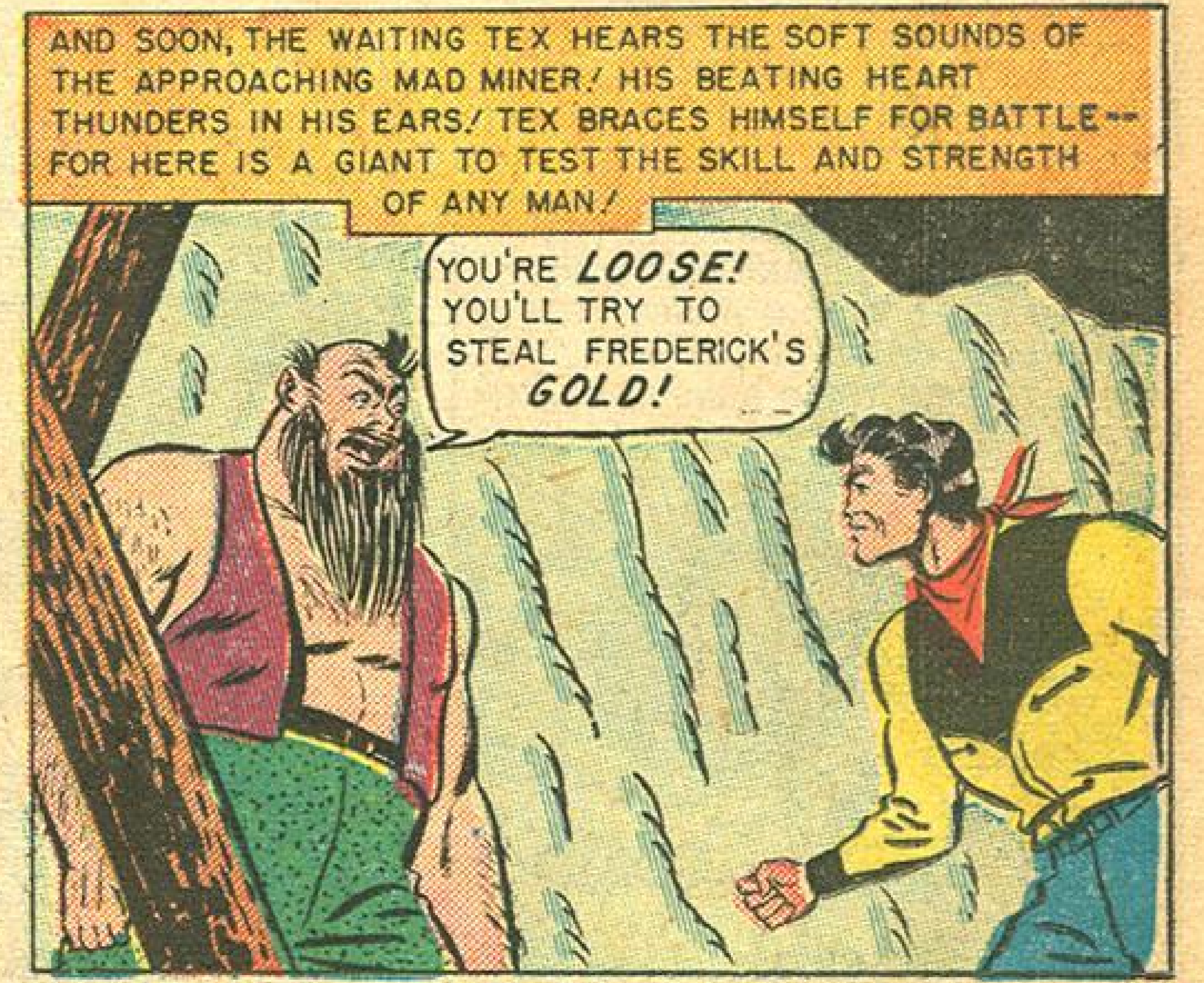

QUICK, LOBO, WE *DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!* GET THOSE GOOD TEETH OF YOURS A-CHEWIN' ON THIS ROPE! I WANT TO HAVE ANOTHER LITTLE CHAT WITH THAT *BIG-TALKIN' HOMBRE!*
HOLD STILL!

WORKING FEVERISHLY, THE POWERFUL JAWS OF THE INDIAN GNAW AWAY AT THE BONDS OF THE IMPATIENT TEX! AS THEIR EARS STRAIN TO CATCH THE RETURNING FOOTSTEPS OF THE MAD MONSTER, THE ROPES PART!

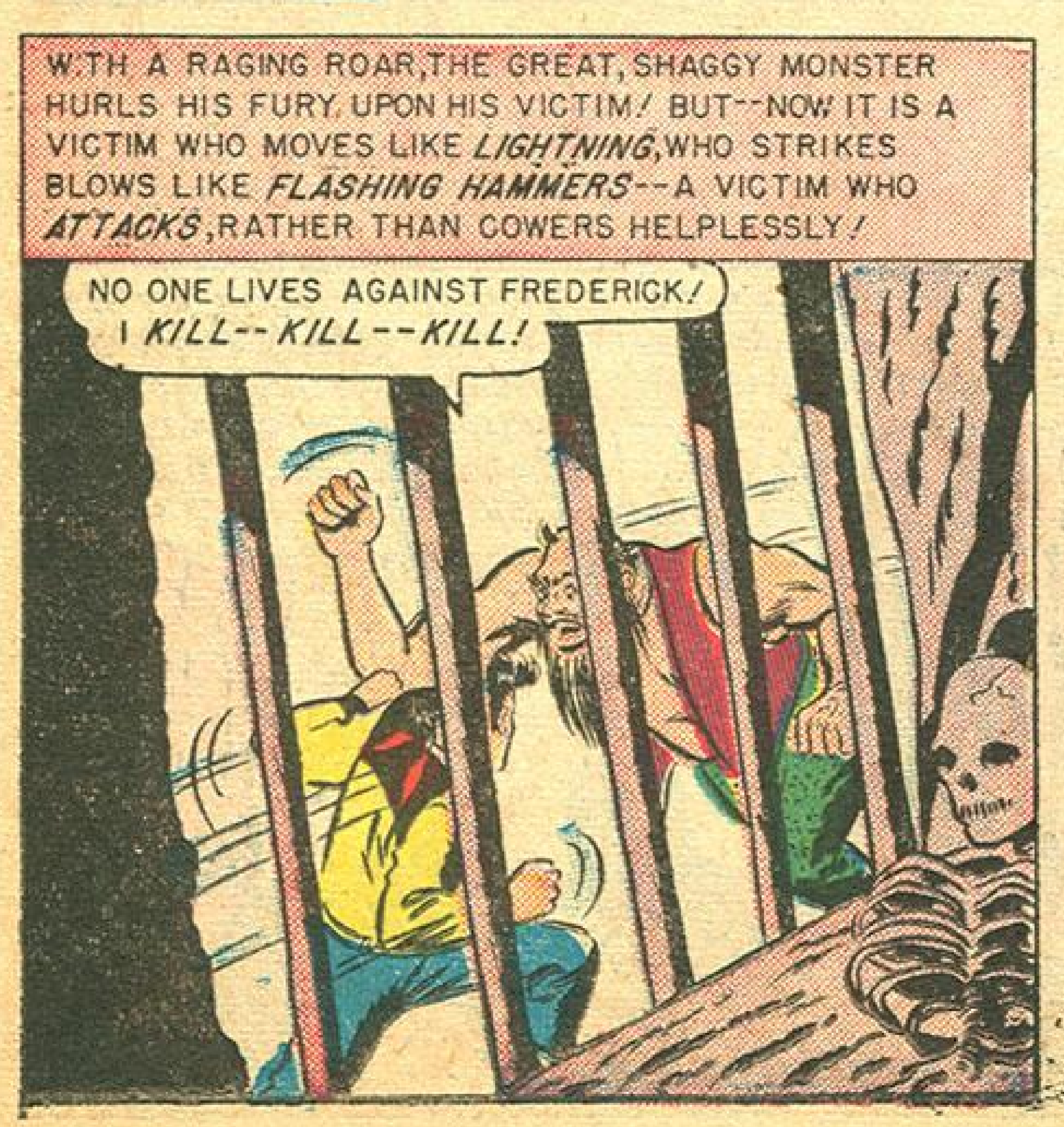

GOOD WORK! THERE NOW, YOU'RE *LOOSE!* BUT WE NEED GUNS! I WANT MY SIX-SHOOTERS WHEN I TALK TO THOSE GENTS!
THAT FREDERICK'S A MIGHTY BIG MAN! WE'LL *NEED* OUR WEAPONS!


HIGH TAIL BACK TO THE INN AND SEE IF YOU CAN LOCATE OUR GUNS! I'LL STALL OFF FREDERICK HERE IN CASE HE RETURNS!

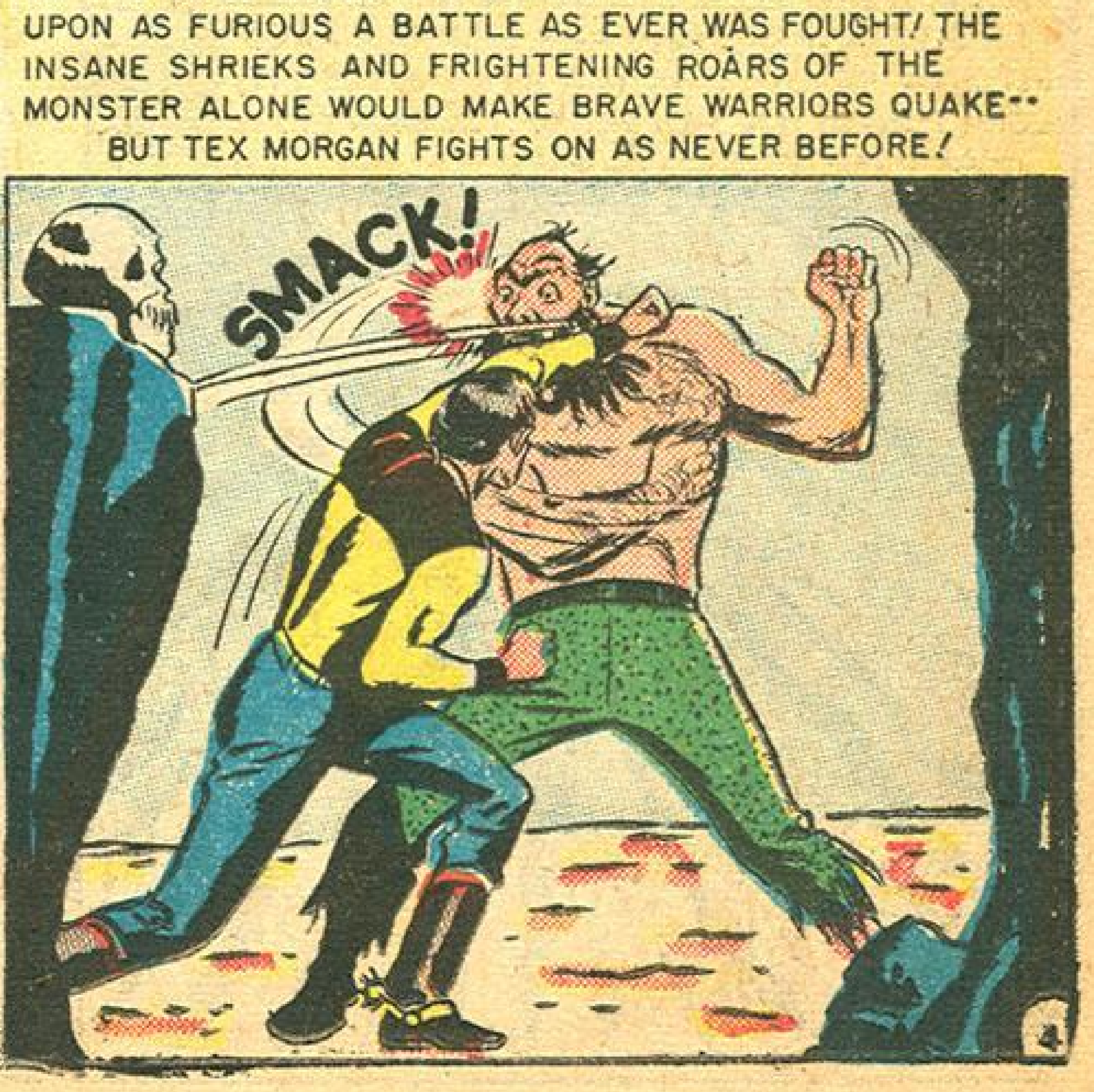
AND SOON, THE WAITING TEX HEARS THE SOFT SOUNDS OF THE APPROACHING MAD MINER! HIS BEATING HEART THUNDERS IN HIS EARS! TEX BRACES HIMSELF FOR BATTLE-- FOR HERE IS A GIANT TO TEST THE SKILL AND STRENGTH OF ANY MAN!


YOU'RE *LOOSE!* YOU'LL TRY TO STEAL FREDERICK'S *GOLD!*

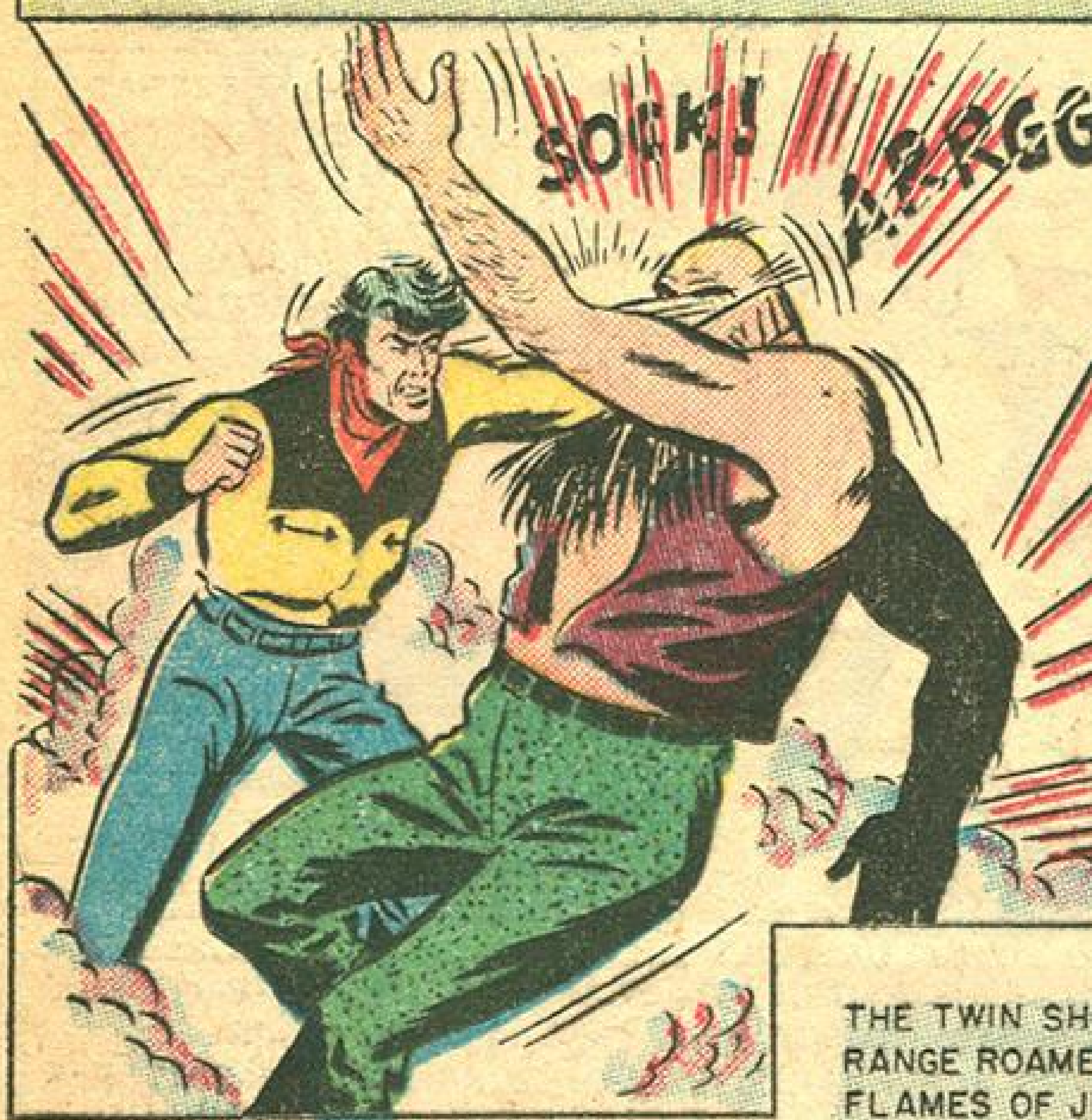
WITH A RAGING ROAR, THE GREAT, SHAGGY MONSTER HURLS HIS FURY UPON HIS VICTIM! BUT--NOW IT IS A VICTIM WHO MOVES LIKE *LIGHTNING*, WHO STRIKES BLOWS LIKE *FLASHING HAMMERS*--A VICTIM WHO *ATTACKS*, RATHER THAN COWERS HELPLESSLY!


NO ONE LIVES AGAINST FREDERICK! I *KILL--KILL--KILL!*

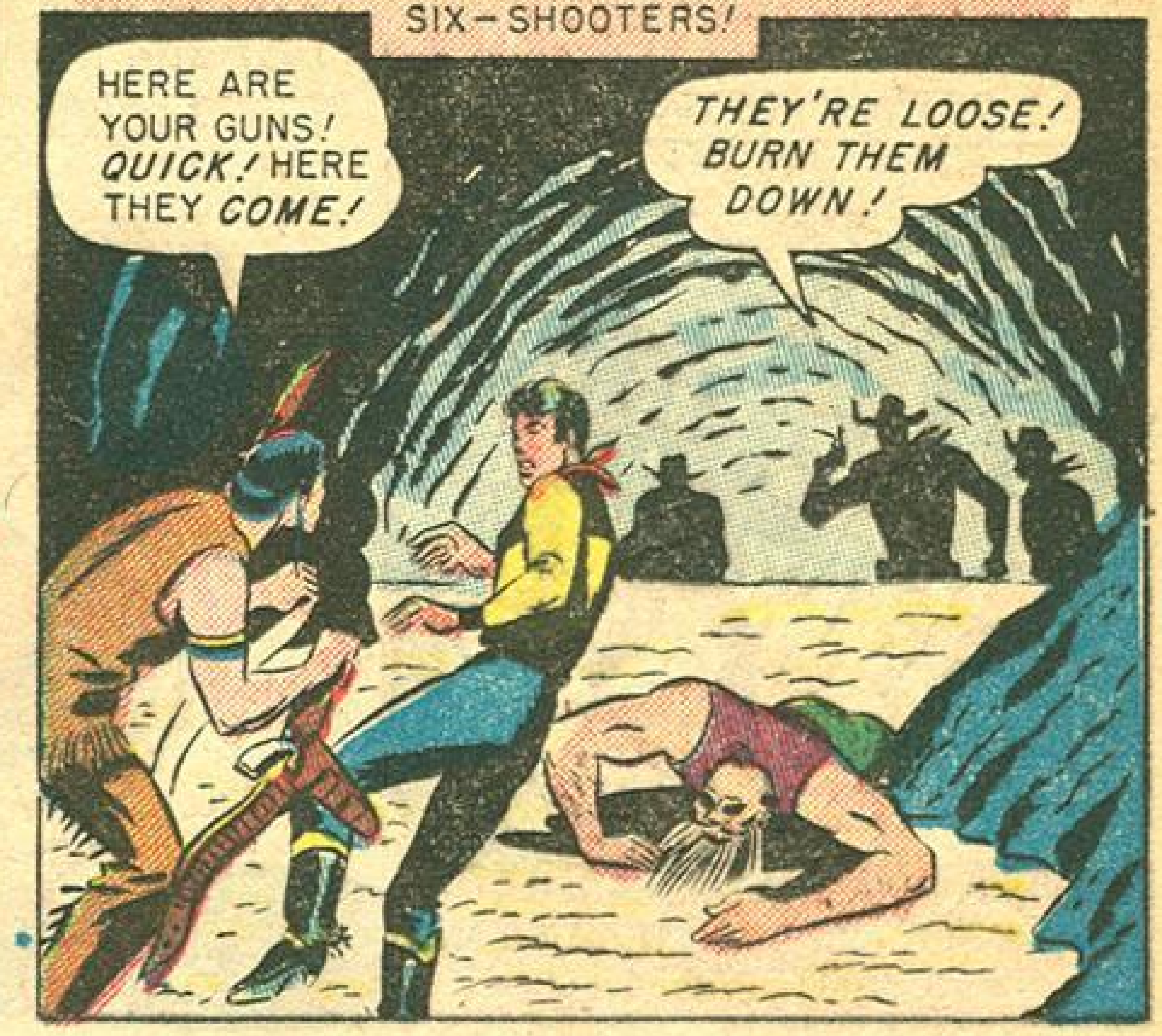
RAVING MADNESS IS MET BY COOL SKILL! BRUTAL STRENGTH IS MATCHED BY BLINDING SPEED! BLOW IS MET BY BLOW! SO THE COLD WALLS AND GRINNING SKULLS LOOK DOWN UPON AS FURIOUS A BATTLE AS EVER WAS FOUGHT! THE INSANE SHRIEKS AND FRIGHTENING ROARS OF THE MONSTER ALONE WOULD MAKE BRAVE WARRIORS QUAKE-- BUT TEX MORGAN FIGHTS ON AS NEVER BEFORE!



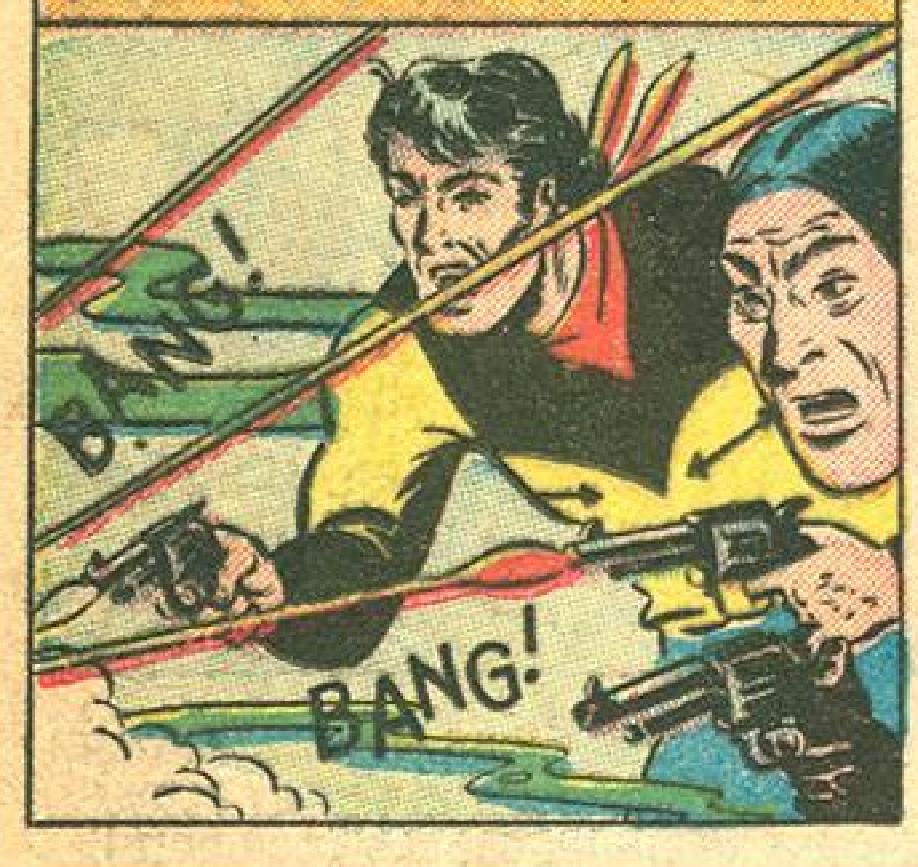
SLOWLY THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNS, AS YOUTH AND COURAGE TAKE THEIR TOLL OF THE TIRING GIANT! THE FLAILING FISTS OF TEX MORGAN BATTER THE BRUTAL KILLER INTO A HELPLESS MASS! THEN ONE FINAL SLASHING BLOW KNOCKS THE MINER INTO DARKNESS!


SOCK!
AARRGG!

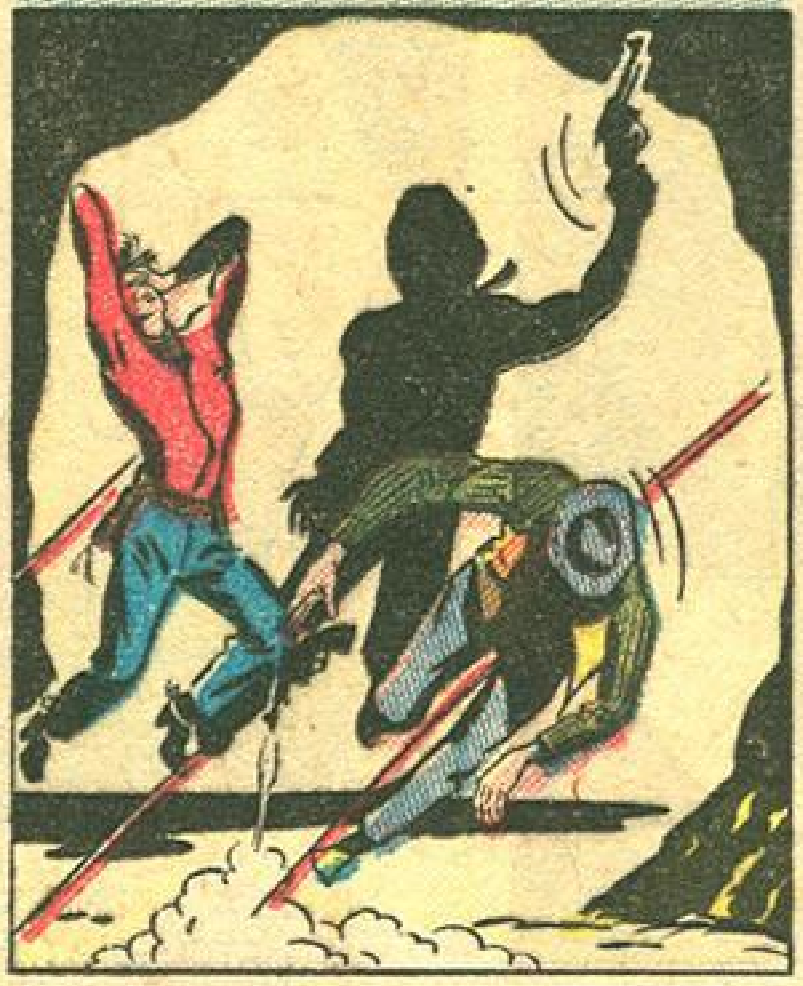
THE SOUNDS OF THE AWFUL BATTLE BRING THE GOLD SEEKERS ON THE RUN, AS THE LOYAL LOBO RETURNS IN THE NICK OF TIME, WITH TEX'S TRUSTY SIX-SHOOTERS!


HERE ARE YOUR GUNS! *QUICK!* HERE THEY *COME!*
THEY'RE LOOSE! BURN THEM DOWN!

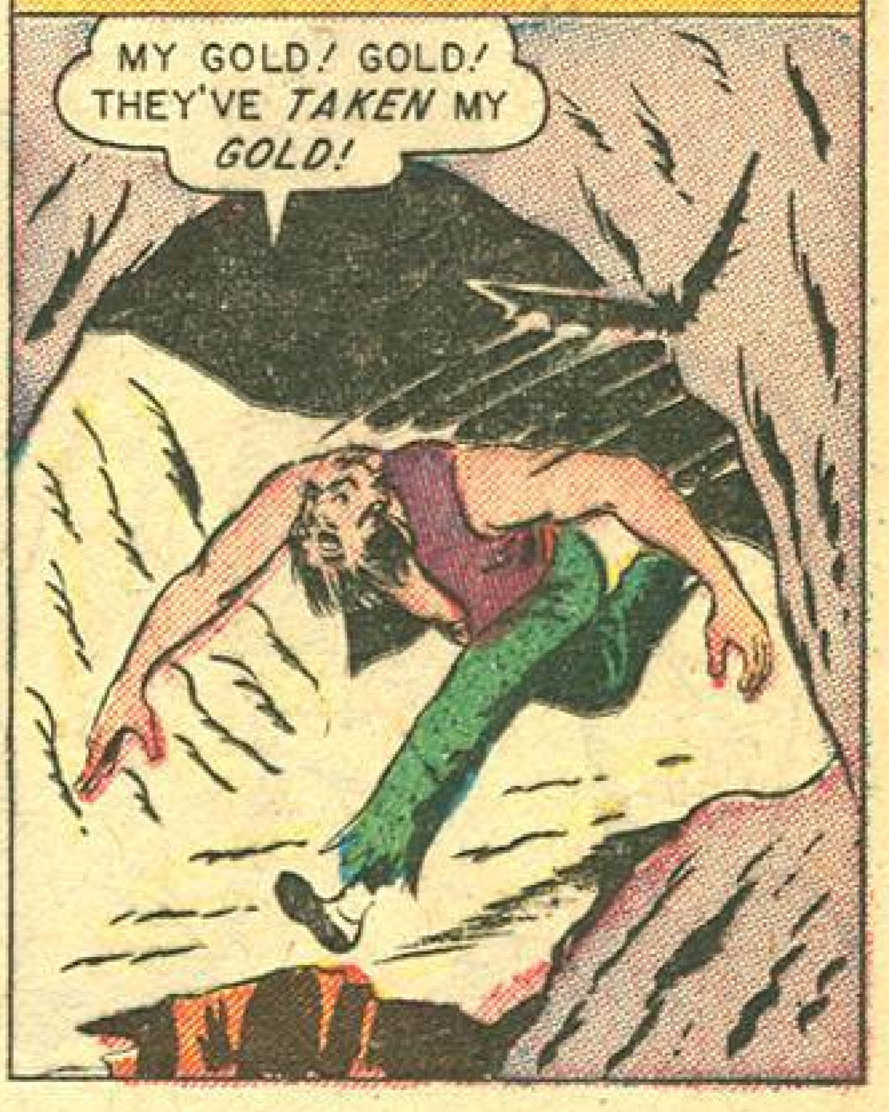
GUNS ROAR AND LEAD WHINES! THE DEAD CALM OF THE ANCIENT PRISON IS SHATTERED BY THE ANGRY CRACKLING OF HEAVY GUN-FIRE! BULLETS SING THEIR SONG OF DEATH!



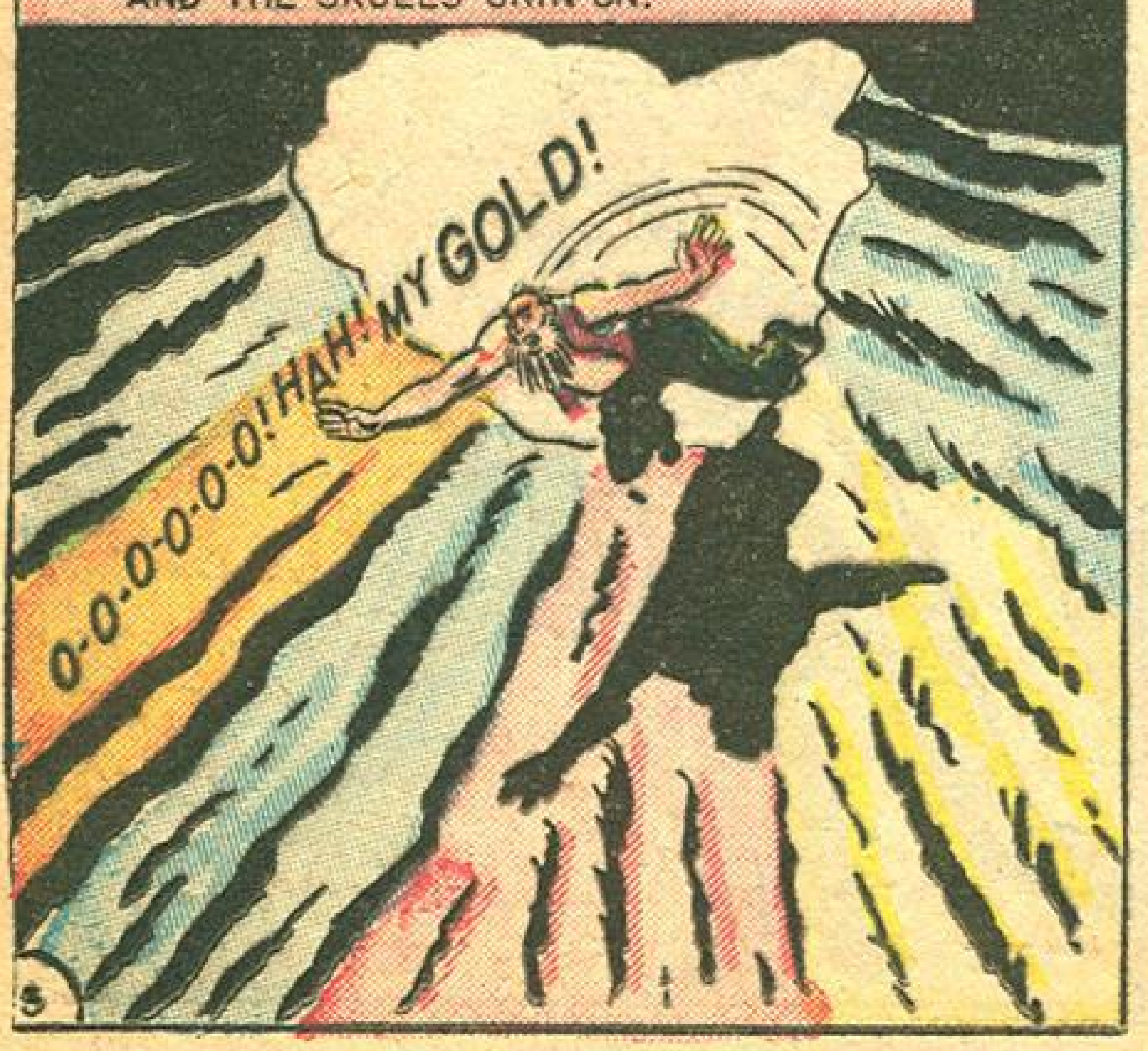
THE TWIN SHOOTERS OF THE RANGE ROAMER PUMP OUT THEIR FLAMES OF JUSTICE, AS GUN ANSWERS GUN! FLAMING DEATH STRIKES DOWN THE GREEDY PARTNERS OF THE INSANE FREDERICK!



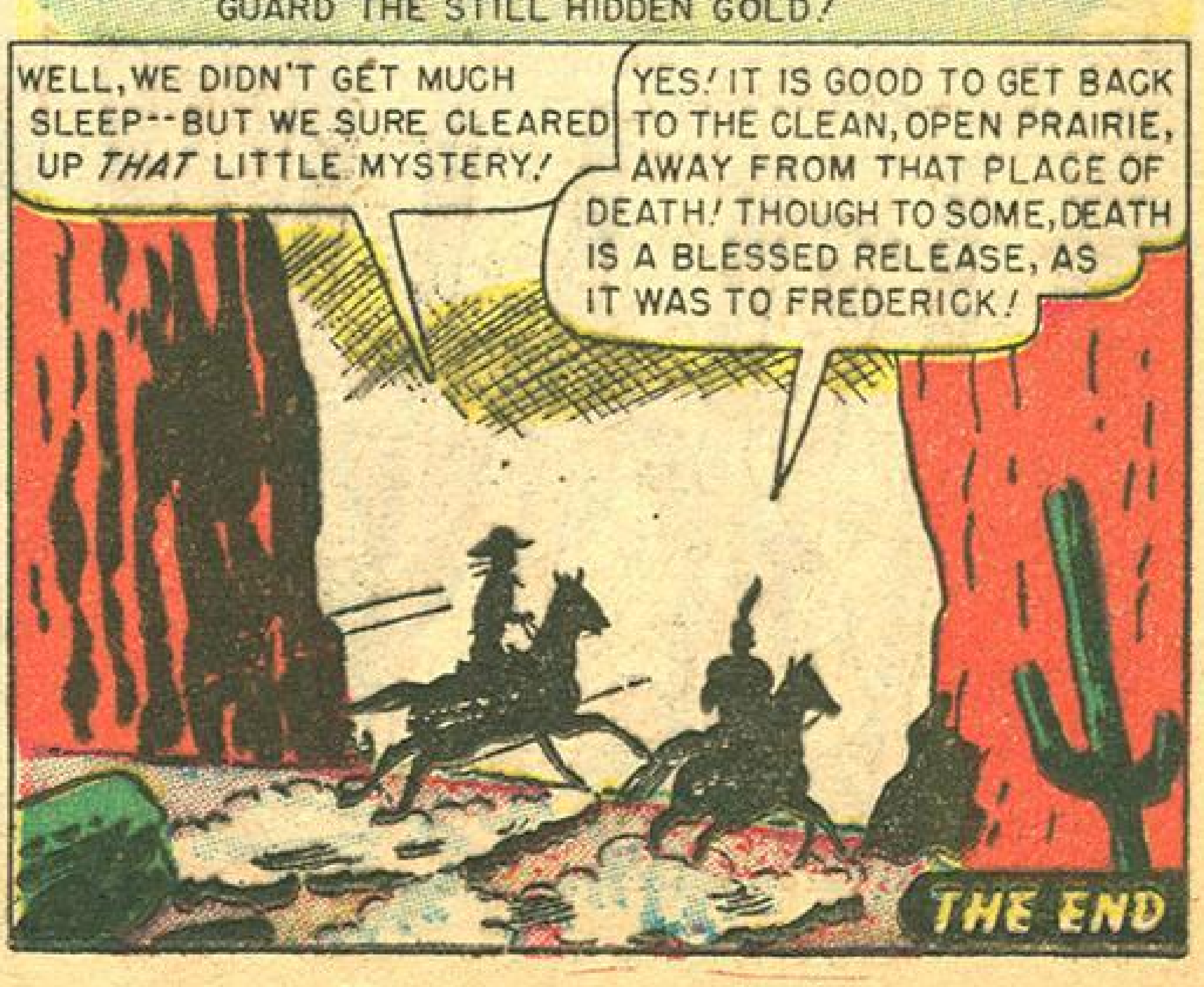
AWAKENED BY THE AWFUL DIN OF THE GUN FIGHT, THE BATTERED MINER RACES ALONG THE DARKENED TUNNELS!


MY GOLD! GOLD! THEY'VE *TAKEN* MY *GOLD!*

IN HIS BLIND RUN, THE GIANT STUMBLES AND PITCHES HEADLONG INTO A BOTTOMLESS PIT, LONG FORGOTTEN MEMORY OF THE PAST -- AND THE SKULLS GRIN ON!


O-O-O-O-O-O! HAH! MY GOLD!

SHAKING OFF THEIR TERRIBLE VISIT TO THE GHOST TOWN, TEX AND LOBO SADDLE AND RIDE -- ON TO NEW ADVENTURES! BEHIND LIES THE DESERTED TOWN AND ITS NEWLY INCREASED POPULATION -- OF DEAD! AND THE DEAD GUARD THE STILL HIDDEN GOLD!


WELL, WE DIDN'T GET MUCH SLEEP -- BUT WE SURE CLEARED UP *THAT* LITTLE MYSTERY!
YES! IT IS GOOD TO GET BACK TO THE CLEAN, OPEN PRAIRIE, AWAY FROM THAT PLACE OF DEATH! THOUGH TO SOME, DEATH IS A BLESSED RELEASE, AS IT WAS TO FREDERICK!
THE END

You're a "NEAT BODY" in this Two-Way Stretch

All Nylon Girdle!

Girls, you can't imagine how slim-'n'-trim you can look until you actually slip into one of these amazingly s-m-o-o-t-h DuPont NYLON girdles! They're so comfortable you won't know you're wearing one... yet cling to you as though you were born in one! Stretches up and down and sideways for complete freedom! You'll want one to give your clothes that tailor-made look... to enjoy complete freedom in slacks and shorts... and to make you more attractive than ever before.

The ALL-NYLON Two-Way Stretch girdle comes in TWO Styles—REGULAR and PANTY. Both are easily washed — just dip in warm water and suds. Panty has removable garters and crotch. Order Panty or Regular Style in your choice of three exciting shades: NUDE... BLUE... WHITE.

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* Except, of course, the garters and the elastic.

The Greatest Girdle Buy in America!

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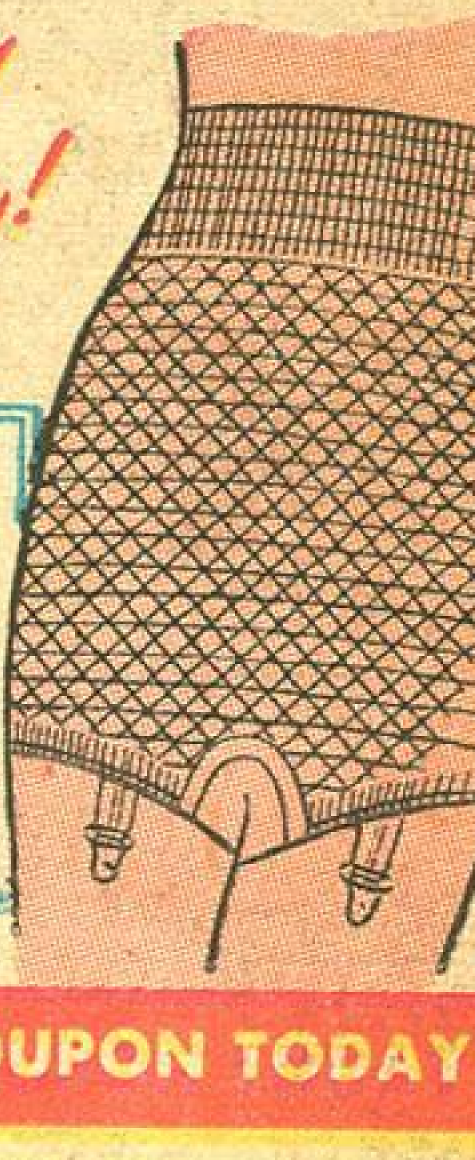
Ideal for sportswear, slacks and shorts.

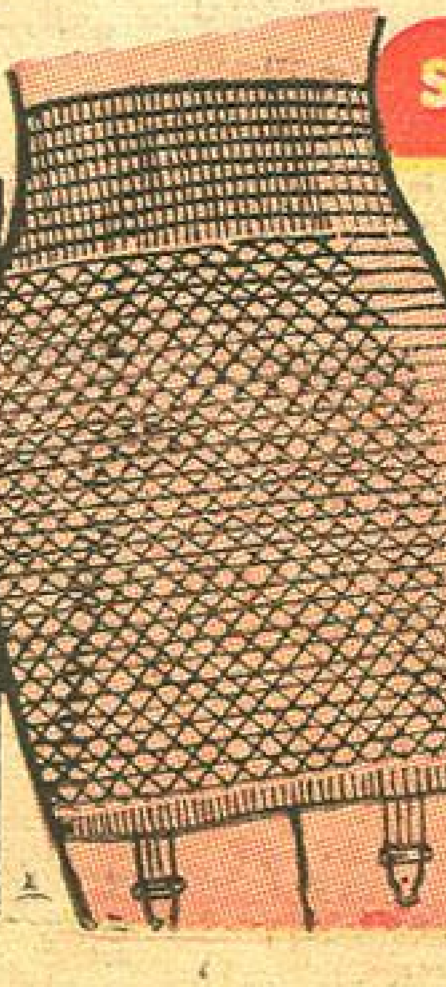


SEND NO MONEY—ORDER ON APPROVAL!

Just mail coupon today. When girdle arrives, wear it for 10 days. Notice the compliments you draw from all your friends. Then, if you are not fully delighted, return the girdle for immediate refund of purchase price.

DETACHABLE GARTERS AND CROTCH →

REGULAR STYLE
Perfect for evening and everyday wear.



Now to You—Only $2.98

Regular Retail Value—$7 to $8

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON TODAY!

WARD GREEN CO., Dept. W-4812
113 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Rush by return mail in sealed package my Nylon Two-Way Stretch girdle in size and color checked below. I'll pay postman only $2.98 plus postage. If not thoroughly delighted, I may return merchandise within 10 days for immediate refund of purchase price.

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Check Size: ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐ Extra Large ($3.98)
Check Color: ☐ Nude ☐ White ☐ Blue
☐ Extra Crotches (for Panty Girdle) at 50¢ a piece

Name..
Address..
City..........................Zone....State..................

If you prefer, enclose money with coupon and we'll pay postage. Same 10-day refund guarantee.

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All Different
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STAMP NEWS

By KENT B. STILES

Most of the philatelic information which has appeared in this department recently has related to stamps being issued by the United States. That is not surprising, because the deluge of U. S. issues which began in January has continued uninterruptedly—until now it is certain that Uncle Sam's 1948 postal program calls for at least 29 stamps; and who knows but that there will be still others?

In addition to the ones previously noted in these columns, the Post Office Department either committed itself, or was directed either by Congress or President Truman, to the following before 1948 closed:

(1) A 3c purple honoring William Allen White (1868-1944), Emporia, Kansas, newspaper editor. Released on July 31, it bears his portrait.

(2) A 3c commemorating "Youth Month" (September). This was issued on Aug. 11 and pictures a girl and a boy walking with books under their arms, and "Saluting Young America" is inscribed.

(3) Honoring Juliette Gordon Lowe (1860-1927), who in 1912 organized the Girl Scouts of America.

(4) Honoring Moina Michael (1870-1944), who in 1918 originated the Flanders Field Poppy Day idea on behalf of disabled veterans and their dependents.

(5) Honoring Gold Star Mothers. A September release.

(6) For the semicentenary of the organizing of Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War.

POSITIVELY GREATEST FREE OFFER
Rare Octagonal (eight sided) stamp, gorgeous Diamond, giant Triangle, also mammoth and midget stamps, total value $2.00, ALL FREE to approval buyers. Plus Free, Scott's International $6.00 album and latest Stamp Catalogues.
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P. O. BOX 510
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Free! Turks & Caicos — Elephant Triangle
also Dakar, Guinea, Palestine, Map, Ship, Arabian "3 language stamp," queer Sea Lion, Snake, Cactus Plant & Fairy Tale stamps, Colonials, etc. ALL FREE for 3c postage. Approvals.
Potomac Stamp Co., Dept. 7, Washington 10, D. C.

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GLOBUS STAMP CO. 268 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y., Dept. 321

ZOWIE-E-E! A BARREL OF FUN FOR ONLY A DIME!!
500 UNITED STATES STAMPS—absolutely unpicked and unsorted—just as received from church missions. Many varieties, including large commemoratives, airmails, high denominations, up to $5.00! Stampdom's biggest package of fun—and you might find something really valuable! PRICE ONLY 10c TO SERIOUS APPROVAL APPLICANTS. Money back if not delighted. Illustrated bargain lists with each order. MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 3, Camden, N. Y.

WOW!! $10.00 WORTH OF FUN — ONLY 10c!
What a treasure hunt! Big package 500 Foreign Stamps from foreign missions, other sources. Includes Stamps from Africa, South America, Free French, Cape Juby, Palestine, etc. Includes air mails, commemoratives and stamps worth up to 50c. This offer sent for 10c to Approval Applicants only.
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Gorgeous Eucador Showing Washington, American Eagle and Flag in NATURAL COLORS. Also Fezzan "French Foreign Legion" stamp, first U. S. commemorative, $100.00 UNUSED Shanghai, Trieste, "U. S. Army" stamp, Corsica, Anzac, Antique, others. All 5c Approvals.
CAPITAL STAMP, Dept. 19, Little Rock, Ark.

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to approval applicants. Contains stamps worth up to 15c. each!
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54 DIFF. LIBERIA "OX" TRIANGLE
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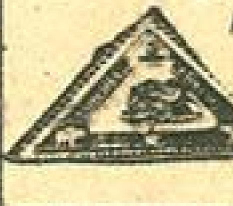
IROQUOIS STAMP CO.
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200 BRITISH EMPIRE STAMPS — only 3¢!
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FREE — ILLUSTRATED CATALOG!
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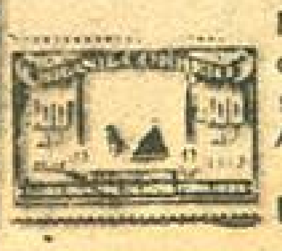
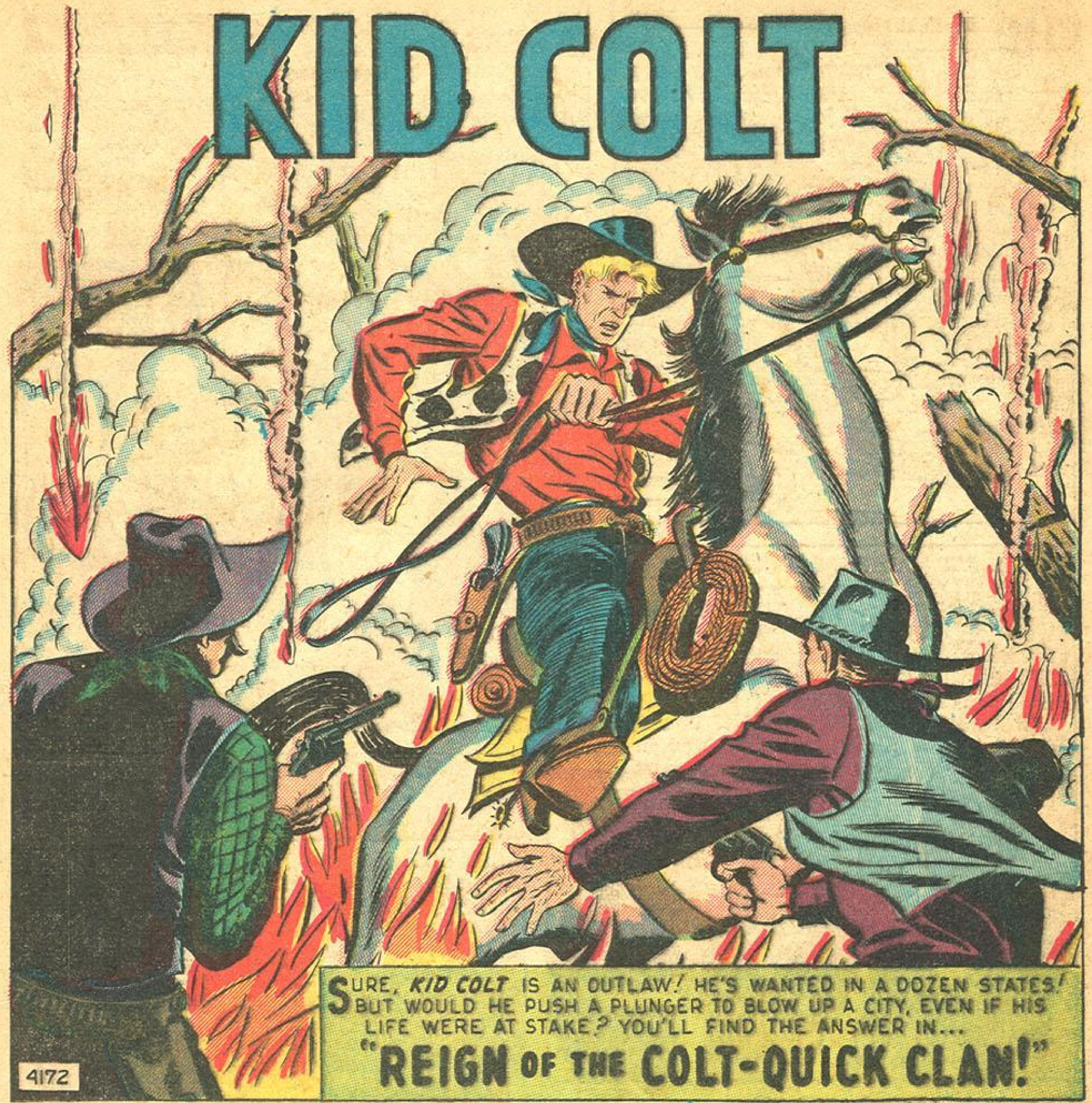
BASUTOLAND "CROCODILE"—32 OTHERS!
Including Gabon, Cote D'Ivoire, Mozambique, Wallis, Futuna, Manchuria, Shanghai, Fezzan, Giraffe "Pigtails", French Foreign Legion Stamp, Desert Fort, etc. 33 DIFFERENT—5c. Approvals.
S. B. CATLYN, Box 509-M, PARRIS ISLAND, S. C.

31 WASHINGTON STAMPS

From Brazil & Ecuador, also 6 color U. S. Flag, T. B. & Malaria stamps, Pirate Isles, others. All 4¢ Approvals.
GRAYSON STAMP CO.
Box 559M Sherman, Texas

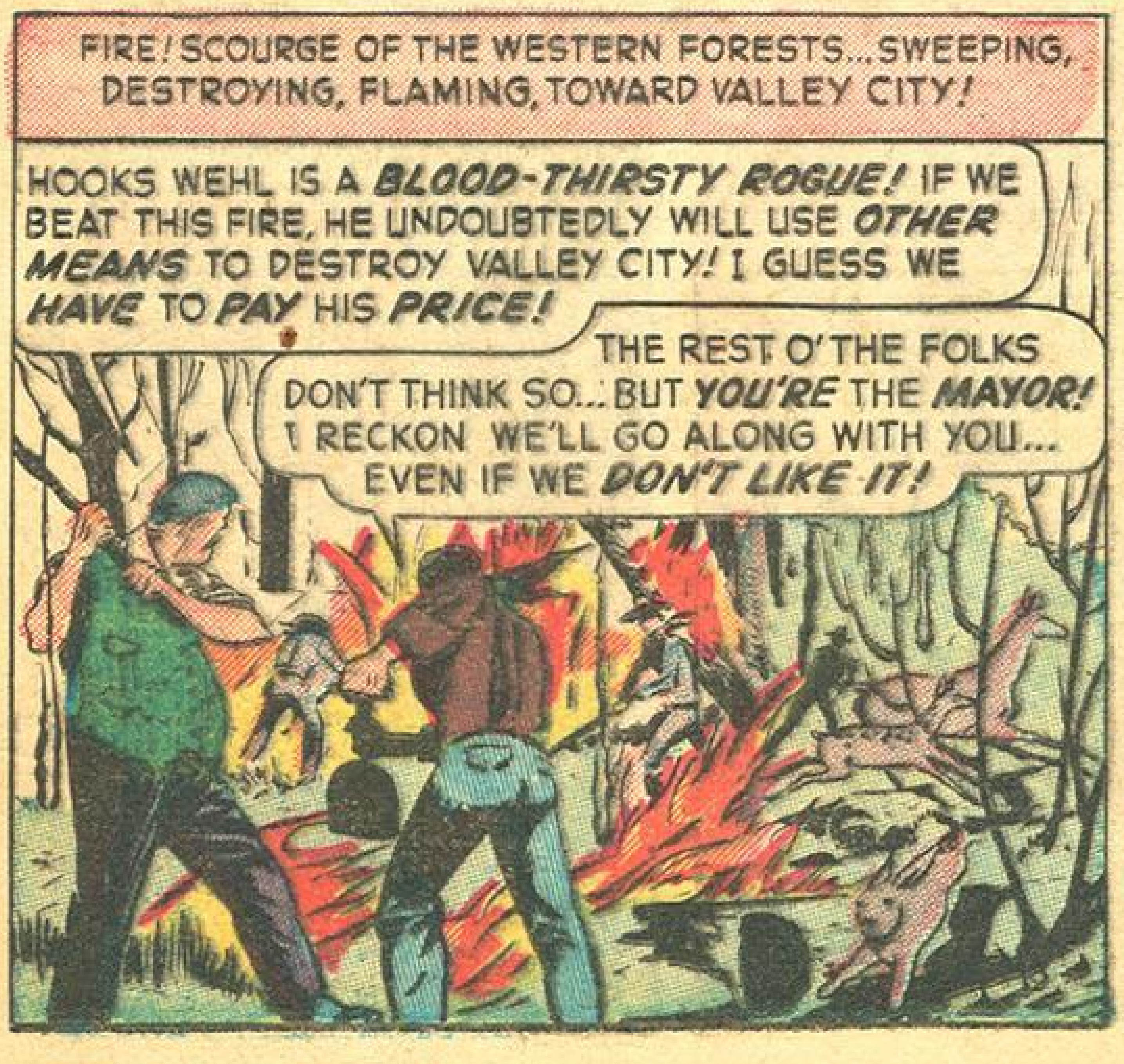
KID COLT



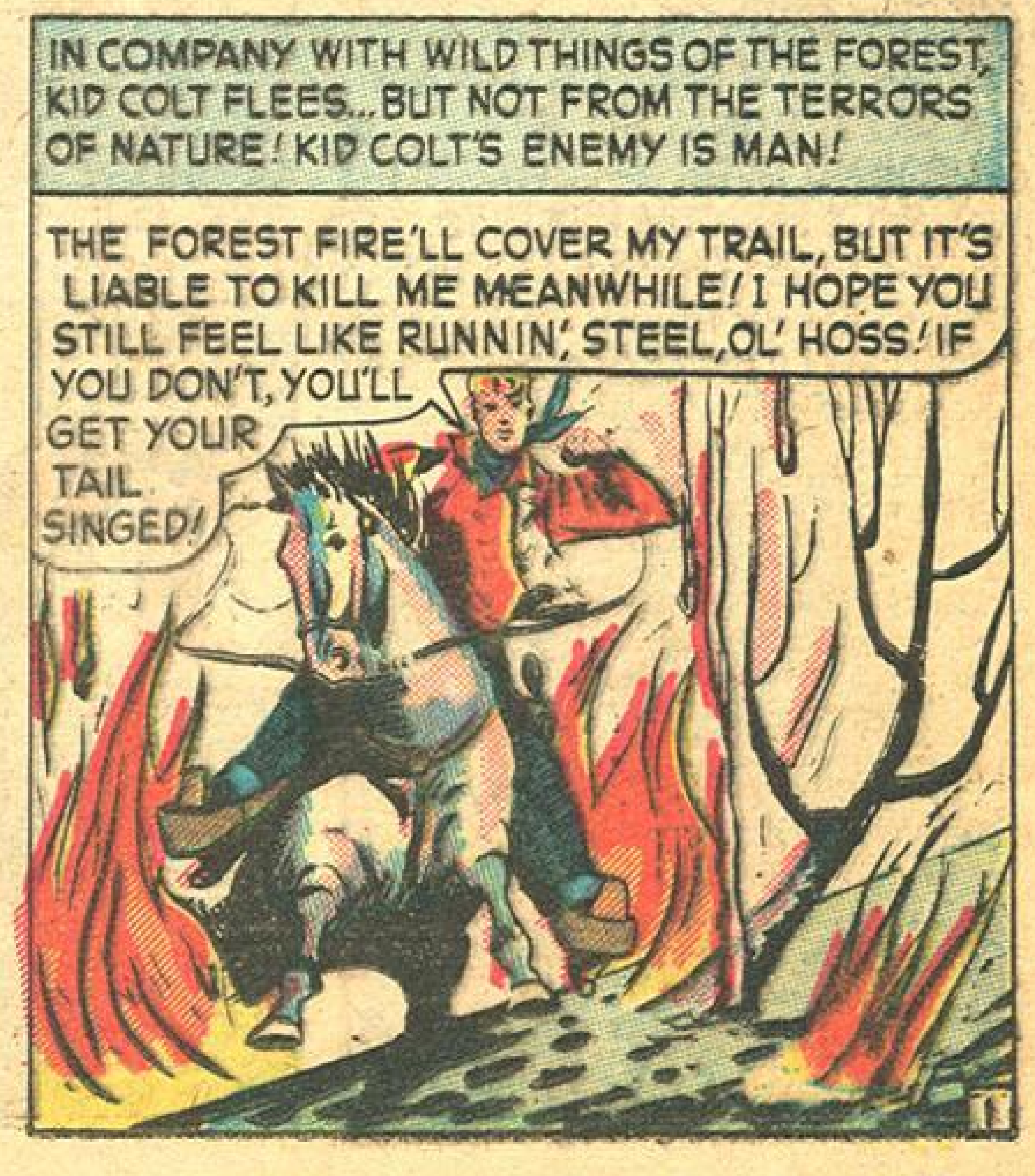
SURE, *KID COLT* IS AN OUTLAW! HE'S WANTED IN A DOZEN STATES! BUT WOULD HE PUSH A PLUNGER TO BLOW UP A CITY, EVEN IF HIS LIFE WERE AT STAKE? YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWER IN...

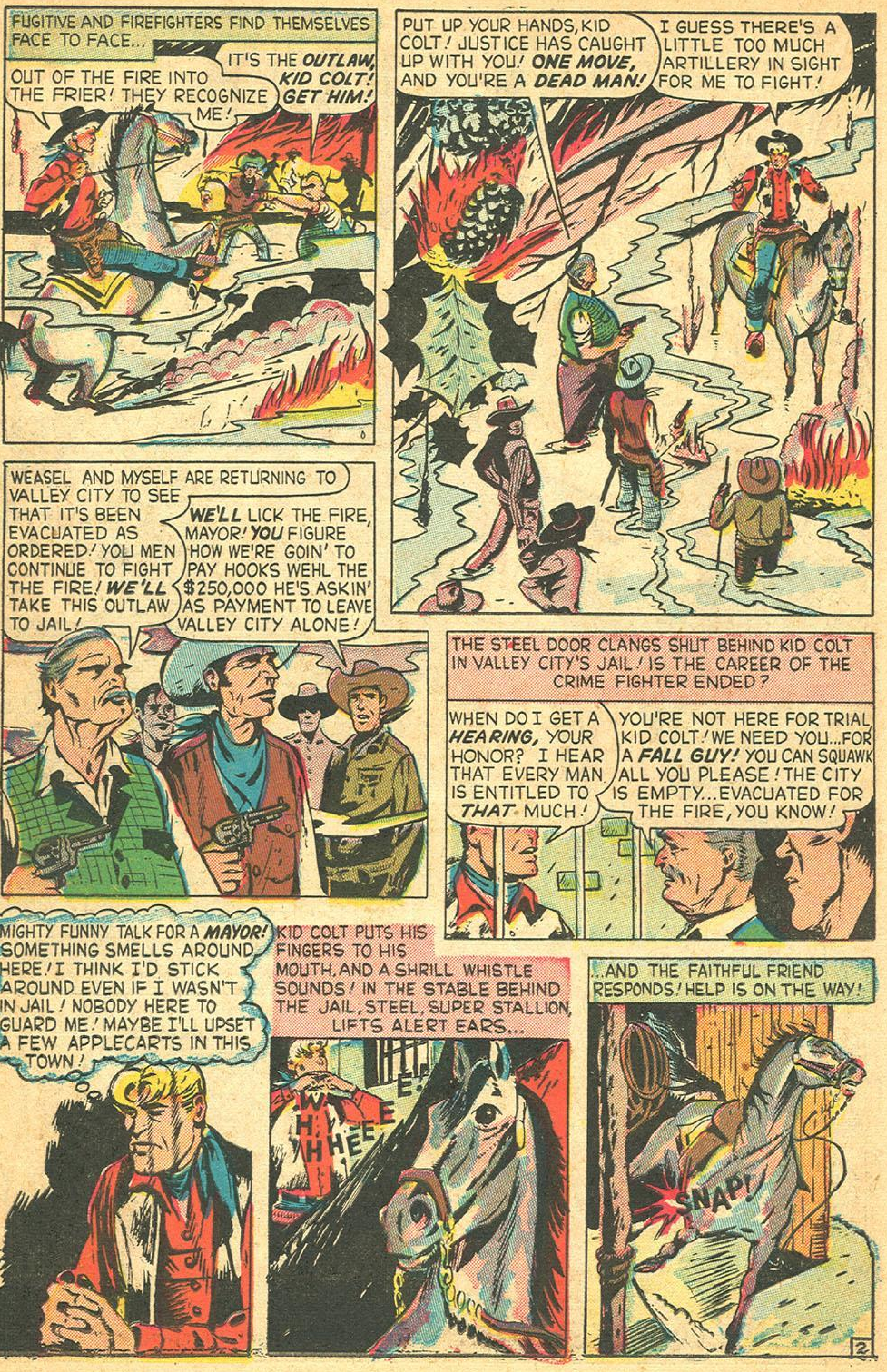
"REIGN OF THE COLT-QUICK CLAN!"

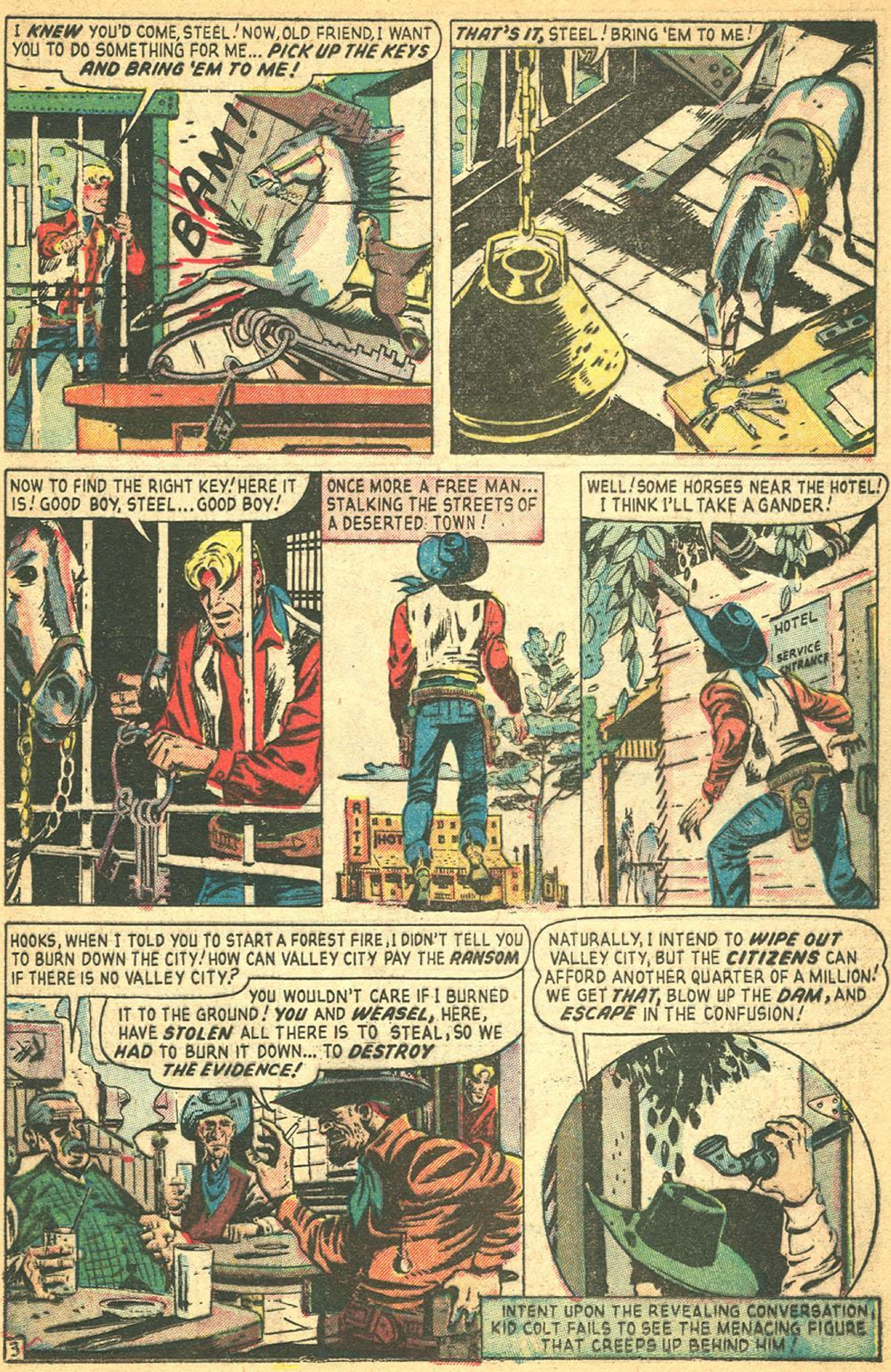
FIRE! SCOURGE OF THE WESTERN FORESTS...SWEEPING, DESTROYING, FLAMING, TOWARD VALLEY CITY!

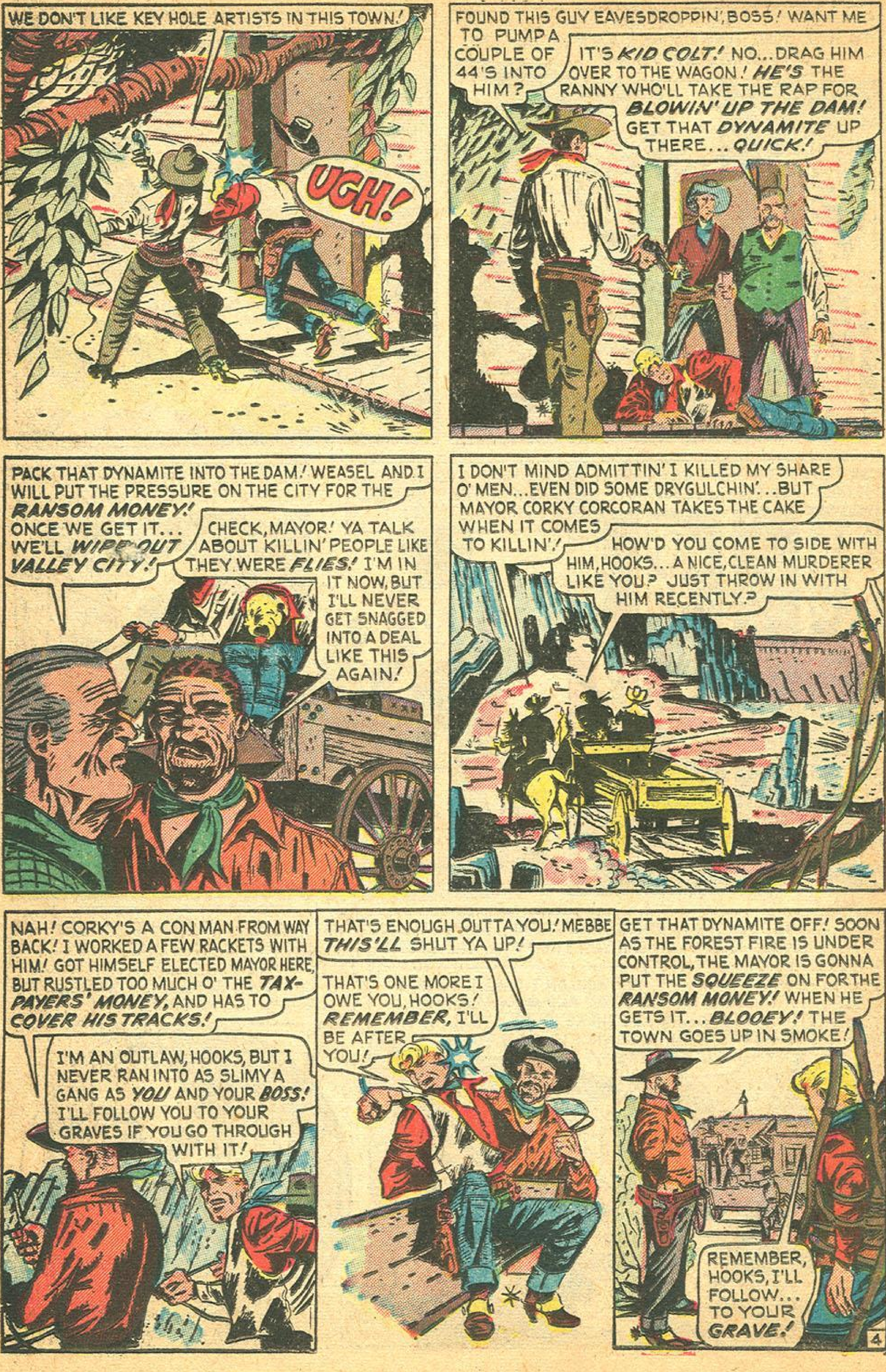

HOOKS WEHL IS A ***BLOOD-THIRSTY ROGUE!*** IF WE BEAT THIS FIRE, HE UNDOUBTEDLY WILL USE ***OTHER MEANS*** TO DESTROY VALLEY CITY! I GUESS WE ***HAVE*** TO ***PAY*** HIS ***PRICE!***
THE REST O' THE FOLKS DON'T THINK SO... BUT ***YOU'RE*** THE ***MAYOR!*** I RECKON WE'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU... EVEN IF WE ***DON'T LIKE IT!***

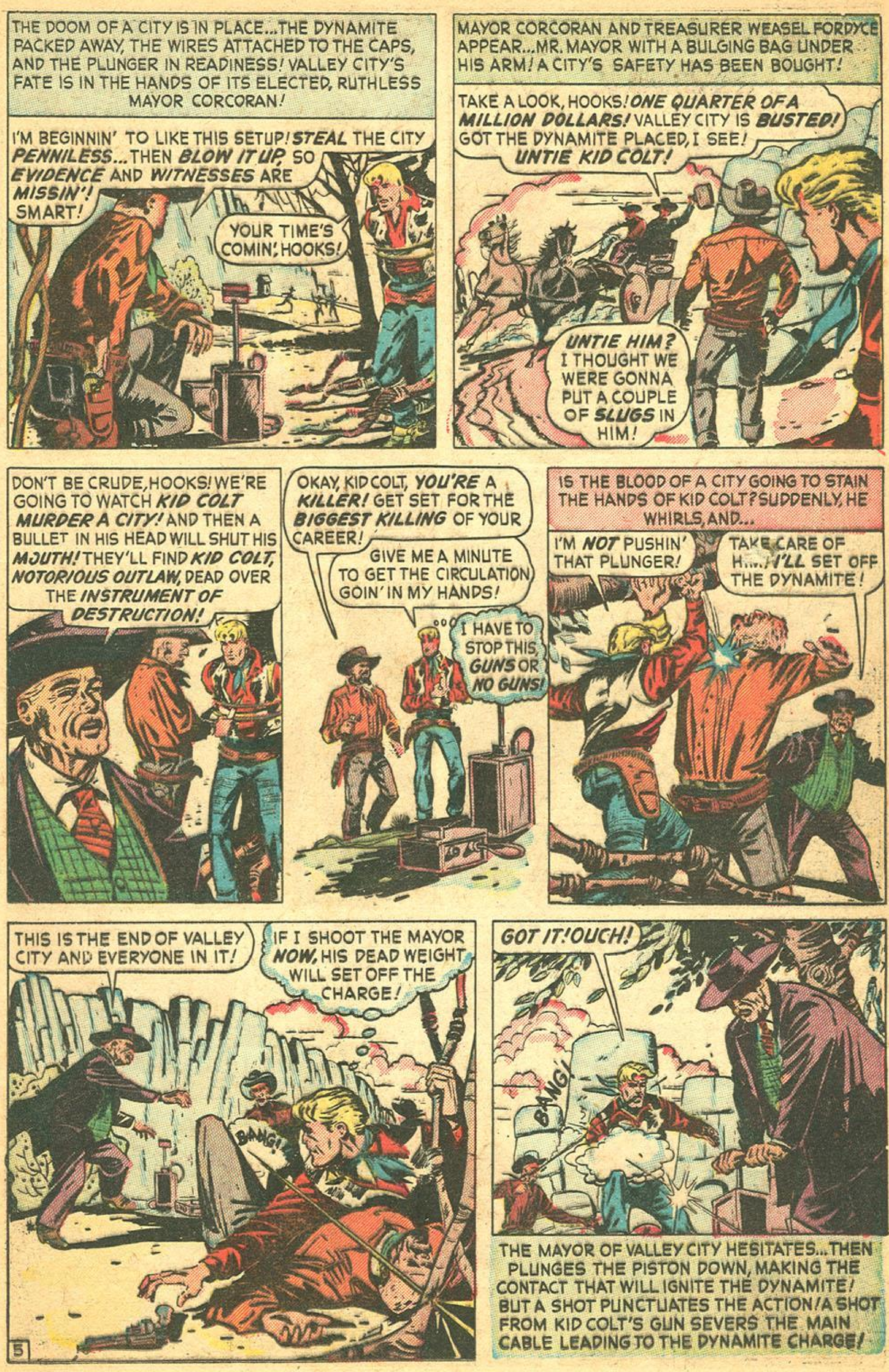
IN COMPANY WITH WILD THINGS OF THE FOREST, KID COLT FLEES... BUT NOT FROM THE TERRORS OF NATURE! KID COLT'S ENEMY IS MAN!

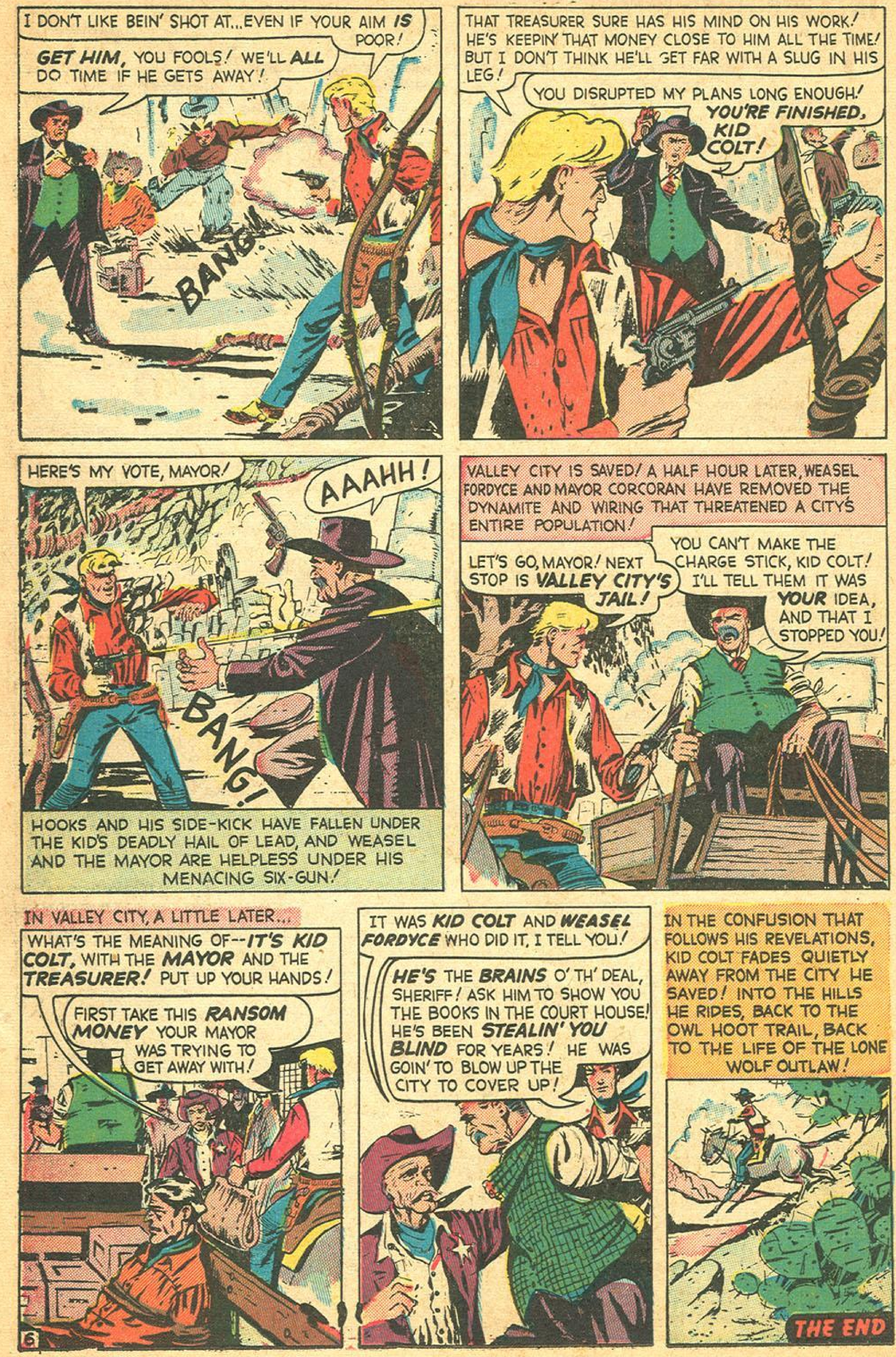

THE FOREST FIRE'LL COVER MY TRAIL, BUT IT'S LIABLE TO KILL ME MEANWHILE! I HOPE YOU STILL FEEL LIKE RUNNIN', STEEL, OL' HOSS! IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL GET YOUR TAIL SINGED!


FUGITIVE AND FIREFIGHTERS FIND THEMSELVES FACE TO FACE...
OUT OF THE FIRE INTO THE FRIER! THEY RECOGNIZE ME!
IT'S THE *OUTLAW, KID COLT! GET HIM!*
PUT UP YOUR HANDS, KID COLT! JUSTICE HAS CAUGHT UP WITH YOU! *ONE MOVE,* AND YOU'RE A *DEAD MAN!*
I GUESS THERE'S A LITTLE TOO MUCH ARTILLERY IN SIGHT FOR ME TO FIGHT!
WEASEL AND MYSELF ARE RETURNING TO VALLEY CITY TO SEE THAT IT'S BEEN EVACUATED AS ORDERED! YOU MEN CONTINUE TO FIGHT THE FIRE! *WE'LL* TAKE THIS OUTLAW TO JAIL!
WE'LL LICK THE FIRE, MAYOR! *YOU* FIGURE HOW WE'RE GOIN' TO PAY HOOKS WEHL THE $250,000 HE'S ASKIN' AS PAYMENT TO LEAVE VALLEY CITY ALONE!
THE STEEL DOOR CLANGS SHUT BEHIND KID COLT IN VALLEY CITY'S JAIL! IS THE CAREER OF THE CRIME FIGHTER ENDED?
WHEN DO I GET A *HEARING,* YOUR HONOR? I HEAR THAT EVERY MAN IS ENTITLED TO *THAT* MUCH!
YOU'RE NOT HERE FOR TRIAL KID COLT! WE NEED YOU...FOR A *FALL GUY!* YOU CAN SQUAWK ALL YOU PLEASE! THE CITY IS EMPTY...EVACUATED FOR THE FIRE, YOU KNOW!
MIGHTY FUNNY TALK FOR A *MAYOR!* SOMETHING SMELLS AROUND HERE! I THINK I'D STICK AROUND EVEN IF I WASN'T IN JAIL! NOBODY HERE TO GUARD ME! MAYBE I'LL UPSET A FEW APPLECARTS IN THIS TOWN!
KID COLT PUTS HIS FINGERS TO HIS MOUTH, AND A SHRILL WHISTLE SOUNDS! IN THE STABLE BEHIND THE JAIL, STEEL, SUPER STALLION, LIFTS ALERT EARS...
WHHEEE!
...AND THE FAITHFUL FRIEND RESPONDS! HELP IS ON THE WAY!
SNAP!


I *KNEW* YOU'D COME, STEEL! NOW, OLD FRIEND, I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME... *PICK UP THE KEYS AND BRING 'EM TO ME!*
BAM!
THAT'S IT, STEEL! BRING 'EM TO ME!
NOW TO FIND THE RIGHT KEY! HERE IT IS! GOOD BOY, STEEL... GOOD BOY!
ONCE MORE A FREE MAN... STALKING THE STREETS OF A DESERTED TOWN!
RITZ HOT
WELL! SOME HORSES NEAR THE HOTEL! I THINK I'LL TAKE A GANDER!
HOTEL SERVICE ENTRANCE
HOOKS, WHEN I TOLD YOU TO START A FOREST FIRE, I DIDN'T TELL YOU TO BURN DOWN THE CITY! HOW CAN VALLEY CITY PAY THE *RANSOM* IF THERE IS NO VALLEY CITY?
YOU WOULDN'T CARE IF I BURNED IT TO THE GROUND! *YOU* AND *WEASEL,* HERE, HAVE *STOLEN* ALL THERE IS TO STEAL, SO WE *HAD* TO BURN IT DOWN... TO *DESTROY THE EVIDENCE!*
NATURALLY, I INTEND TO *WIPE OUT* VALLEY CITY, BUT THE *CITIZENS* CAN AFFORD ANOTHER QUARTER OF A MILLION! WE GET *THAT,* BLOW UP THE *DAM,* AND *ESCAPE* IN THE CONFUSION!
INTENT UPON THE REVEALING CONVERSATION, KID COLT FAILS TO SEE THE MENACING FIGURE THAT CREEPS UP BEHIND HIM!
3


WE DON'T LIKE KEY HOLE ARTISTS IN THIS TOWN!
UGH!
FOUND THIS GUY EAVESDROPPIN', BOSS! WANT ME TO PUMP A COUPLE OF 44'S INTO HIM?
IT'S *KID COLT!* NO... DRAG HIM OVER TO THE WAGON! *HE'S* THE RANNY WHO'LL TAKE THE RAP FOR *BLOWIN' UP THE DAM!* GET THAT *DYNAMITE* UP THERE... *QUICK!*
PACK THAT DYNAMITE INTO THE DAM! WEASEL AND I WILL PUT THE PRESSURE ON THE CITY FOR THE *RANSOM MONEY!* ONCE WE GET IT... WE'LL *WIPE OUT VALLEY CITY!*
CHECK, MAYOR! YA TALK ABOUT KILLIN' PEOPLE LIKE THEY WERE *FLIES!* I'M IN IT NOW, BUT I'LL NEVER GET SNAGGED INTO A DEAL LIKE THIS AGAIN!
I DON'T MIND ADMITTIN' I KILLED MY SHARE O' MEN... EVEN DID SOME DRYGULCHIN'... BUT MAYOR CORKY CORCORAN TAKES THE CAKE WHEN IT COMES TO KILLIN'!
HOW'D YOU COME TO SIDE WITH HIM, HOOKS... A NICE, CLEAN MURDERER LIKE YOU? JUST THROW IN WITH HIM RECENTLY?
NAH! CORKY'S A CON MAN FROM WAY BACK! I WORKED A FEW RACKETS WITH HIM! GOT HIMSELF ELECTED MAYOR HERE, BUT RUSTLED TOO MUCH O' THE *TAX-PAYERS' MONEY,* AND HAS TO *COVER HIS TRACKS!*
I'M AN OUTLAW, HOOKS, BUT I NEVER RAN INTO AS SLIMY A GANG AS *YOU* AND YOUR *BOSS!* I'LL FOLLOW YOU TO YOUR GRAVES IF YOU GO THROUGH WITH IT!
THAT'S ENOUGH OUTTA YOU! MEBBE *THIS'LL* SHUT YA UP!
THAT'S ONE MORE I OWE YOU, HOOKS! *REMEMBER,* I'LL BE AFTER YOU!
GET THAT DYNAMITE OFF! SOON AS THE FOREST FIRE IS UNDER CONTROL, THE MAYOR IS GONNA PUT THE *SQUEEZE* ON FOR THE *RANSOM MONEY!* WHEN HE GETS IT... *BLOOEY!* THE TOWN GOES UP IN SMOKE!
REMEMBER, HOOKS, I'LL FOLLOW... TO YOUR *GRAVE!*


THE DOOM OF A CITY IS IN PLACE...THE DYNAMITE PACKED AWAY, THE WIRES ATTACHED TO THE CAPS, AND THE PLUNGER IN READINESS! VALLEY CITY'S FATE IS IN THE HANDS OF ITS ELECTED, RUTHLESS MAYOR CORCORAN!
I'M BEGINNIN' TO LIKE THIS SETUP! STEAL THE CITY PENNILESS...THEN BLOW IT UP, SO EVIDENCE AND WITNESSES ARE MISSIN'! SMART!
YOUR TIME'S COMIN', HOOKS!
MAYOR CORCORAN AND TREASURER WEASEL FORDYCE APPEAR...MR. MAYOR WITH A BULGING BAG UNDER HIS ARM! A CITY'S SAFETY HAS BEEN BOUGHT!
TAKE A LOOK, HOOKS! ONE QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS! VALLEY CITY IS BUSTED! GOT THE DYNAMITE PLACED, I SEE! UNTIE KID COLT!
UNTIE HIM? I THOUGHT WE WERE GONNA PUT A COUPLE OF SLUGS IN HIM!
DON'T BE CRUDE, HOOKS! WE'RE GOING TO WATCH KID COLT MURDER A CITY! AND THEN A BULLET IN HIS HEAD WILL SHUT HIS MOUTH! THEY'LL FIND KID COLT, NOTORIOUS OUTLAW, DEAD OVER THE INSTRUMENT OF DESTRUCTION!
OKAY, KID COLT, YOU'RE A KILLER! GET SET FOR THE BIGGEST KILLING OF YOUR CAREER!
GIVE ME A MINUTE TO GET THE CIRCULATION GOIN' IN MY HANDS!
I HAVE TO STOP THIS, GUNS OR NO GUNS!
IS THE BLOOD OF A CITY GOING TO STAIN THE HANDS OF KID COLT? SUDDENLY, HE WHIRLS, AND...
I'M NOT PUSHIN' THAT PLUNGER!
TAKE CARE OF H...I'LL SET OFF THE DYNAMITE!
THIS IS THE END OF VALLEY CITY AND EVERYONE IN IT!
IF I SHOOT THE MAYOR NOW, HIS DEAD WEIGHT WILL SET OFF THE CHARGE!
BANG!
GOT IT! OUCH!
BANG!
THE MAYOR OF VALLEY CITY HESITATES...THEN PLUNGES THE PISTON DOWN, MAKING THE CONTACT THAT WILL IGNITE THE DYNAMITE! BUT A SHOT PUNCTUATES THE ACTION! A SHOT FROM KID COLT'S GUN SEVERS THE MAIN CABLE LEADING TO THE DYNAMITE CHARGE!


I DON'T LIKE BEIN' SHOT AT... EVEN IF YOUR AIM *IS* POOR!
GET HIM, YOU FOOLS! WE'LL **ALL** DO TIME IF HE GETS AWAY!
BANG
THAT TREASURER SURE HAS HIS MIND ON HIS WORK! HE'S KEEPIN' THAT MONEY CLOSE TO HIM ALL THE TIME! BUT I DON'T THINK HE'LL GET FAR WITH A SLUG IN HIS LEG!
YOU DISRUPTED MY PLANS LONG ENOUGH! ***YOU'RE FINISHED, KID COLT!***
HERE'S MY VOTE, MAYOR!
AAAHH!
BANG!
HOOKS AND HIS SIDE-KICK HAVE FALLEN UNDER THE KID'S DEADLY HAIL OF LEAD, AND WEASEL AND THE MAYOR ARE HELPLESS UNDER HIS MENACING SIX-GUN!
VALLEY CITY IS SAVED! A HALF HOUR LATER, WEASEL FORDYCE AND MAYOR CORCORAN HAVE REMOVED THE DYNAMITE AND WIRING THAT THREATENED A CITY'S ENTIRE POPULATION!
LET'S GO, MAYOR! NEXT STOP IS ***VALLEY CITY'S JAIL!***
YOU CAN'T MAKE THE CHARGE STICK, KID COLT! I'LL TELL THEM IT WAS ***YOUR*** IDEA, AND THAT I STOPPED YOU!
IN VALLEY CITY, A LITTLE LATER...
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF--***IT'S KID COLT,*** WITH THE ***MAYOR*** AND THE ***TREASURER!*** PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
FIRST TAKE THIS ***RANSOM MONEY*** YOUR MAYOR WAS TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH!
IT WAS ***KID COLT*** AND ***WEASEL FORDYCE*** WHO DID IT, I TELL YOU!
HE'S THE ***BRAINS*** O' TH' DEAL, SHERIFF! ASK HIM TO SHOW YOU THE BOOKS IN THE COURT HOUSE! HE'S BEEN ***STEALIN' YOU BLIND*** FOR YEARS! HE WAS GOIN' TO BLOW UP THE CITY TO COVER UP!
IN THE CONFUSION THAT FOLLOWS HIS REVELATIONS, KID COLT FADES QUIETLY AWAY FROM THE CITY HE SAVED! INTO THE HILLS HE RIDES, BACK TO THE OWL HOOT TRAIL, BACK TO THE LIFE OF THE LONE WOLF OUTLAW!
THE END

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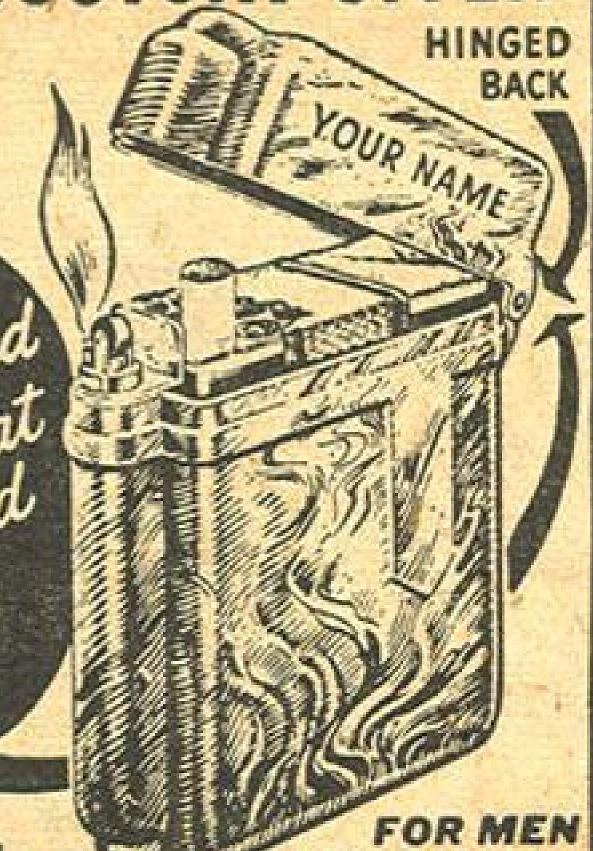

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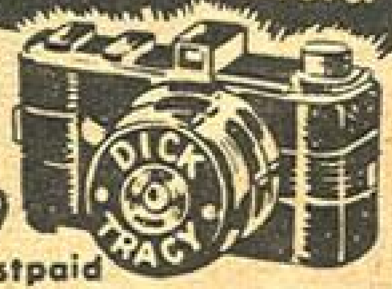

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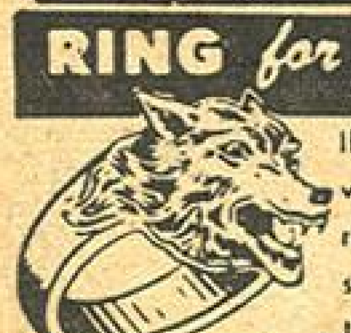

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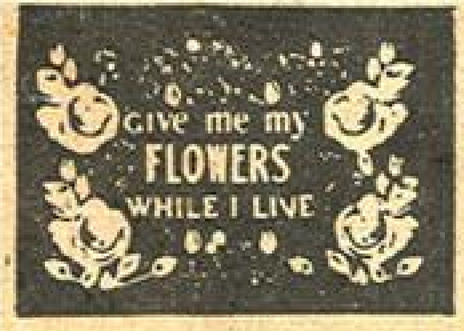
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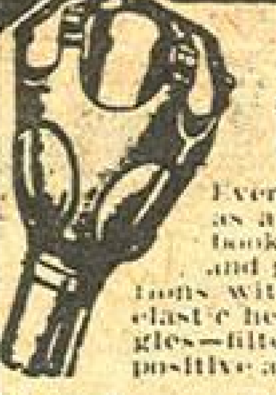

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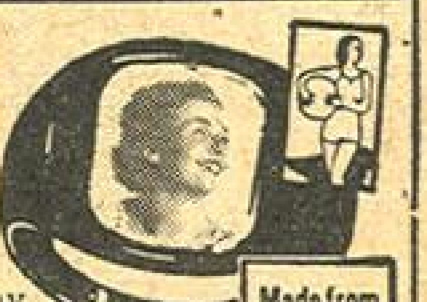

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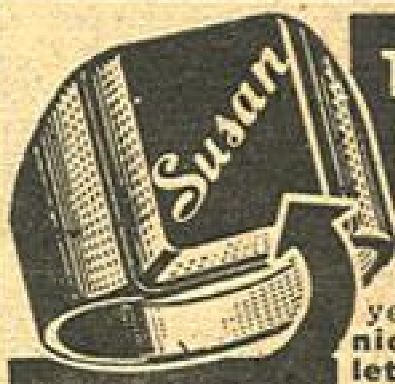

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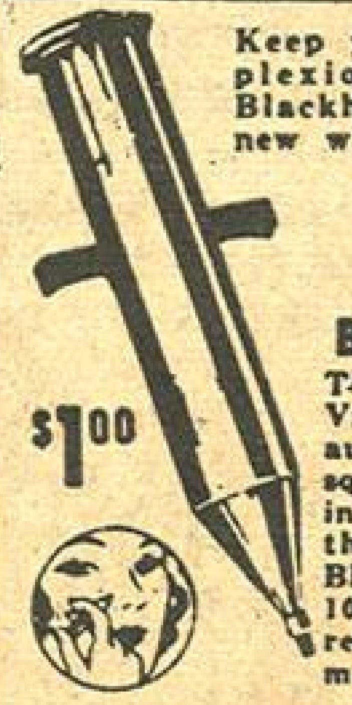

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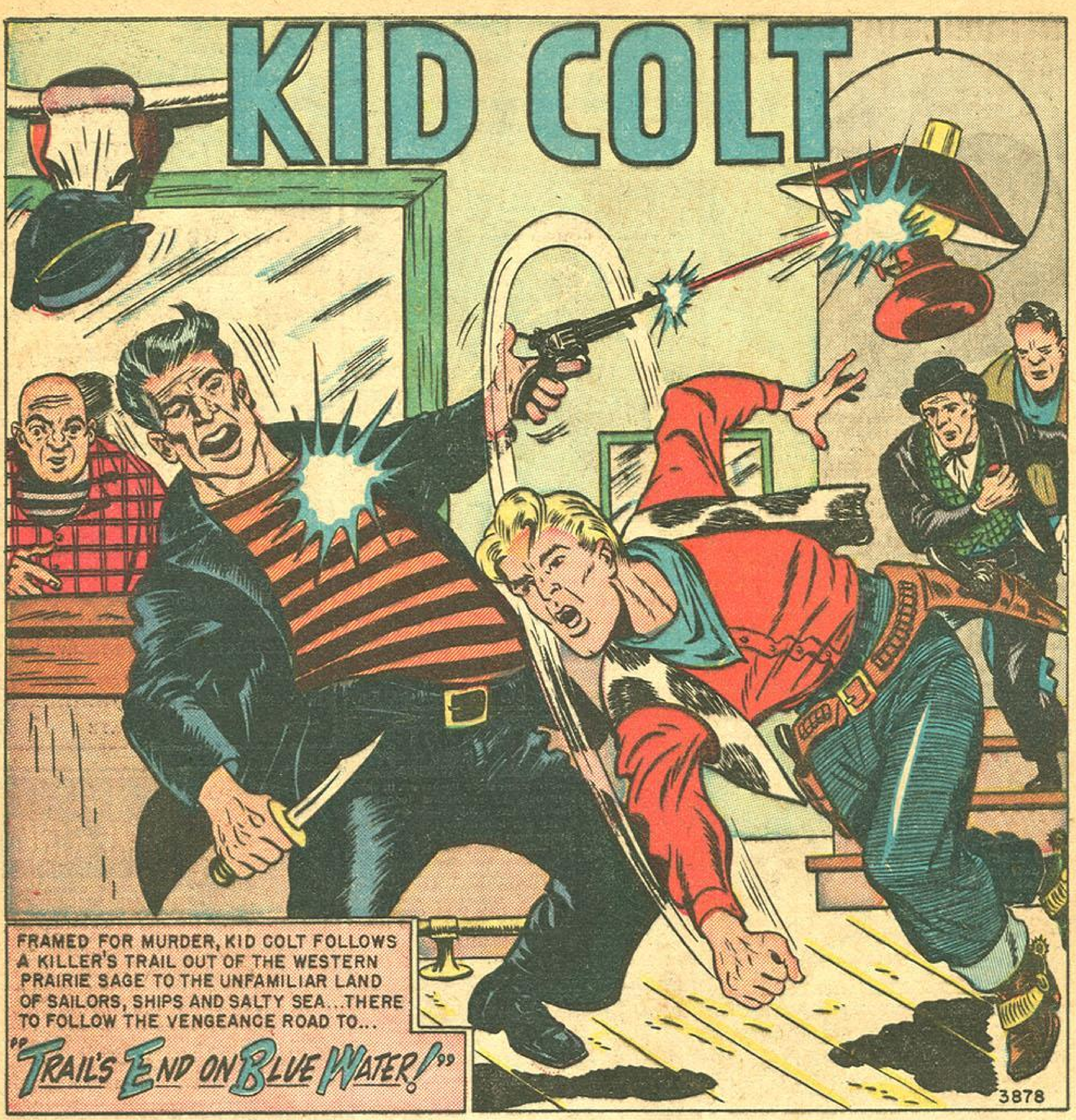
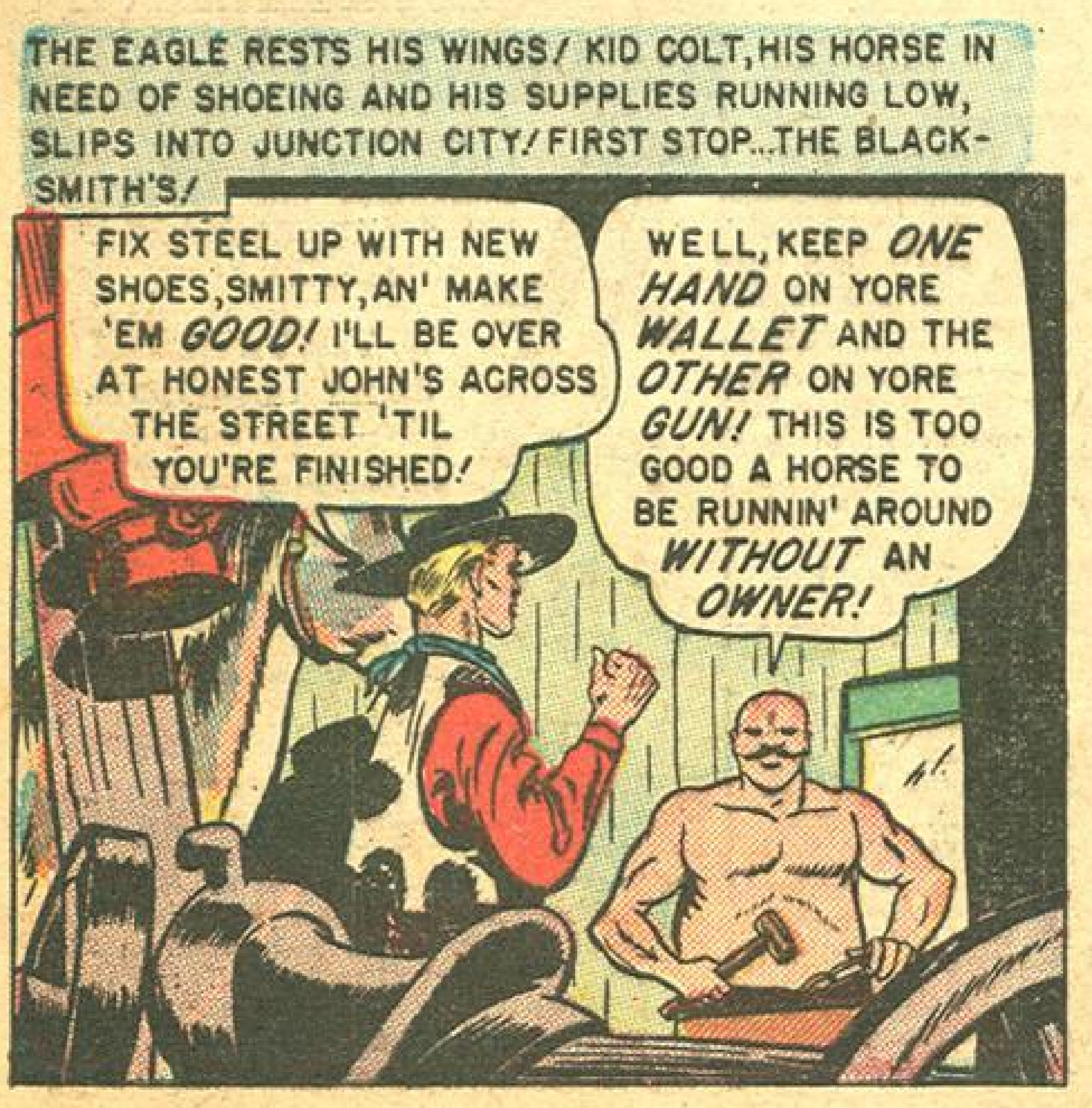
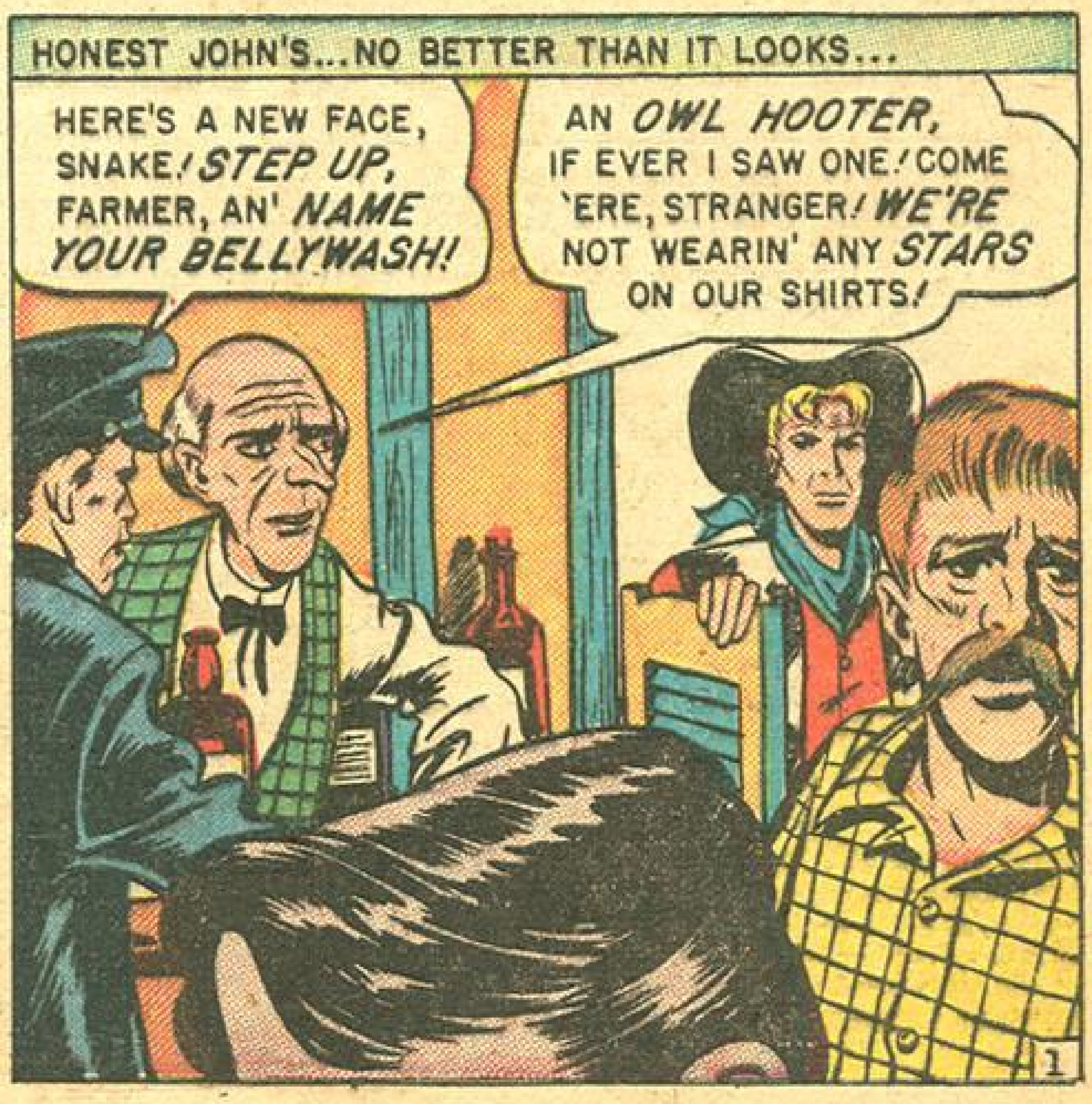
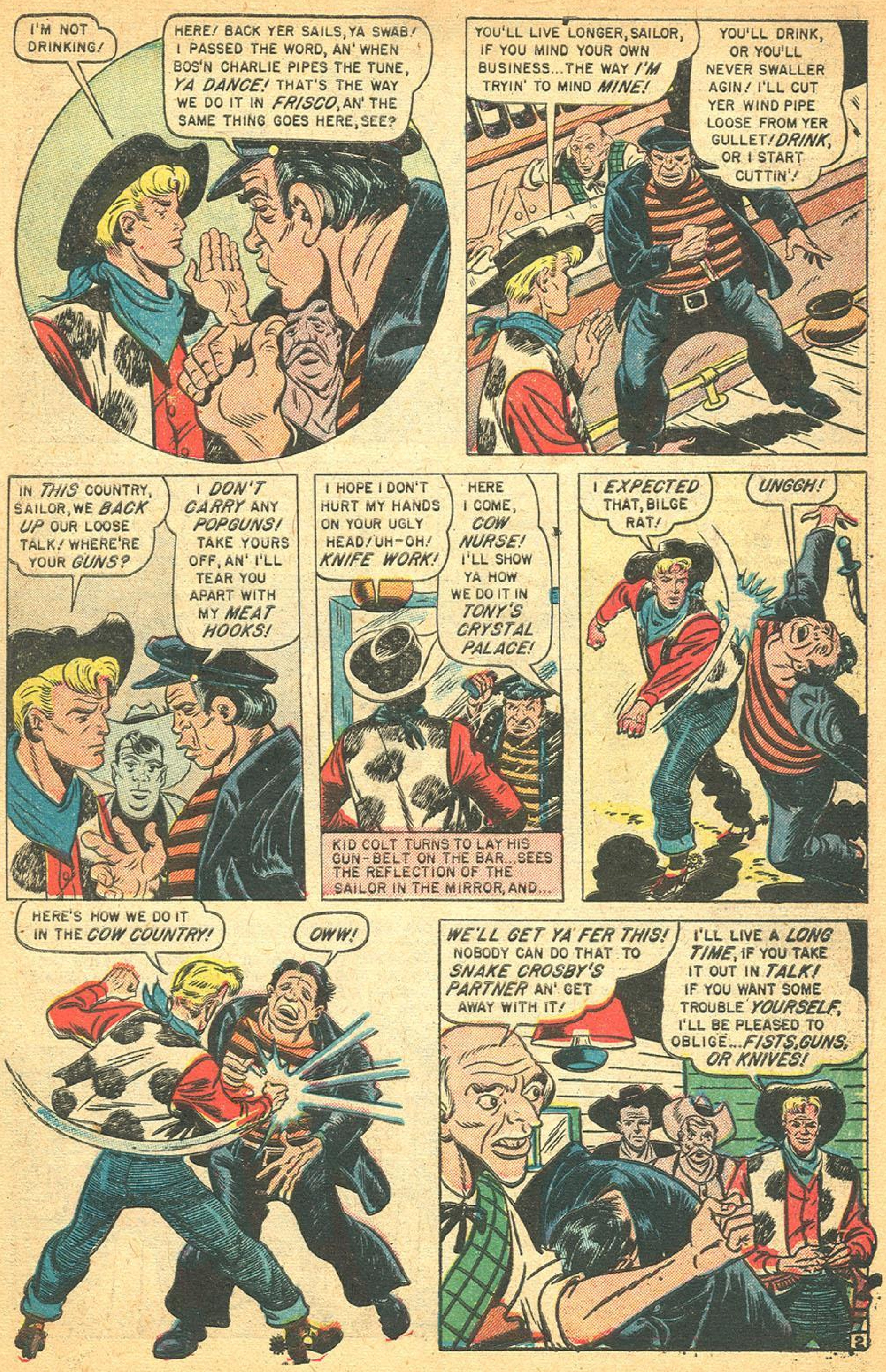
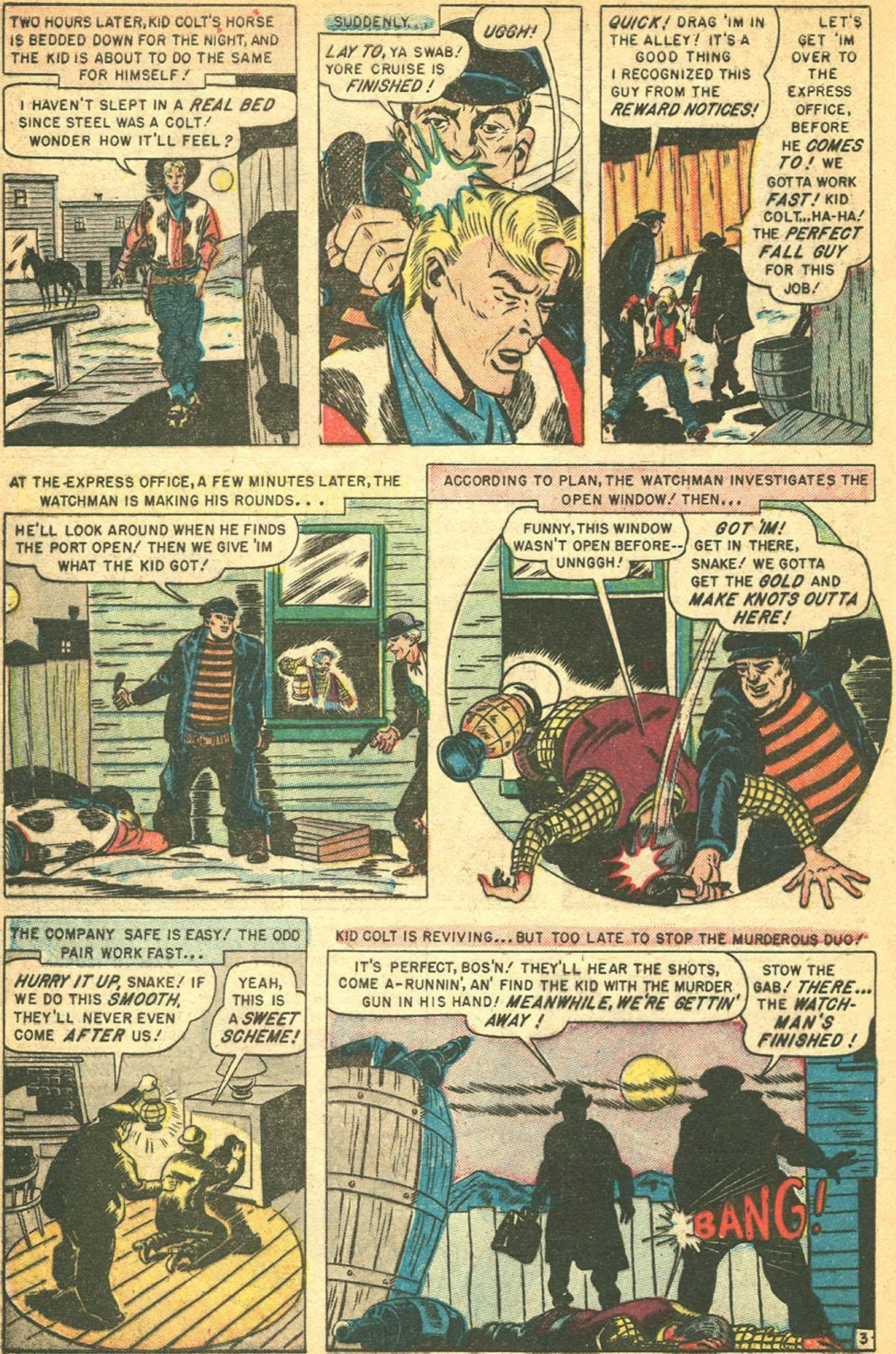
KID COLT

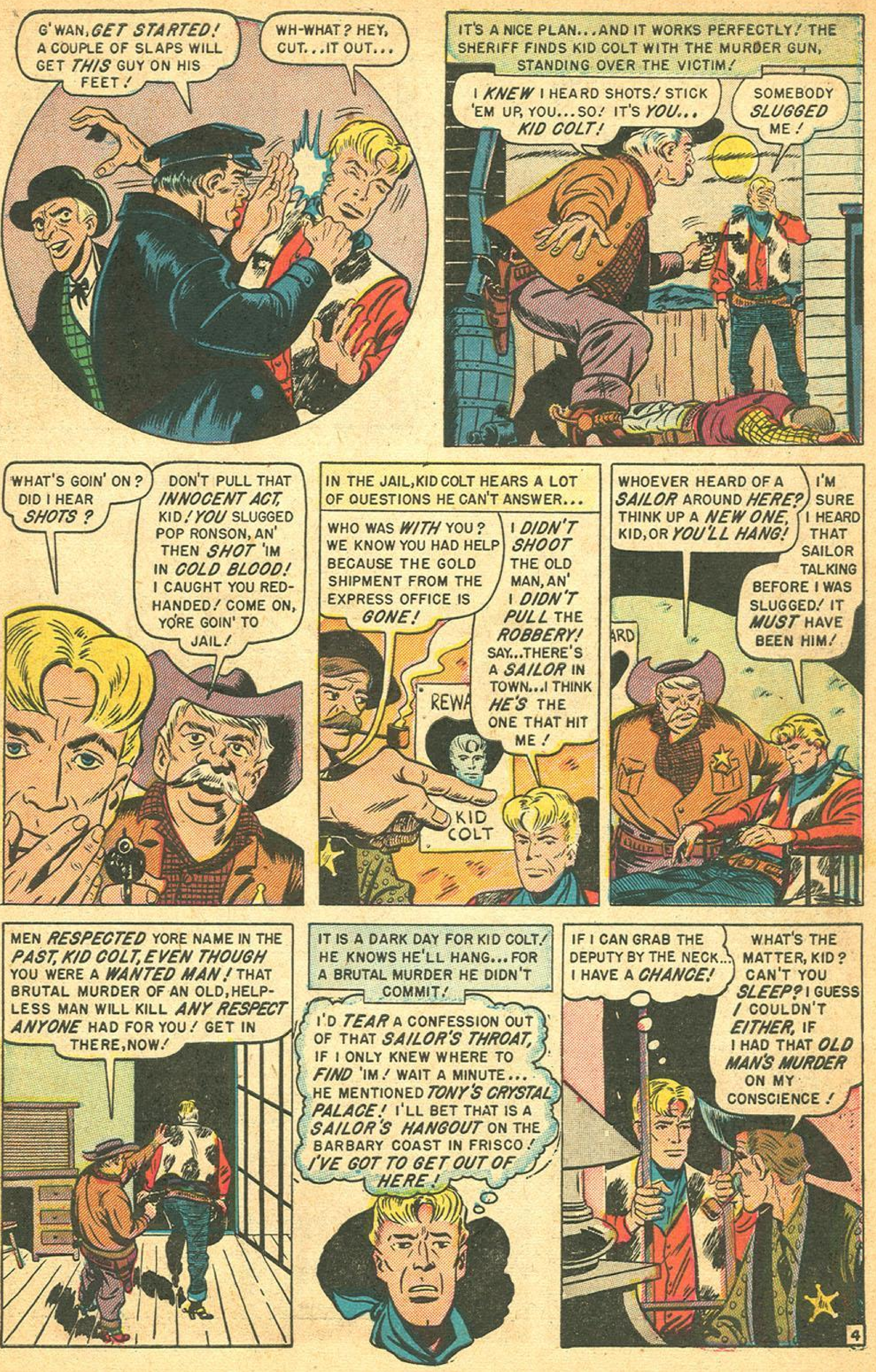

FRAMED FOR MURDER, KID COLT FOLLOWS A KILLER'S TRAIL OUT OF THE WESTERN PRAIRIE SAGE TO THE UNFAMILIAR LAND OF SAILORS, SHIPS AND SALTY SEA...THERE TO FOLLOW THE VENGEANCE ROAD TO...
"TRAIL'S END ON BLUE WATER!"
3878


THE EAGLE RESTS HIS WINGS! KID COLT, HIS HORSE IN NEED OF SHOEING AND HIS SUPPLIES RUNNING LOW, SLIPS INTO JUNCTION CITY! FIRST STOP...THE BLACKSMITH'S!
FIX STEEL UP WITH NEW SHOES, SMITTY, AN' MAKE 'EM *GOOD!* I'LL BE OVER AT HONEST JOHN'S ACROSS THE STREET 'TIL YOU'RE FINISHED!
WELL, KEEP *ONE HAND* ON YORE *WALLET* AND THE *OTHER* ON YORE *GUN!* THIS IS TOO GOOD A HORSE TO BE RUNNIN' AROUND *WITHOUT* AN *OWNER!*


HONEST JOHN'S...NO BETTER THAN IT LOOKS...
HERE'S A NEW FACE, SNAKE! *STEP UP,* FARMER, AN' *NAME YOUR BELLYWASH!*
AN *OWL HOOTER,* IF EVER I SAW ONE! COME 'ERE, STRANGER! *WE'RE* NOT WEARIN' ANY *STARS* ON OUR SHIRTS!
1


I'M NOT DRINKING!
HERE! BACK YER SAILS, YA SWAB! I PASSED THE WORD, AN' WHEN BOS'N CHARLIE PIPES THE TUNE, *YA DANCE!* THAT'S THE WAY WE DO IT IN *FRISCO*, AN' THE SAME THING GOES HERE, SEE?
YOU'LL LIVE LONGER, SAILOR, IF YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS...THE WAY *I'M* TRYIN' TO MIND *MINE!*
YOU'LL DRINK, OR YOU'LL NEVER SWALLER AGIN! I'LL CUT YER WIND PIPE LOOSE FROM YER GULLET! *DRINK*, OR I START CUTTIN'!
IN *THIS* COUNTRY, SAILOR, WE *BACK UP* OUR LOOSE TALK! WHERE'RE YOUR *GUNS?*
I *DON'T CARRY* ANY *POPGUNS!* TAKE YOURS OFF, AN' I'LL TEAR YOU APART WITH MY *MEAT HOOKS!*
I HOPE I DON'T HURT MY HANDS ON YOUR UGLY HEAD! UH-OH! *KNIFE WORK!*
HERE I COME, *COW NURSE!* I'LL SHOW YA HOW WE DO IT IN *TONY'S CRYSTAL PALACE!*
KID COLT TURNS TO LAY HIS GUN-BELT ON THE BAR...SEES THE REFLECTION OF THE SAILOR IN THE MIRROR, AND...
I *EXPECTED* THAT, BILGE RAT!
UNGGH!
HERE'S HOW WE DO IT IN THE *COW COUNTRY!*
OWW!
WE'LL GET YA FER THIS! NOBODY CAN DO THAT TO *SNAKE CROSBY'S PARTNER* AN' GET AWAY WITH IT!
I'LL LIVE A *LONG TIME*, IF YOU TAKE IT OUT IN *TALK!* IF YOU WANT SOME TROUBLE *YOURSELF*, I'LL BE PLEASED TO OBLIGE...*FISTS, GUNS, OR KNIVES!*


TWO HOURS LATER, KID COLT'S HORSE IS BEDDED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT, AND THE KID IS ABOUT TO DO THE SAME FOR HIMSELF!
I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN A *REAL BED* SINCE STEEL WAS A COLT! WONDER HOW IT'LL FEEL?
SUDDENLY...
UGGH!
LAY TO, YA SWAB! YORE CRUISE IS *FINISHED!*
QUICK! DRAG 'IM IN THE ALLEY! IT'S A GOOD THING I RECOGNIZED THIS GUY FROM THE *REWARD NOTICES!*
LET'S GET 'IM OVER TO THE EXPRESS OFFICE, BEFORE HE *COMES TO!* WE GOTTA WORK *FAST!* KID COLT...HA-HA! THE *PERFECT FALL GUY* FOR THIS JOB!
AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE, A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE WATCHMAN IS MAKING HIS ROUNDS...
HE'LL LOOK AROUND WHEN HE FINDS THE PORT OPEN! THEN WE GIVE 'IM WHAT THE KID GOT!
ACCORDING TO PLAN, THE WATCHMAN INVESTIGATES THE OPEN WINDOW! THEN...
FUNNY, THIS WINDOW WASN'T OPEN BEFORE-- UNNGGH!
GOT 'IM! GET IN THERE, SNAKE! WE GOTTA GET THE *GOLD* AND *MAKE KNOTS OUTTA HERE!*
THE COMPANY SAFE IS EASY! THE ODD PAIR WORK FAST...
HURRY IT UP, SNAKE! IF WE DO THIS *SMOOTH*, THEY'LL NEVER EVEN COME *AFTER* US!
YEAH, THIS IS A *SWEET SCHEME!*
KID COLT IS REVIVING... BUT TOO LATE TO STOP THE MURDEROUS DUO!
IT'S PERFECT, BOS'N! THEY'LL HEAR THE SHOTS, COME A-RUNNIN', AN' FIND THE KID WITH THE MURDER GUN IN HIS HAND! *MEANWHILE, WE'RE GETTIN' AWAY!*
STOW THE GAB! *THERE...* THE *WATCHMAN'S FINISHED!*
BANG!


G'WAN, GET STARTED! A COUPLE OF SLAPS WILL GET THIS GUY ON HIS FEET!
WH-WHAT? HEY, CUT...IT OUT...
IT'S A NICE PLAN...AND IT WORKS PERFECTLY! THE SHERIFF FINDS KID COLT WITH THE MURDER GUN, STANDING OVER THE VICTIM!
I KNEW I HEARD SHOTS! STICK 'EM UP, YOU...SO! IT'S YOU... KID COLT!
SOMEBODY SLUGGED ME!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON? DID I HEAR SHOTS?
DON'T PULL THAT INNOCENT ACT, KID! YOU SLUGGED POP RONSON, AN' THEN SHOT 'IM IN COLD BLOOD! I CAUGHT YOU RED-HANDED! COME ON, YO'RE GOIN' TO JAIL!
IN THE JAIL, KID COLT HEARS A LOT OF QUESTIONS HE CAN'T ANSWER...
WHO WAS WITH YOU? WE KNOW YOU HAD HELP BECAUSE THE GOLD SHIPMENT FROM THE EXPRESS OFFICE IS GONE!
I DIDN'T SHOOT THE OLD MAN, AN' I DIDN'T PULL THE ROBBERY! SAY...THERE'S A SAILOR IN TOWN...I THINK HE'S THE ONE THAT HIT ME!
REWA
KID COLT
WHOEVER HEARD OF A SAILOR AROUND HERE? THINK UP A NEW ONE, KID, OR YOU'LL HANG!
I'M SURE I HEARD THAT SAILOR TALKING BEFORE I WAS SLUGGED! IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIM!
ARD
MEN RESPECTED YORE NAME IN THE PAST, KID COLT, EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE A WANTED MAN! THAT BRUTAL MURDER OF AN OLD, HELPLESS MAN WILL KILL ANY RESPECT ANYONE HAD FOR YOU! GET IN THERE, NOW!
IT IS A DARK DAY FOR KID COLT! HE KNOWS HE'LL HANG...FOR A BRUTAL MURDER HE DIDN'T COMMIT!
I'D TEAR A CONFESSION OUT OF THAT SAILOR'S THROAT, IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE TO FIND 'IM! WAIT A MINUTE... HE MENTIONED TONY'S CRYSTAL PALACE! I'LL BET THAT IS A SAILOR'S HANGOUT ON THE BARBARY COAST IN FRISCO! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
IF I CAN GRAB THE DEPUTY BY THE NECK... I HAVE A CHANCE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID? CAN'T YOU SLEEP? I GUESS I COULDN'T EITHER, IF I HAD THAT OLD MAN'S MURDER ON MY CONSCIENCE!

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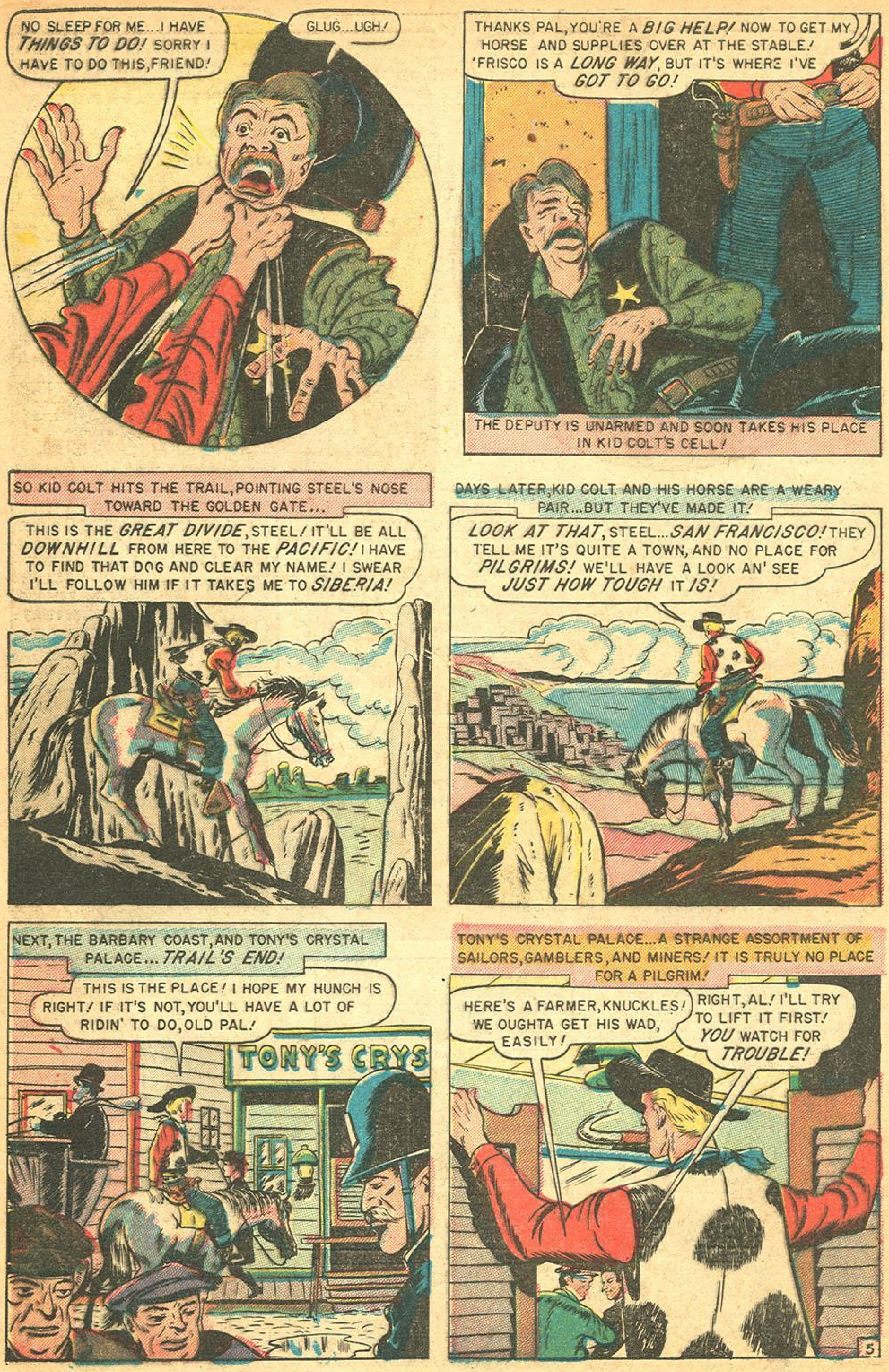
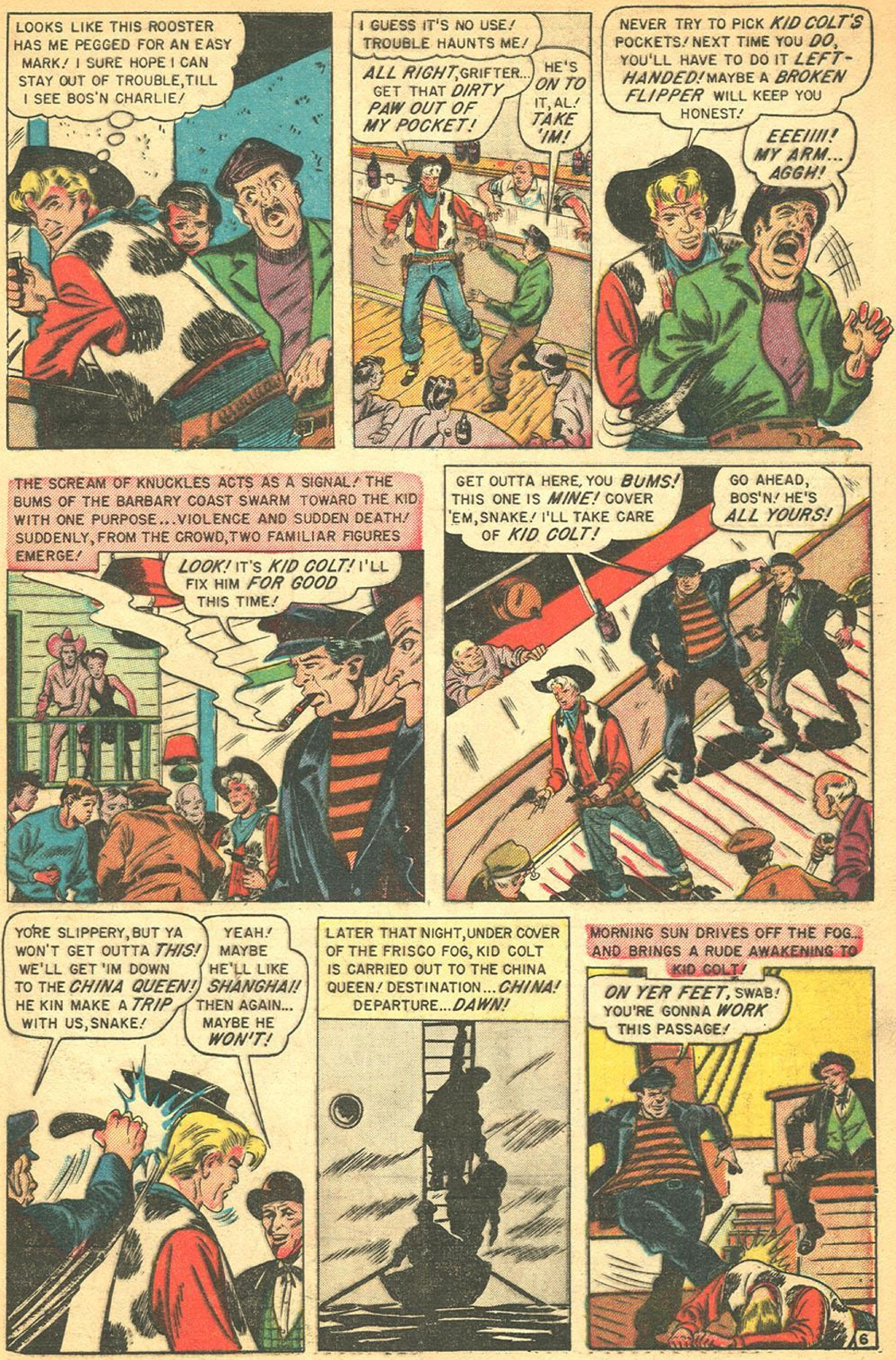
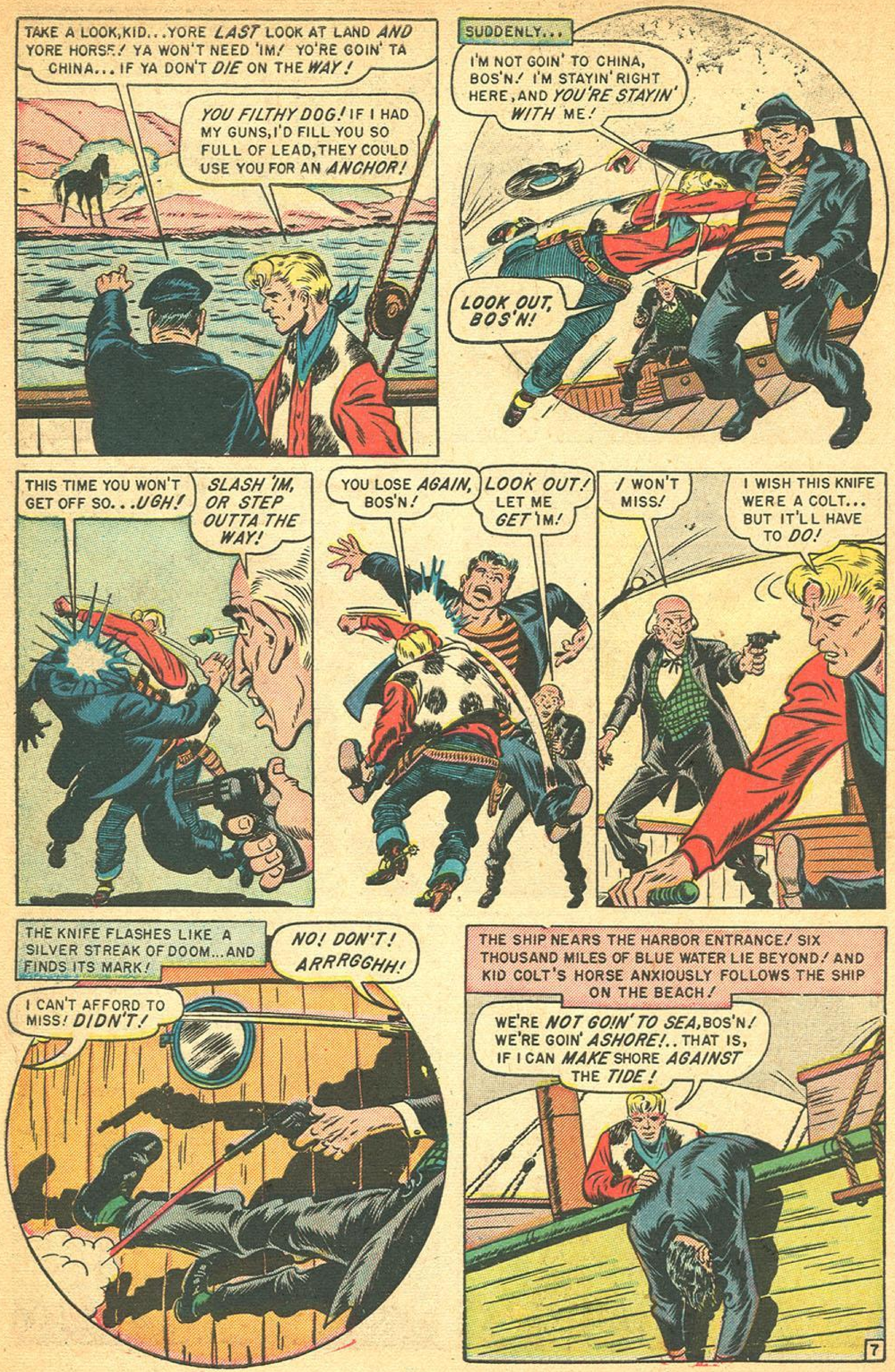
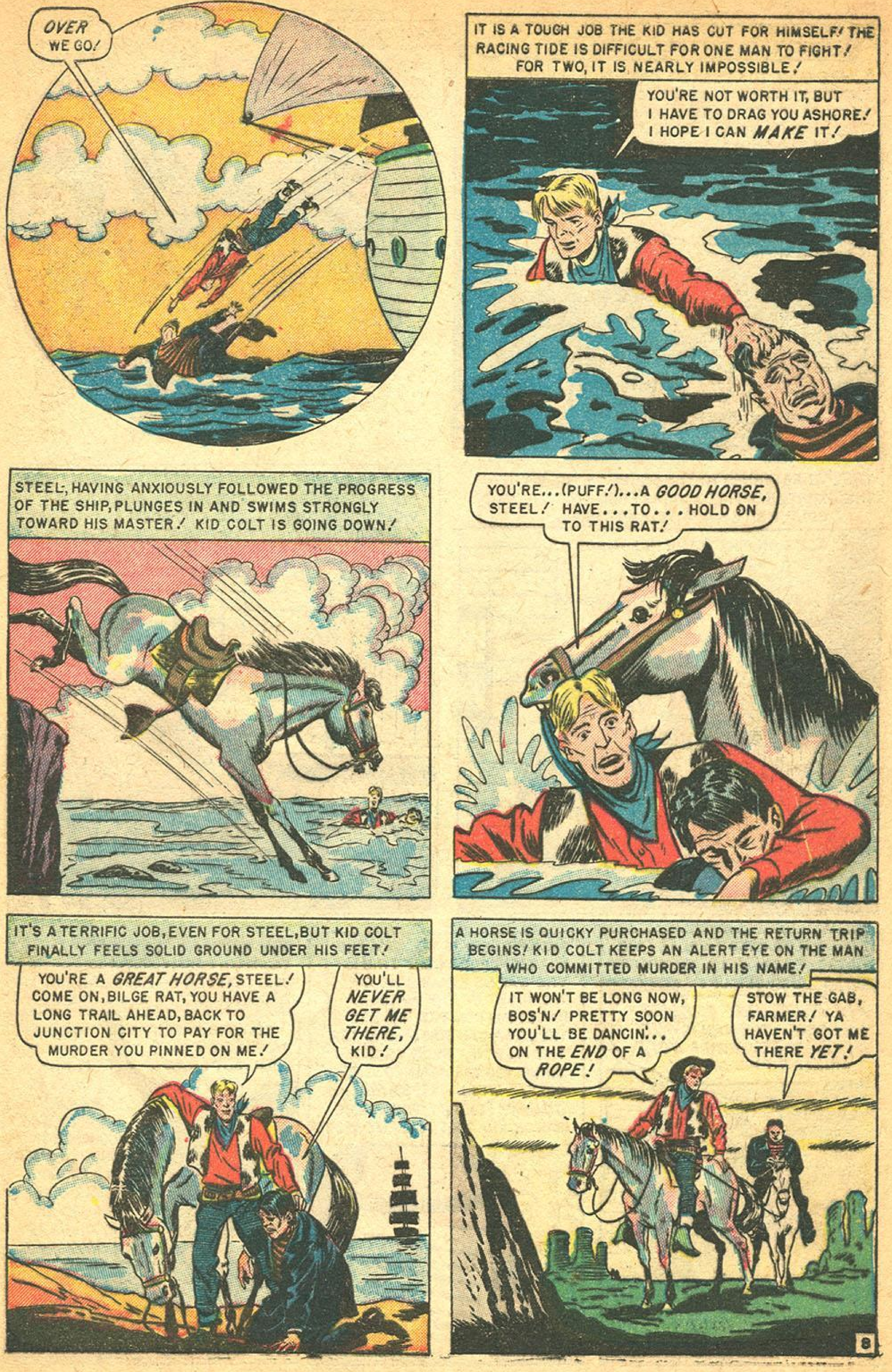
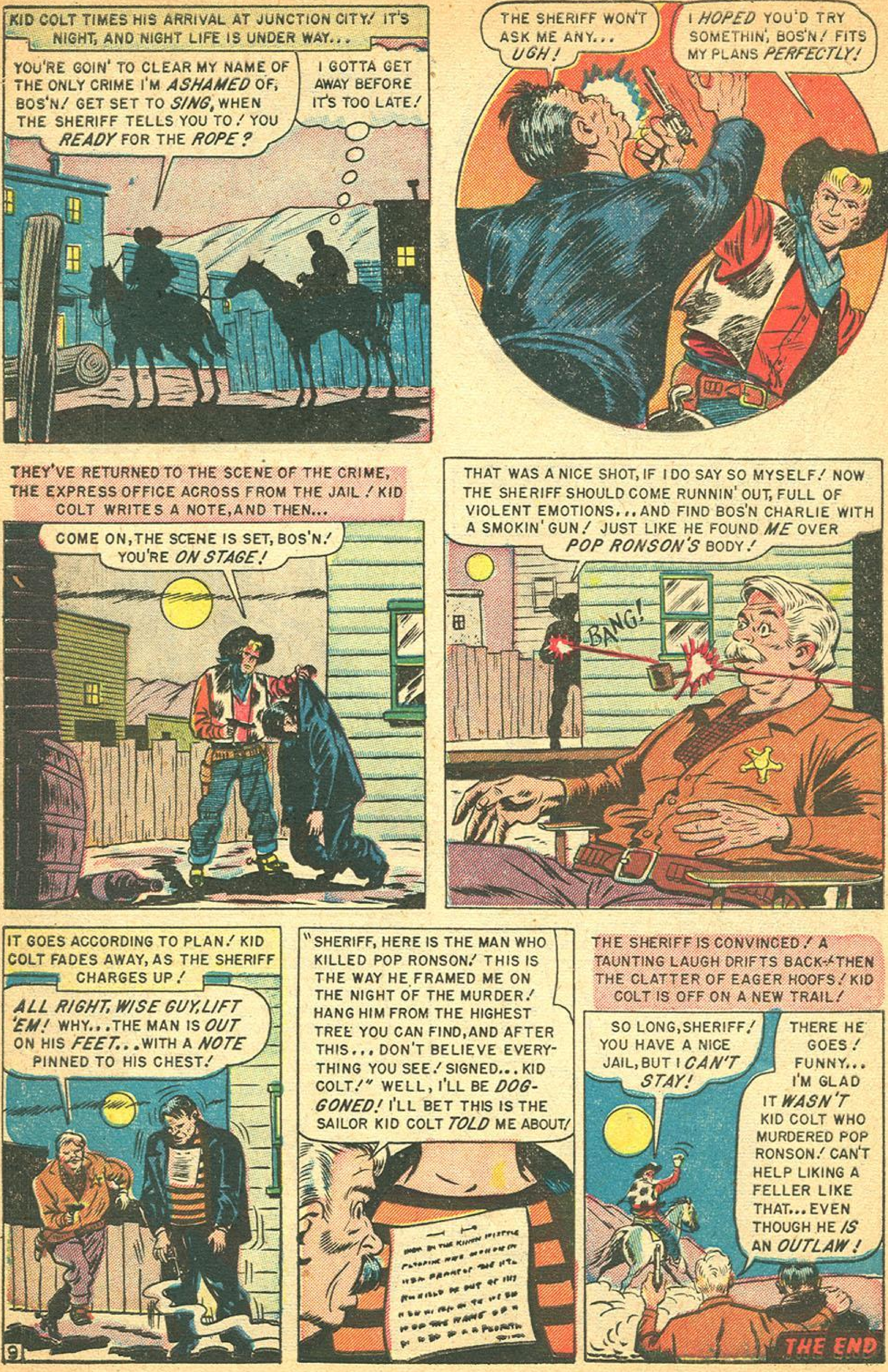

NO SLEEP FOR ME...I HAVE *THINGS TO DO!* SORRY I HAVE TO DO THIS, FRIEND!
GLUG...UGH!
THANKS PAL, YOU'RE A *BIG HELP!* NOW TO GET MY HORSE AND SUPPLIES OVER AT THE STABLE! 'FRISCO IS A *LONG WAY*, BUT IT'S WHERE I'VE *GOT TO GO!*
THE DEPUTY IS UNARMED AND SOON TAKES HIS PLACE IN KID COLT'S CELL!
SO KID COLT HITS THE TRAIL, POINTING STEEL'S NOSE TOWARD THE GOLDEN GATE...
THIS IS THE *GREAT DIVIDE*, STEEL! IT'LL BE ALL *DOWNHILL* FROM HERE TO THE *PACIFIC!* I HAVE TO FIND THAT DOG AND CLEAR MY NAME! I SWEAR I'LL FOLLOW HIM IF IT TAKES ME TO *SIBERIA!*
DAYS LATER, KID COLT AND HIS HORSE ARE A WEARY PAIR...BUT THEY'VE MADE IT!
LOOK AT THAT, STEEL...*SAN FRANCISCO!* THEY TELL ME IT'S QUITE A TOWN, AND NO PLACE FOR *PILGRIMS!* WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AN' SEE *JUST HOW TOUGH* IT *IS!*
NEXT, THE BARBARY COAST, AND TONY'S CRYSTAL PALACE...*TRAIL'S END!*
THIS IS THE PLACE! I HOPE MY HUNCH IS RIGHT! IF IT'S NOT, YOU'LL HAVE A LOT OF RIDIN' TO DO, OLD PAL!
TONY'S CRYS
TONY'S CRYSTAL PALACE...A STRANGE ASSORTMENT OF SAILORS, GAMBLERS, AND MINERS! IT IS TRULY NO PLACE FOR A PILGRIM!
HERE'S A FARMER, KNUCKLES! WE OUGHTA GET HIS WAD, EASILY!
RIGHT, AL! I'LL TRY TO LIFT IT FIRST! *YOU* WATCH FOR *TROUBLE!*


LOOKS LIKE THIS ROOSTER HAS ME PEGGED FOR AN EASY MARK! I SURE HOPE I CAN STAY OUT OF TROUBLE, TILL I SEE BOS'N CHARLIE!
I GUESS IT'S NO USE! TROUBLE HAUNTS ME!
ALL RIGHT, GRIFTER... GET THAT DIRTY PAW OUT OF MY POCKET!
HE'S ON TO IT, AL! TAKE 'IM!
NEVER TRY TO PICK KID COLT'S POCKETS! NEXT TIME YOU DO, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT LEFT-HANDED! MAYBE A BROKEN FLIPPER WILL KEEP YOU HONEST!
EEEIIII! MY ARM... AGGH!
THE SCREAM OF KNUCKLES ACTS AS A SIGNAL! THE BUMS OF THE BARBARY COAST SWARM TOWARD THE KID WITH ONE PURPOSE... VIOLENCE AND SUDDEN DEATH! SUDDENLY, FROM THE CROWD, TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES EMERGE!
LOOK! IT'S KID COLT! I'LL FIX HIM FOR GOOD THIS TIME!
GET OUTTA HERE, YOU BUMS! THIS ONE IS MINE! COVER 'EM, SNAKE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF KID COLT!
GO AHEAD, BOS'N! HE'S ALL YOURS!
YO'RE SLIPPERY, BUT YA WON'T GET OUTTA THIS! WE'LL GET 'IM DOWN TO THE CHINA QUEEN! HE KIN MAKE A TRIP WITH US, SNAKE!
YEAH! MAYBE HE'LL LIKE SHANGHAI! THEN AGAIN... MAYBE HE WON'T!
LATER THAT NIGHT, UNDER COVER OF THE FRISCO FOG, KID COLT IS CARRIED OUT TO THE CHINA QUEEN! DESTINATION... CHINA! DEPARTURE... DAWN!
MORNING SUN DRIVES OFF THE FOG... AND BRINGS A RUDE AWAKENING TO KID COLT!
ON YER FEET, SWAB! YOU'RE GONNA WORK THIS PASSAGE!


TAKE A LOOK, KID... YORE *LAST* LOOK AT LAND *AND* YORE HORSE! YA WON'T NEED 'IM! YO'RE GOIN' TA CHINA... IF YA DON'T *DIE* ON THE *WAY*!
YOU FILTHY DOG! IF I HAD MY GUNS, I'D FILL YOU SO FULL OF LEAD, THEY COULD USE YOU FOR AN *ANCHOR!*
SUDDENLY...
I'M NOT GOIN' TO CHINA, BOS'N! I'M STAYIN' RIGHT HERE, AND *YOU'RE STAYIN' WITH* ME!
LOOK OUT, BOS'N!
THIS TIME YOU WON'T GET OFF SO... *UGH!*
SLASH 'IM, OR STEP OUTTA THE WAY!
YOU LOSE *AGAIN*, BOS'N!
LOOK OUT! LET ME *GET* 'IM!
I WON'T MISS!
I WISH THIS KNIFE WERE A COLT... BUT IT'LL HAVE TO *DO!*
THE KNIFE FLASHES LIKE A SILVER STREAK OF DOOM... AND FINDS ITS MARK!
NO! DON'T! ARRRGGHH!
I CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS! *DIDN'T!*
THE SHIP NEARS THE HARBOR ENTRANCE! SIX THOUSAND MILES OF BLUE WATER LIE BEYOND! AND KID COLT'S HORSE ANXIOUSLY FOLLOWS THE SHIP ON THE BEACH!
WE'RE *NOT GOIN' TO SEA*, BOS'N! WE'RE GOIN' *ASHORE!*.. THAT IS, IF I CAN *MAKE* SHORE *AGAINST* THE *TIDE*!


OVER WE GO!
IT IS A TOUGH JOB THE KID HAS CUT FOR HIMSELF! THE RACING TIDE IS DIFFICULT FOR ONE MAN TO FIGHT! FOR TWO, IT IS NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE!
YOU'RE NOT WORTH IT, BUT I HAVE TO DRAG YOU ASHORE! I HOPE I CAN *MAKE* IT!
STEEL, HAVING ANXIOUSLY FOLLOWED THE PROGRESS OF THE SHIP, PLUNGES IN AND SWIMS STRONGLY TOWARD HIS MASTER! KID COLT IS GOING DOWN!
YOU'RE...(PUFF!)...A *GOOD HORSE*, STEEL! HAVE...TO...HOLD ON TO THIS RAT!
IT'S A TERRIFIC JOB, EVEN FOR STEEL, BUT KID COLT FINALLY FEELS SOLID GROUND UNDER HIS FEET!
YOU'RE A *GREAT HORSE*, STEEL! COME ON, BILGE RAT, YOU HAVE A LONG TRAIL AHEAD, BACK TO JUNCTION CITY TO PAY FOR THE MURDER YOU PINNED ON ME!
YOU'LL *NEVER GET ME THERE*, KID!
A HORSE IS QUICKY PURCHASED AND THE RETURN TRIP BEGINS! KID COLT KEEPS AN ALERT EYE ON THE MAN WHO COMMITTED MURDER IN HIS NAME!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, BOS'N! PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE DANCIN'.. ON THE *END* OF A *ROPE*!
STOW THE GAB, FARMER! YA HAVEN'T GOT ME THERE *YET*!


KID COLT TIMES HIS ARRIVAL AT JUNCTION CITY! IT'S NIGHT, AND NIGHT LIFE IS UNDER WAY...
YOU'RE GOIN' TO CLEAR MY NAME OF THE ONLY CRIME I'M *ASHAMED* OF, BOS'N! GET SET TO *SING*, WHEN THE SHERIFF TELLS YOU TO! YOU *READY* FOR THE *ROPE*?
I GOTTA GET AWAY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
THE SHERIFF WON'T ASK ME ANY... *UGH!*
I *HOPED* YOU'D TRY SOMETHIN', BOS'N! FITS MY PLANS *PERFECTLY!*
THEY'VE RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, THE EXPRESS OFFICE ACROSS FROM THE JAIL! KID COLT WRITES A NOTE, AND THEN...
COME ON, THE SCENE IS SET, BOS'N! YOU'RE *ON STAGE!*
THAT WAS A NICE SHOT, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF! NOW THE SHERIFF SHOULD COME RUNNIN' OUT, FULL OF VIOLENT EMOTIONS...AND FIND BOS'N CHARLIE WITH A SMOKIN' GUN! JUST LIKE HE FOUND *ME* OVER *POP RONSON'S* BODY!
BANG!
IT GOES ACCORDING TO PLAN! KID COLT FADES AWAY, AS THE SHERIFF CHARGES UP!
ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY, LIFT 'EM! WHY...THE MAN IS *OUT* ON HIS *FEET*...WITH A *NOTE* PINNED TO HIS CHEST!
"SHERIFF, HERE IS THE MAN WHO KILLED POP RONSON! THIS IS THE WAY HE FRAMED ME ON THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER! HANG HIM FROM THE HIGHEST TREE YOU CAN FIND, AND AFTER THIS... DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU SEE! SIGNED... KID COLT!" WELL, I'LL BE *DOG-GONED!* I'LL BET THIS IS THE SAILOR KID COLT *TOLD* ME ABOUT!
THE SHERIFF IS CONVINCED! A TAUNTING LAUGH DRIFTS BACK–THEN THE CLATTER OF EAGER HOOFS! KID COLT IS OFF ON A NEW TRAIL!
SO LONG, SHERIFF! YOU HAVE A NICE JAIL, BUT I *CAN'T STAY!*
THERE HE GOES! FUNNY... I'M GLAD IT *WASN'T* KID COLT WHO MURDERED POP RONSON! CAN'T HELP LIKING A FELLER LIKE THAT... EVEN THOUGH HE *IS* AN *OUTLAW!*
THE END

BLONDE PHANTOM

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THE HUMAN TORCH
THE FLAT OF THE LAND

★ **THE HUMAN TORCH**

CAPTAIN AMERICA

★ **CAPTAIN AMERICA**

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HI, PARDNER!
HERE ARE SOME NEW WESTERN THINGS!

Bob Nolan's Folio of Original COWBOY CLASSICS
Monte Hale
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ROY ROGERS
JOHNNY MACK BROWN
CHARLES STARRETT
The SONS of the PIONEERS
Judy Canova SONG FOLIO

NEW! JUST OFF THE PRESS!
Pocket Size WESTERN SONG BOOKS

With photographs and stories of your favorite Western stars. Now—you and the whole gang—can learn how to sing your favorite Western songs. A lot of them have been recorded by Bing Crosby, Gene Autry, Judy Canova, Johnny Mack Brown, and others. Order 1 or 12. Only 25c per Book.

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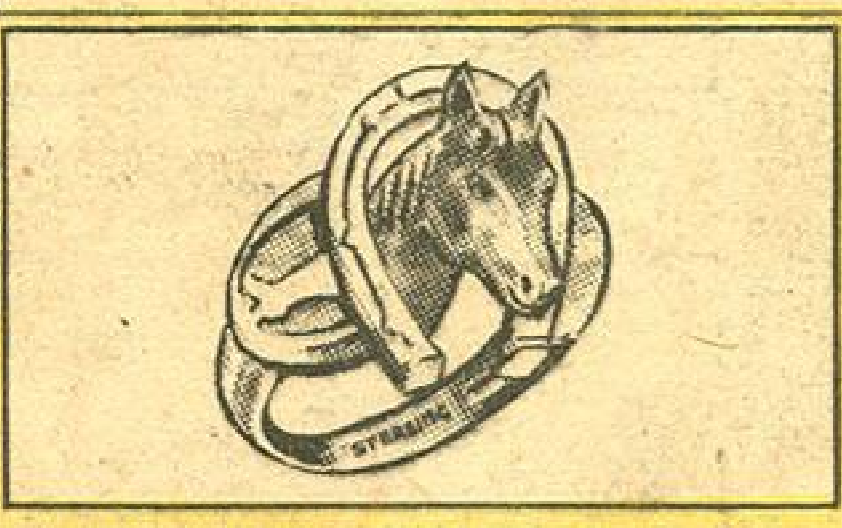
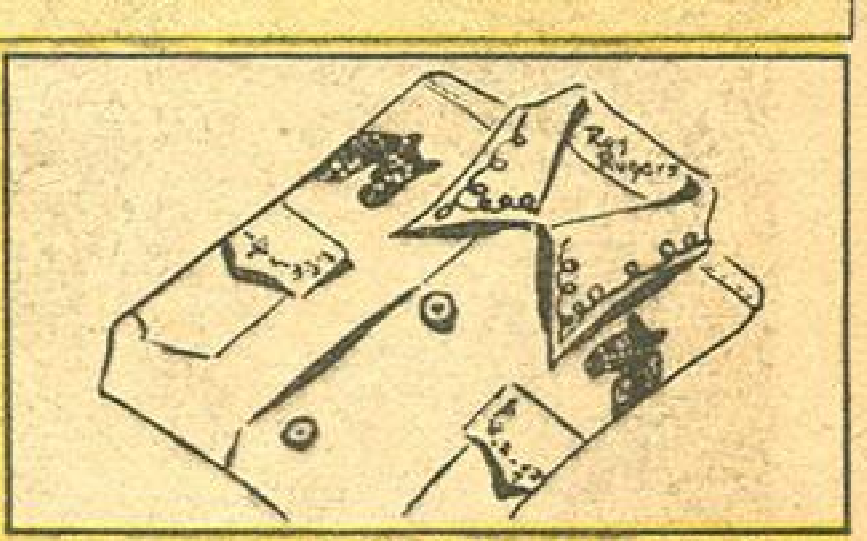
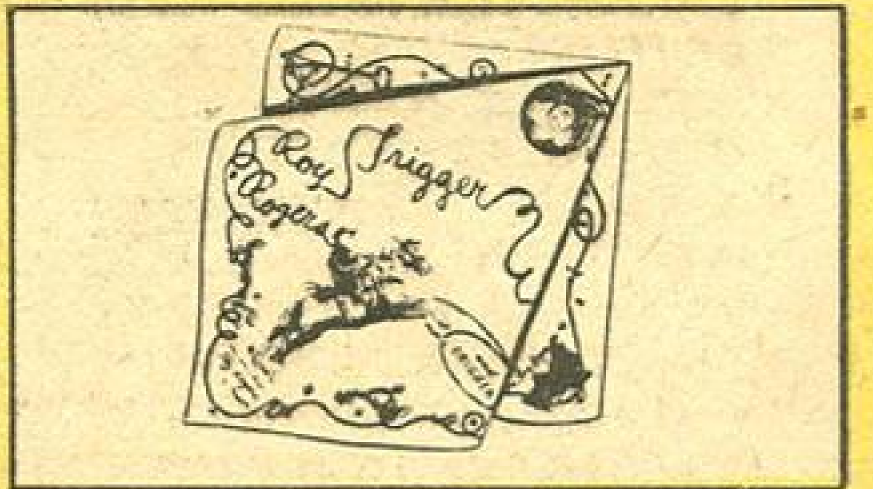
No. 3 Judy Canova Song Folio
No. 4 Cowboy Classics
No. 5 Songs of the Soil
No. 6 Johnny Mack Brown Favorite Songs
No. 7 Sunset Carson Cowboy Songs
No. 8 Songs Jimmy Wakely Sings
No. 9 Johnny Bond's Songs of the Red River Valley
No. 10 Charles Starrett's Favorite Western Songs
No. 11 Ernest Tubb Song Folio
No. 12 Songs Monte Hale Sings



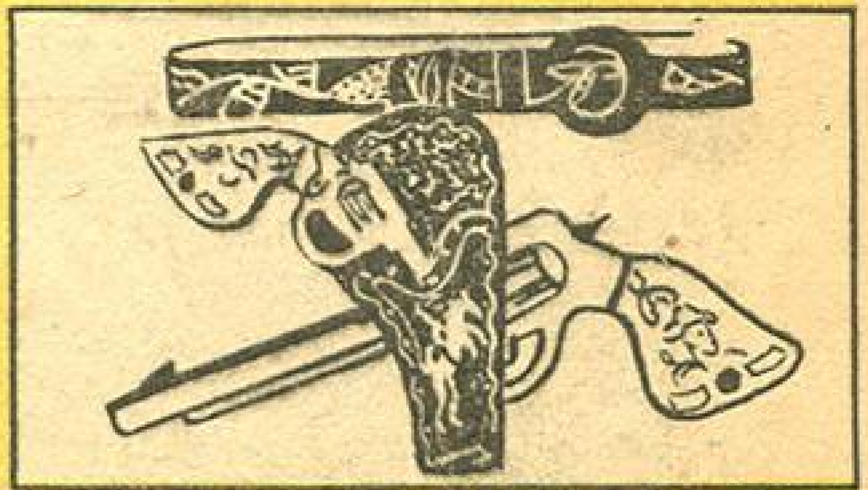
No. 100—WESTERN HORSESHOE RING—Beautifully engraved on Heavy Sterling Silver, $4.50, Federal tax included. (Send string showing size)



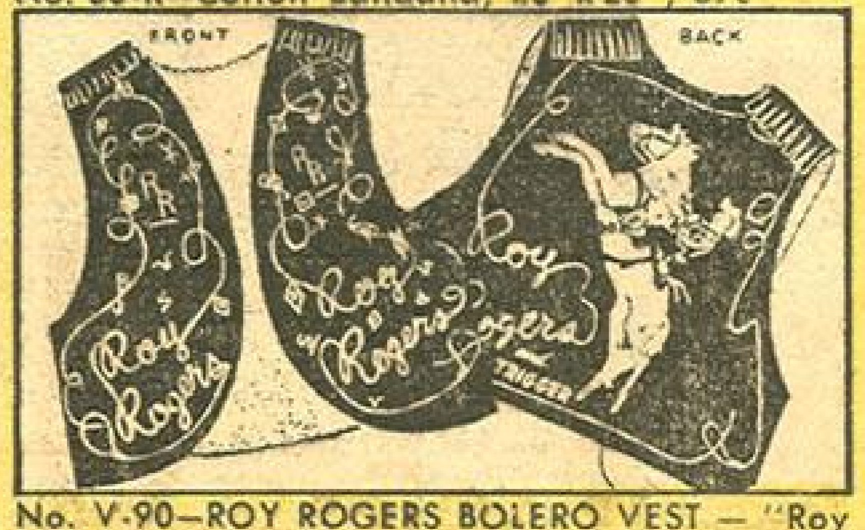
No. 413-E—ROY ROGERS SHIRT—Beautiful design; rich embroidery! Washable; fast-color Boys' and Girls' sizes 4 to 18, $5.00


Roy Trigger Rogers

ROY ROGERS 'KERCHIEFS—With pictures of Roy and Trigger, and their names!
No. 80-R—Lustrous Rayon Crepe; 20"x20", $1.19
No. 88-R—Cotton Bandana; 20"x20", 59c



WESTERN GUN AND HOLSTER SETS—Swell leather; top-quality guns! No. H-89 (1 gun) $3.75 No. H-99 (2 guns) $5.25 No. H-100 (Wide belt, 2 guns) $5.95


FRONT
BACK
Roy Rogers
Roy Rogers
Roy Rogers
TRIGGER

No. V-90—ROY ROGERS BOLERO VEST — "Roy and Trigger" design! Red, Royal, Purple, with gorgeous embroidery and braid. Boys'—small, medium, large, $1.00

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Please send me: Item No._____ Price $_____
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Song Books Nos._____ @ 25c ea.
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Note: No C.O.D.'s on Song Books. I enclose:
☐ Check ☐ M.O. ☐ Cash ☐ C.O.D.
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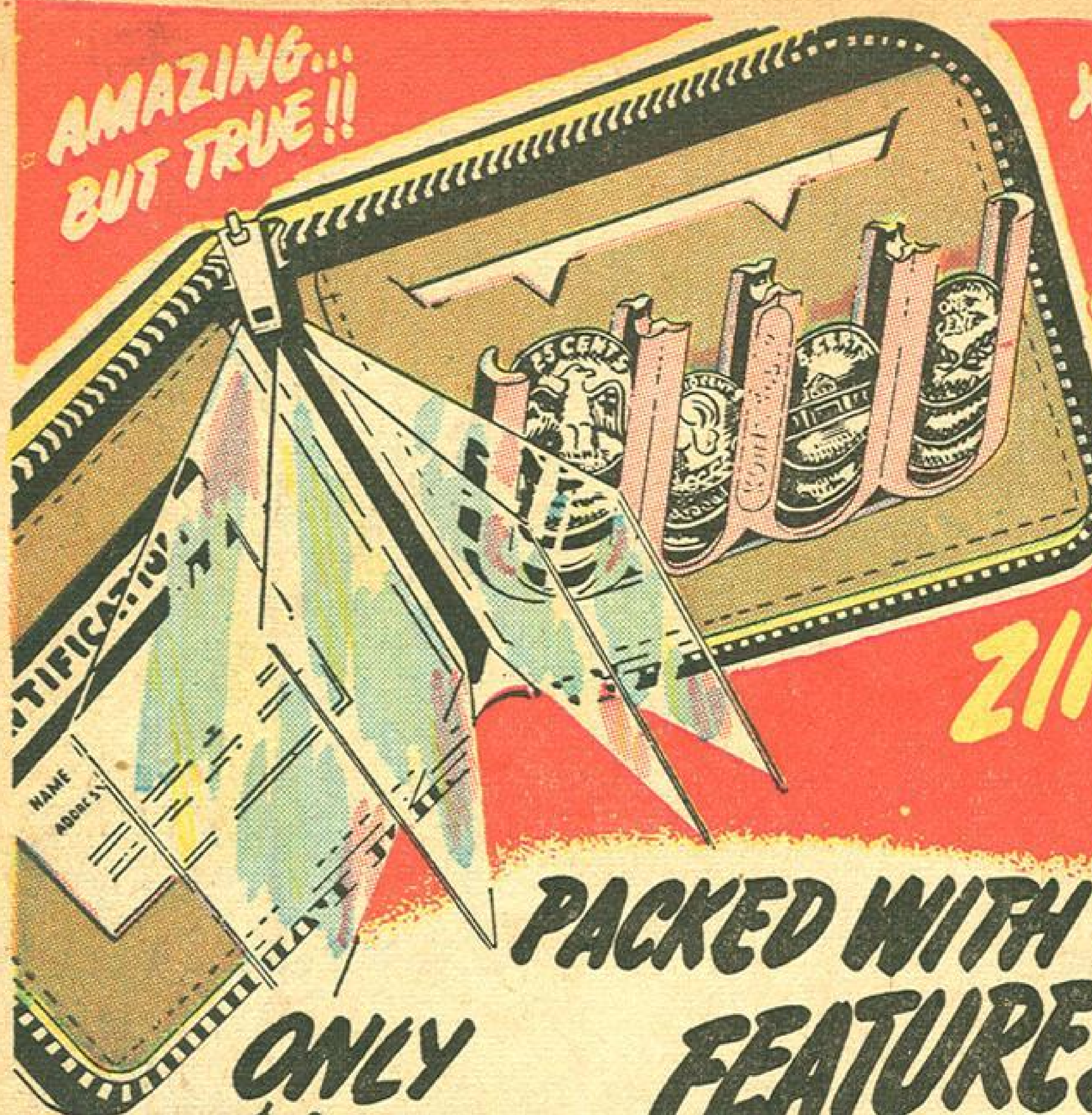
AMAZING... BUT TRUE!!



YOU CAN GET THESE

HAND COLORED COIN HOLDER ZIPPER BILLFOLDS

PACKED WITH EXPENSIVE FEATURES

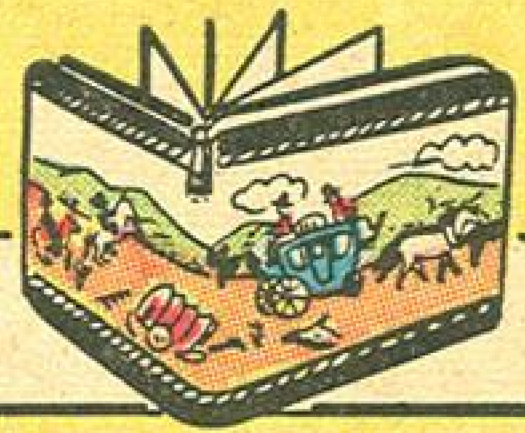
INCLUDING A PATENTED SECRET POCKET AT NO EXTRA COST

ONLY $1.98 PLUS FEDERAL TAX

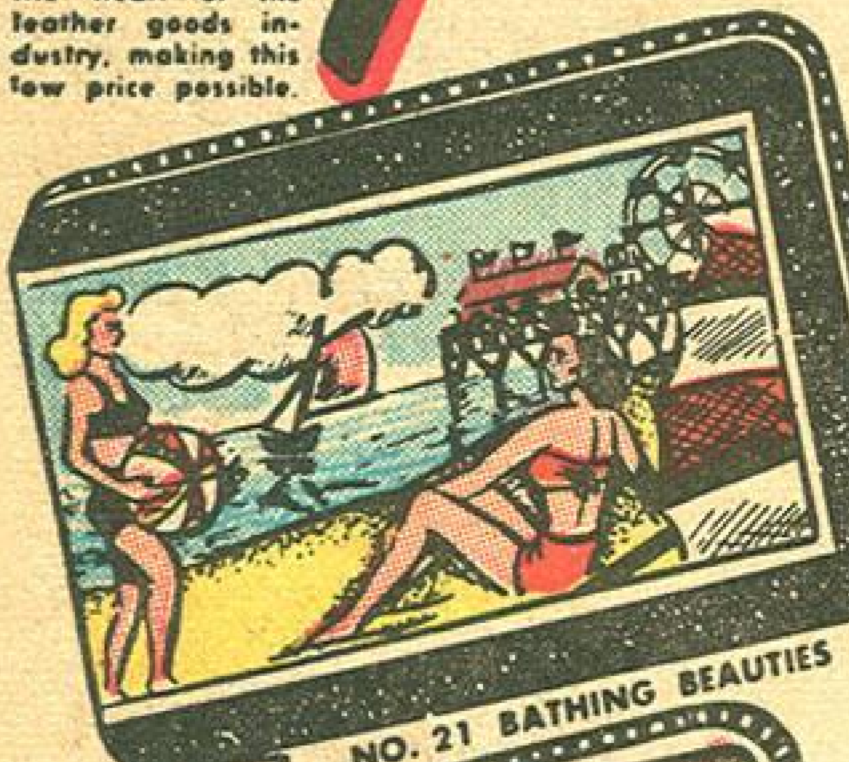
Illus approx ¾ size Actual size 3⅛" by 8¾" when opened

Leathercraft wallets come to you from the heart of the leather goods industry, making this low price possible.

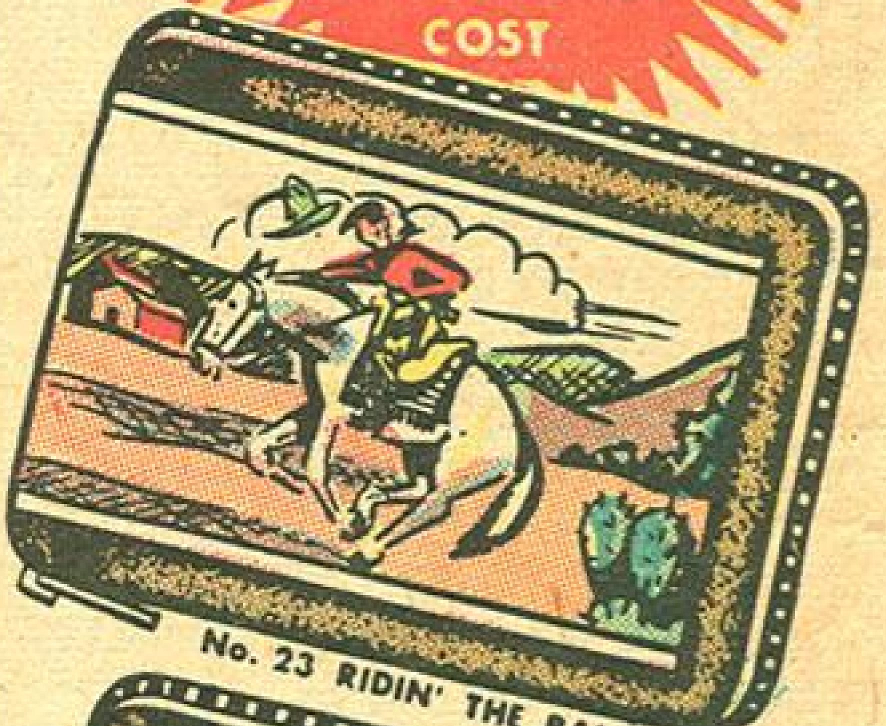
Hand colored scene extends the full length of the wallet!



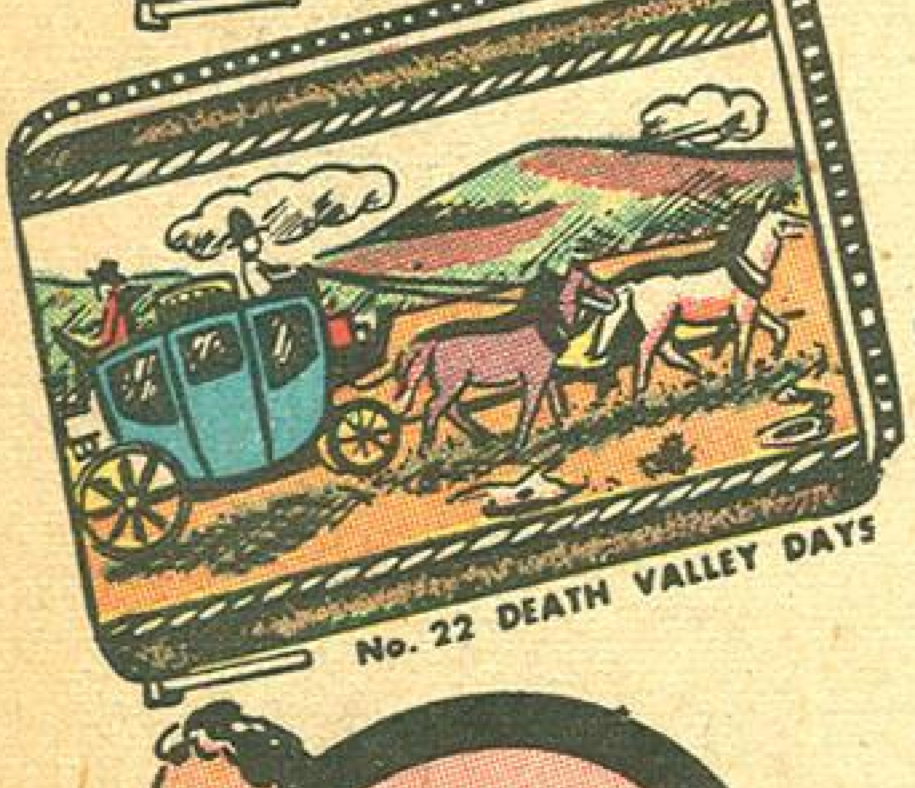
It's a fact! You get this beautiful coin holder, feature-packed wallet by mail for only 1.98! Each wallet is saddle finished, gorgeously embossed and hand colored with colors that won't rub off! Each has a quality, smooth-sliding zipper that completely seals the wallet! And here are the big EXTRAS —a patehted "change maker" coin holder plus the most mysterious secret pocket ever made — to hide your precious papers and money from prying eyes.



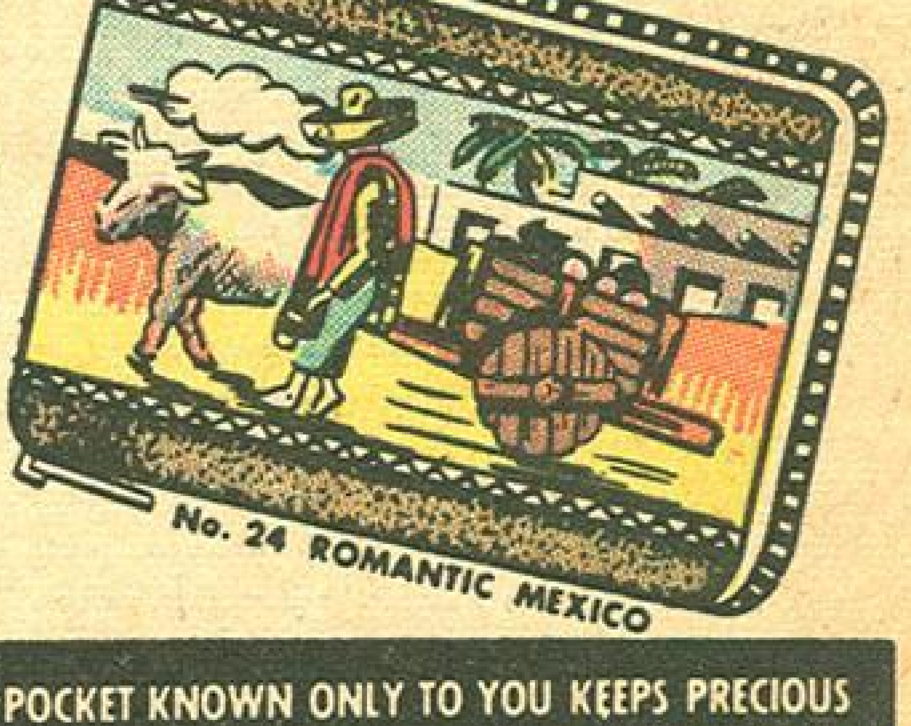
NO. 21 BATHING BEAUTIES



No. 23 RIDIN' THE RANGE



No. 22 DEATH VALLEY DAYS



No. 24 ROMANTIC MEXICO

JUST LOOK ..AT THESE FEATURES!!

- PATENTED COIN HOLDER
- Smooth-sliding zipper
- Identification card
- Built-in change purse
- PATENTED SECRET POCKET!
- Beautifully hand-colored scenes.
- Roomy currency compartment
- 8 picture and pass windows.

WHAT A WONDERFUL GIFT!

Here's the perfect gift for boy or girl, man or woman. Choose the scene that best expresses his or her personality. And remember —every scene is gorgeously hand-colored in as many as 8 different colors. What a gift! What a bargain!

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SECRET POCKET KNOWN ONLY TO YOU KEEPS PRECIOUS PAPERS AND MONEY SAFE FROM PRYING EYES!

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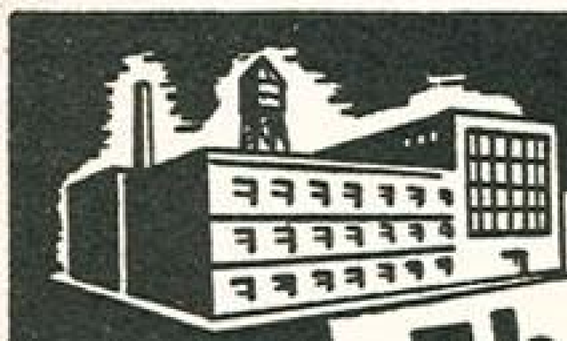
GENTLEMEN:
By return mail, rush me my hand colored, coin holder zipper billfold containing the patented SECRET POCKET. Upon arrival, I will pay the postman 1.98 plus federal tax, postage and C.O.D. charges. If I am not fully satisfied, I can return the billfold within ten days for a full refund.

My Billfold Selection is____________________
(Style No. & Title)

If ordering more than one, state how many and style numbers________
MY NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY__________ZONE No.____STATE________



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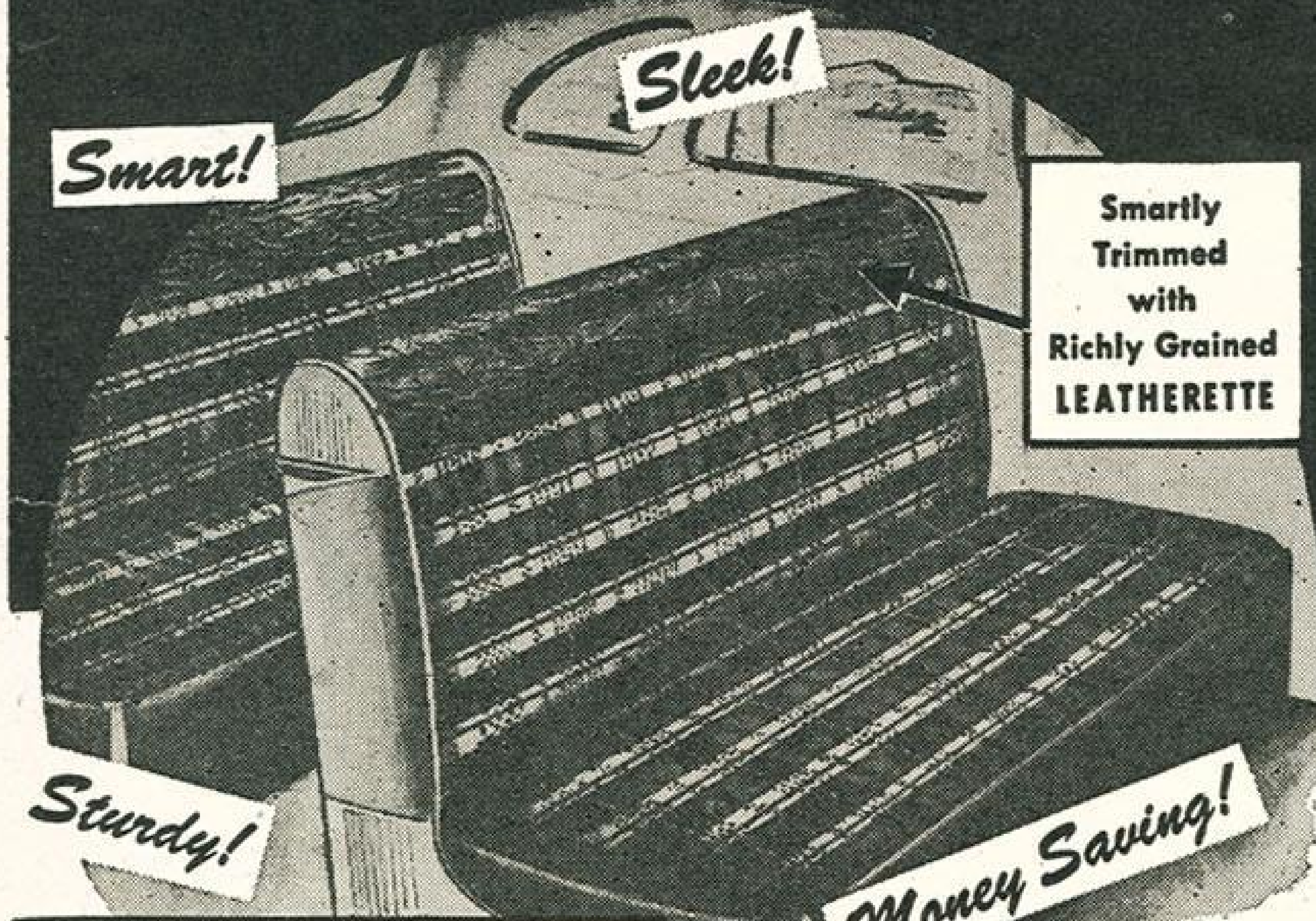
Get De Luxe SEAT COVERS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$7.95 COMPLETE SET OF COVERS FOR SEDAN OR COACH

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To Fit Every Popular Make Auto—New or Old Models

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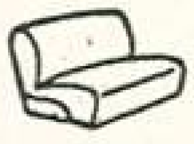
EASY TO INSTALL—

on all types and makes of cars!

Be sure to specify which type covers you wish when you order. Note styles illustrated below:



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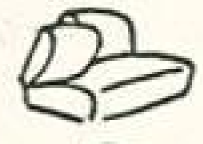
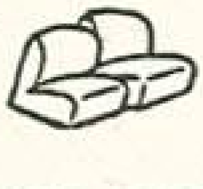


2. Divided back, solid seat for front coupe or coach



3. Individual seats or bucket type for divided back and seat

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☐ complete front & back covers . . $7.95 My car is a 19____ Make______
☐ front seat cover only . . . . 3.98 ☐ Type 1 ☐ Type 2 ☐ Type 3
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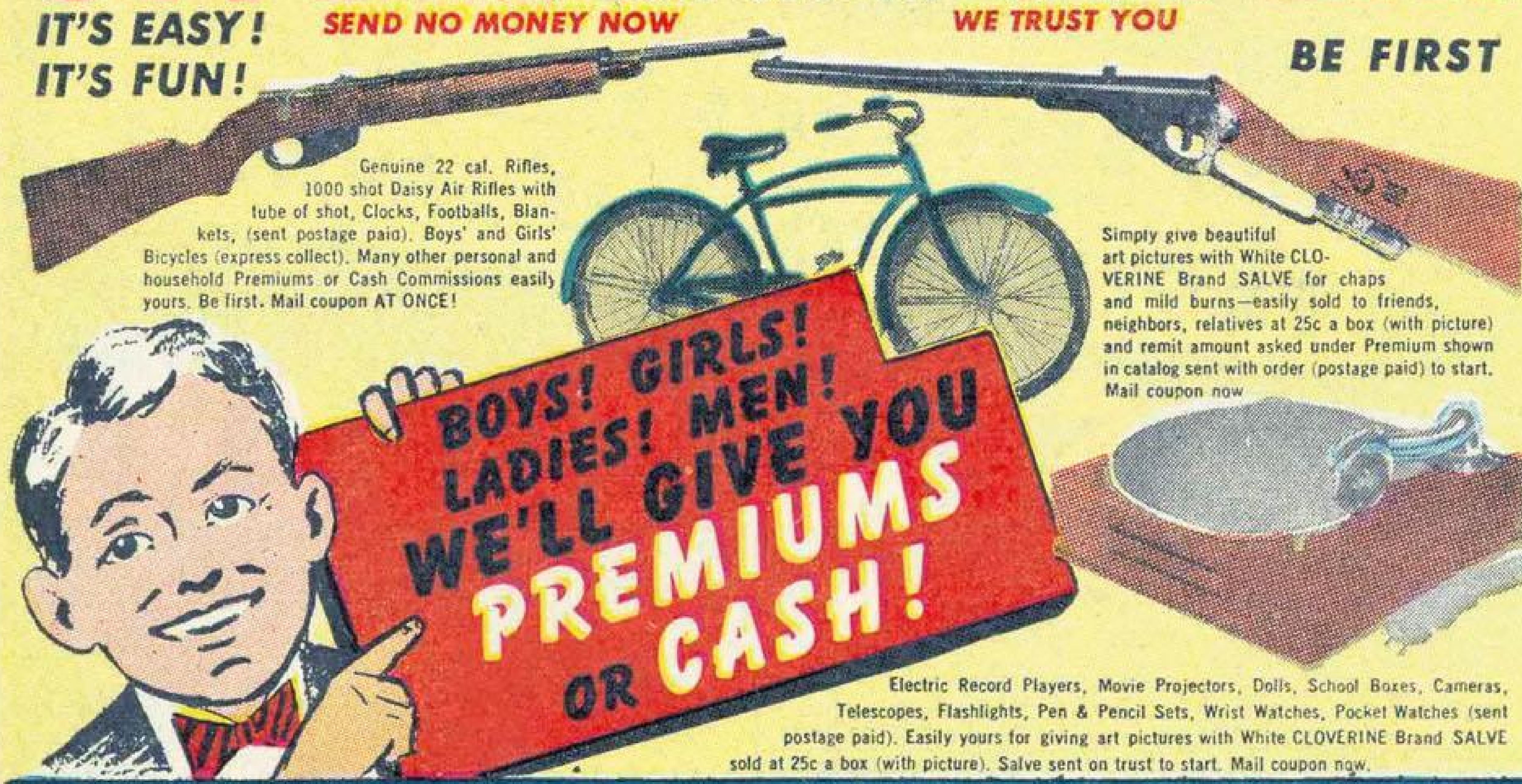
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LADIES! MEN!
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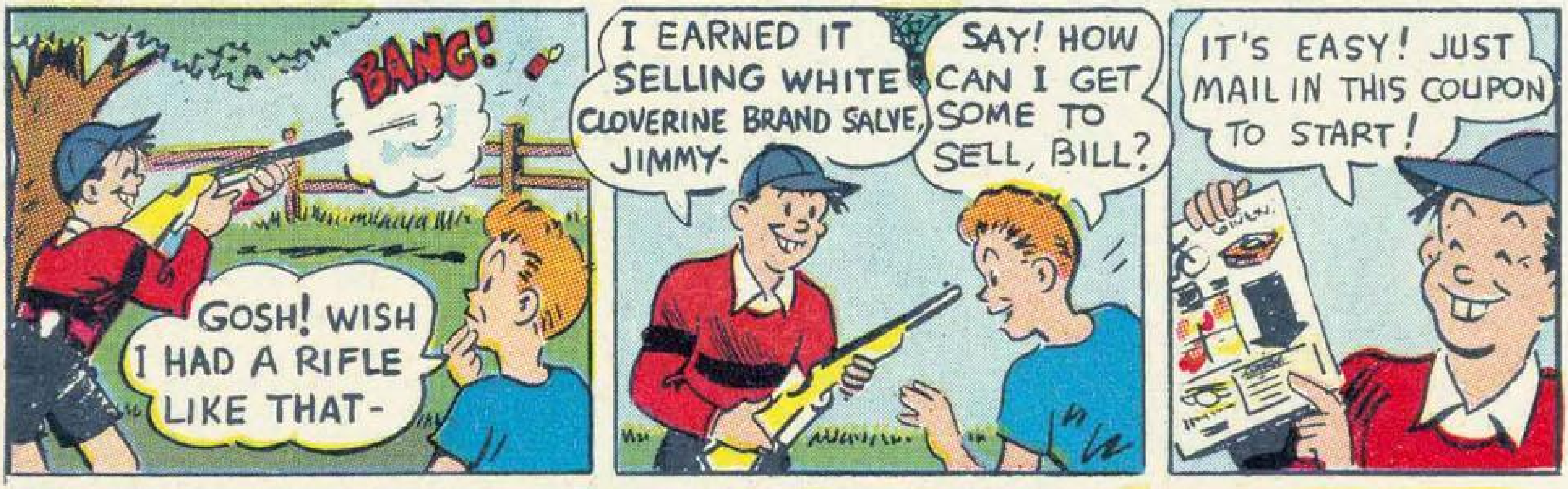
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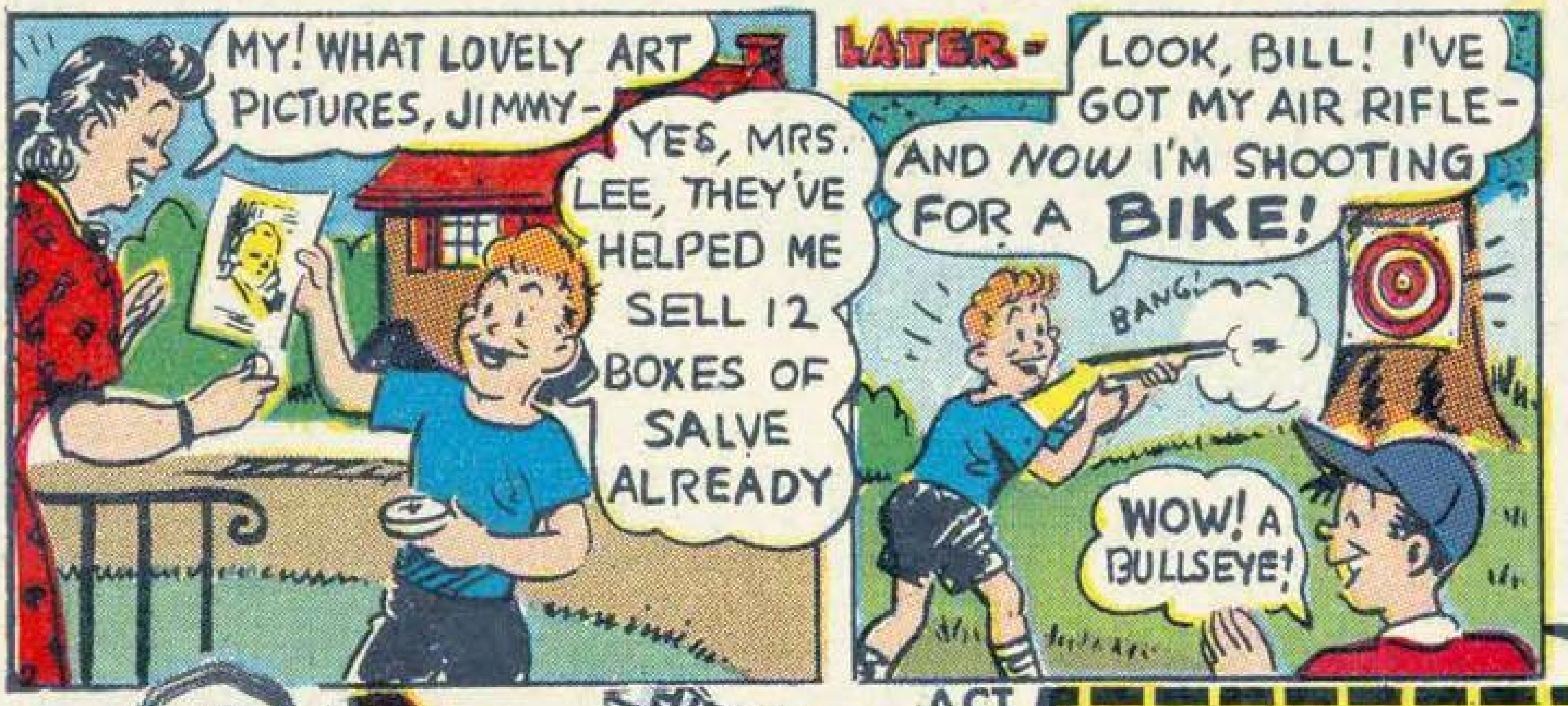
GOSH! WISH I HAD A RIFLE LIKE THAT-
I EARNED IT SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, JIMMY-
SAY! HOW CAN I GET SOME TO SELL, BILL?
IT'S EASY! JUST MAIL IN THIS COUPON TO START!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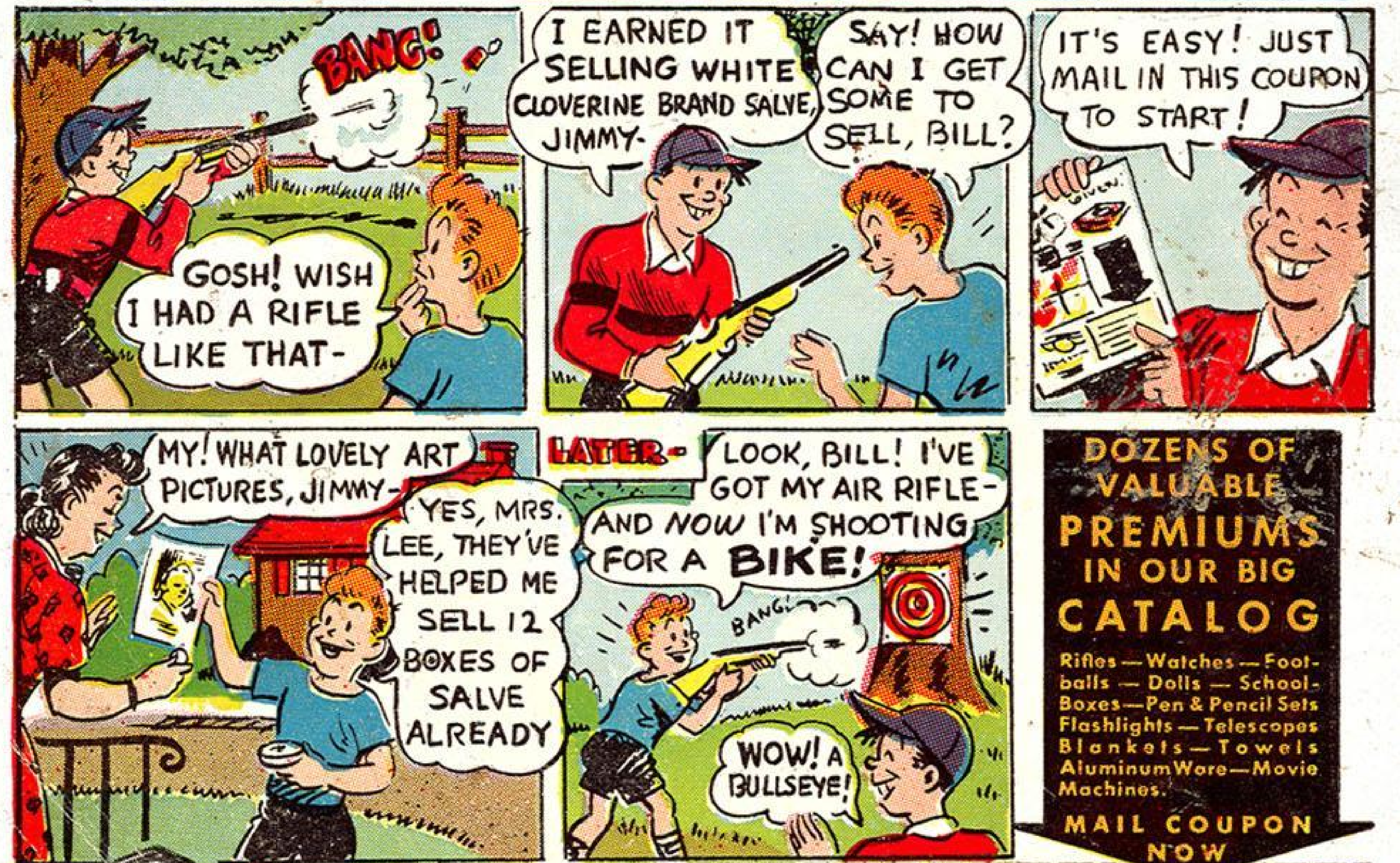
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Name...Age..............

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